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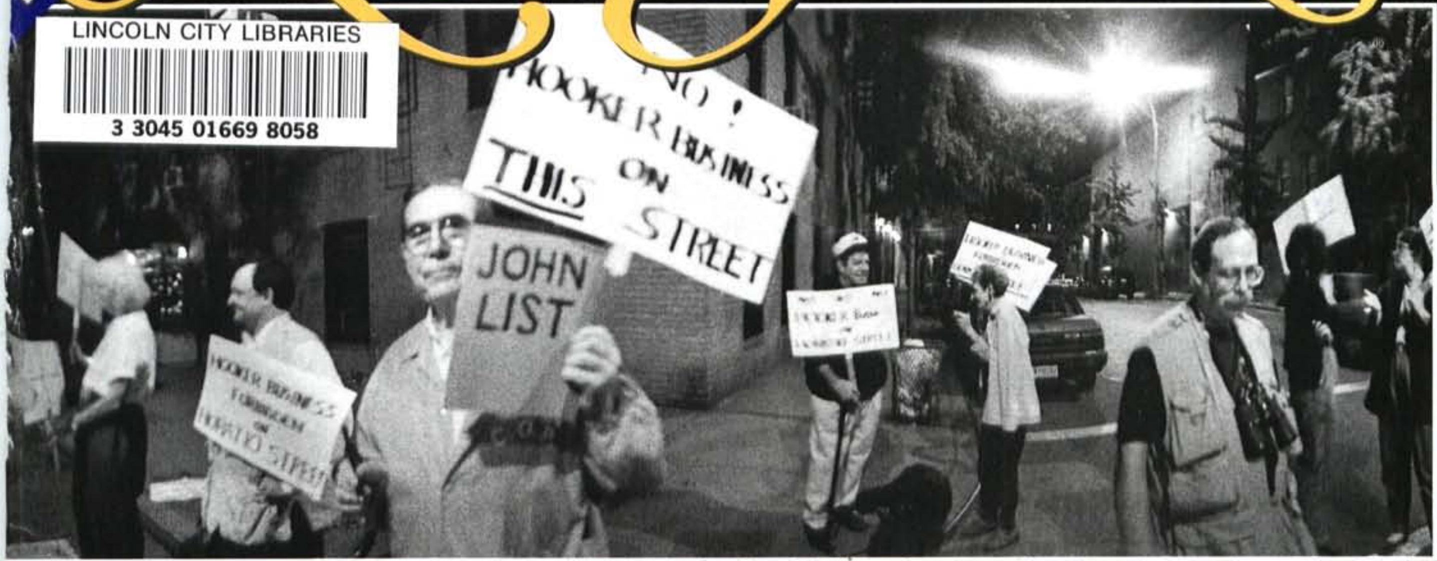
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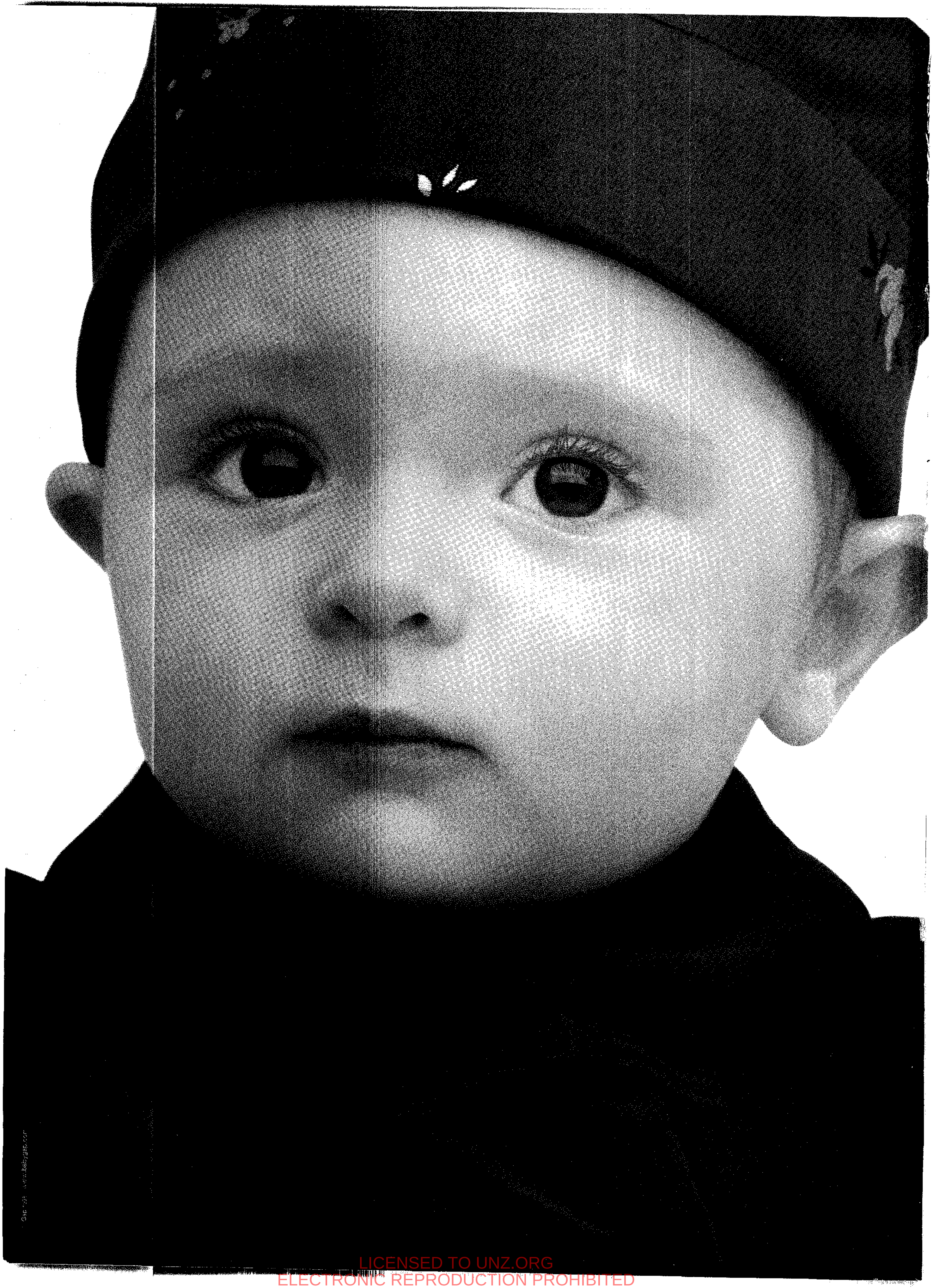
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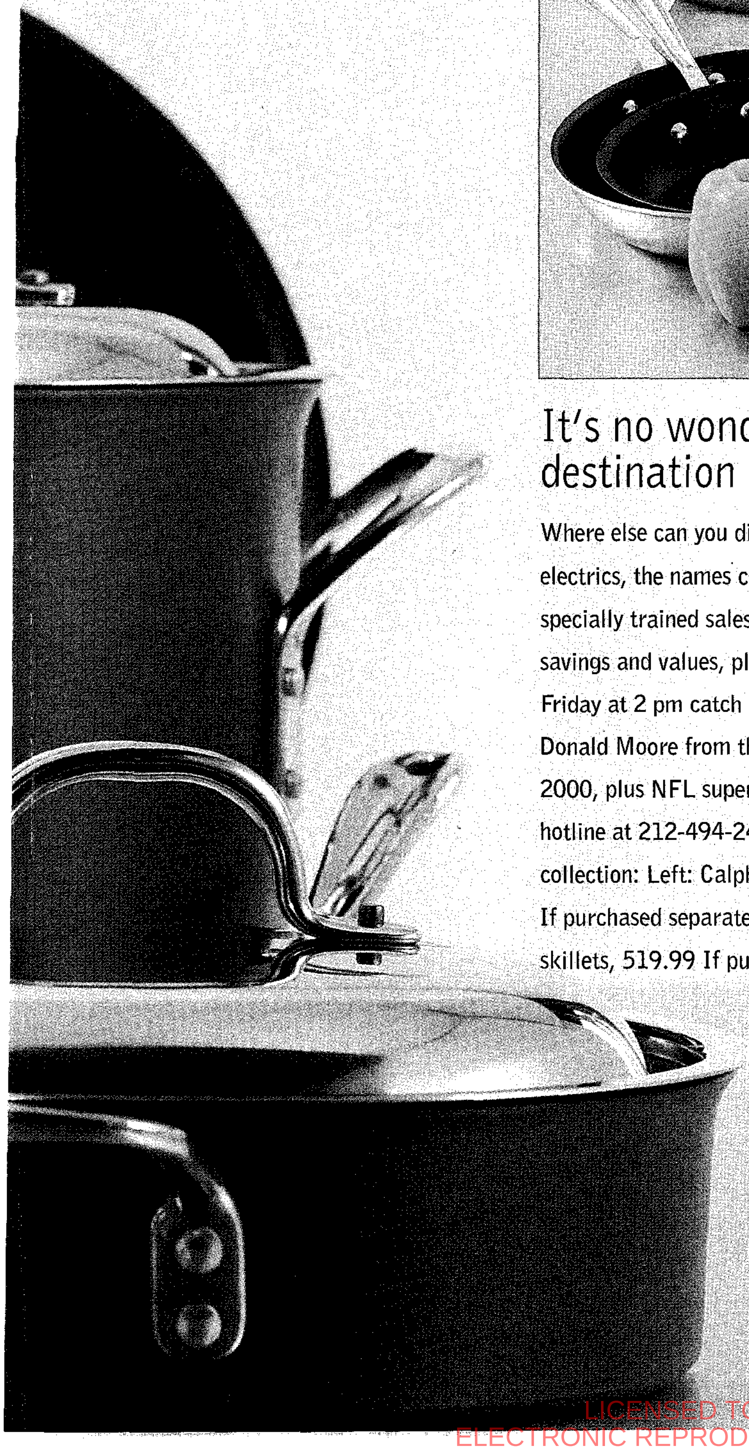

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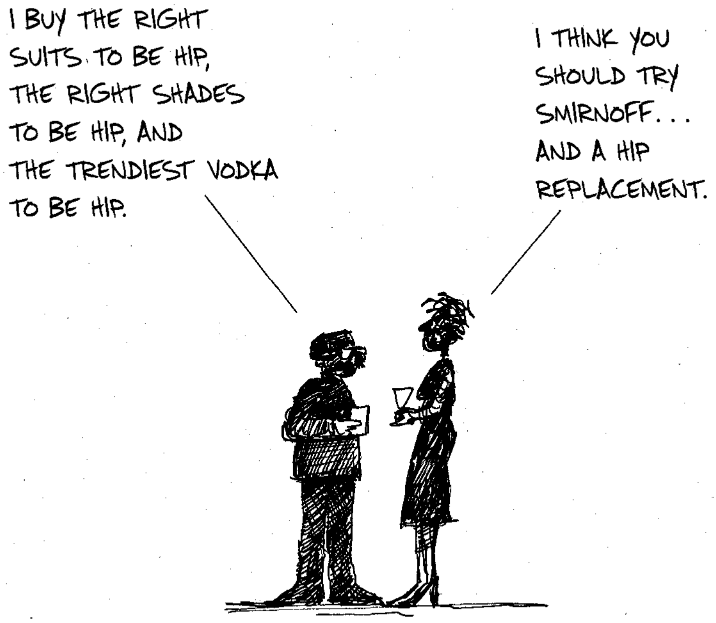
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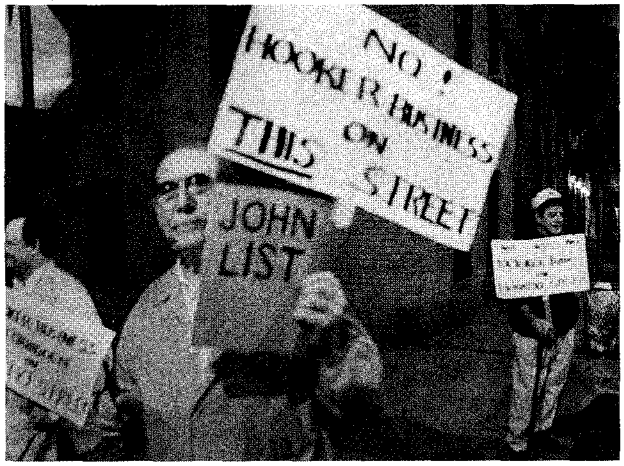

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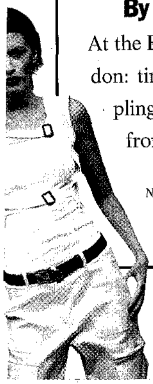

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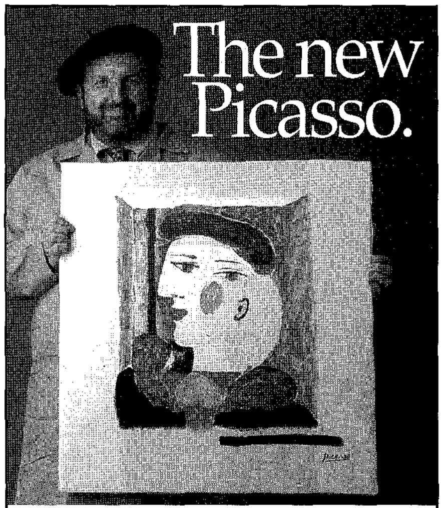

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LETTERS NOVEMBER 9, 1998

A Dog's Life

A rebuttal from the CACC, an appraisal from the ASPCA, and a report from a former CACC volunteer.

Elizabeth Hess's "Shelter Skelter" (October 26) prompted an extraordinary response. Here is a sampling. More letters will appear in future issues.

ELIZABETH HESS'S ARTICLE ABOUT the Center for Animal Care and Control certainly depicts the daunting challenge of doing animal control for New York and the horror of dog and cat overpopulation. For 100 years, the ASPCA collected, treated, and found homes for the city's stray and abandoned pets. Unfortunately, many of the animals could not be placed in homes. In 1928 alone, we were forced to euthanize 287,097 dogs and cats; by 1994, the last year we did animal control, that figure was reduced to 38,671. Better, certainly, but still a tragedy.

When the CACC took over the city's animal-control contract in 1995, our experience and input were not welcomed. But since Marilyn Haggerty-Blohm's appointment last year, we have been able to work together on several efforts to help ease the strain on the city system. We understand many of the hurdles Ms. Haggerty-Blohm faces. We also understand the frustrations of the dedicated animal advocates in this city and promise to do all that we can to help the CACC become a shelter system of which we can all be proud.

Roger A. Caras
President, ASPCA
MANHATTAN

I DEEPLY REGRET THE NEED TO RESPOND to the negative stories individuals feel compelled to write about the CACC. The tone of the story was set in the first sentence when the lobby at 110th Street was described as "inelegant." I daresay that the care and compassion the animals receive is far more important than the décor of our lobby.

The numbers of adoptions attributed to rescue organizations rather than to the public walking into our shelter for March 1998 was inaccurate. CACC conducted 221—not 18—direct adoptions in Manhattan that month, and an additional 151 animals were placed with local rescue organizations.

Ms. Evans's dog was taken in not by CACC rescue workers but by the NYPD, from a location several homes away from that of its owner. The dog was held for more than the required 48 hours before being euthanized. The Rottweiler who gave birth to five puppies was placed in a whelping box and did not suffocate her puppies. The health of the puppies was compromised by the poor condition of the mother prior to giving birth.

The cages at each CACC shelter are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected each morning, with spot cleanings occurring throughout the day and evening shifts. No animal is left sitting in "mounds of feces that have obviously been left all night."

Neither the CACC nor its union has any record of an employee's being disciplined or terminated for "hosing down a cage with steaming hot water without having first removed the animal." CACC is not using the third level of the shoreline cages in the Brooklyn shelter for housing dogs. To avoid any opportunity for continued reporting of this nature, CACC has removed the doors from the third-level cages.

CACC has initiated a policy to encourage the sterilization of owner-redeemed animals, but it has never received support from proponents of spaying and neutering.

Conditions in the shelters have definitely improved during the past year, and those improvements are largely attributable to the hard work and dedication of the staff of CACC. Each day we are confronted with a frustrating and depressing array of issues that are the result of a society that views companion animals as disposable. CACC has not created the problem of pet overpopulation—and cannot be expected to solve it alone.

Marilyn Haggerty-Blohm
Executive Director, CACC
MANHATTAN

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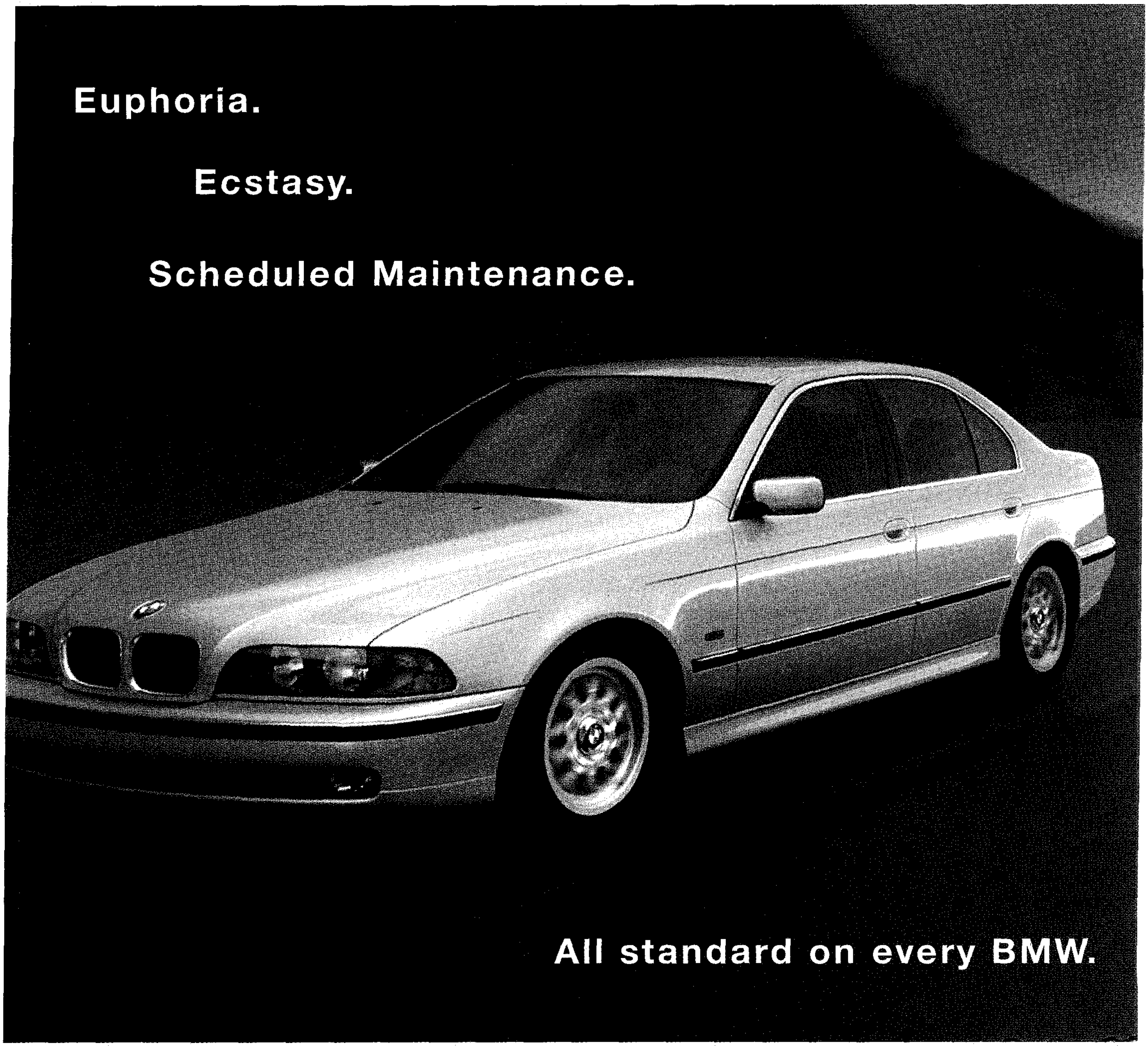

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LETTERS

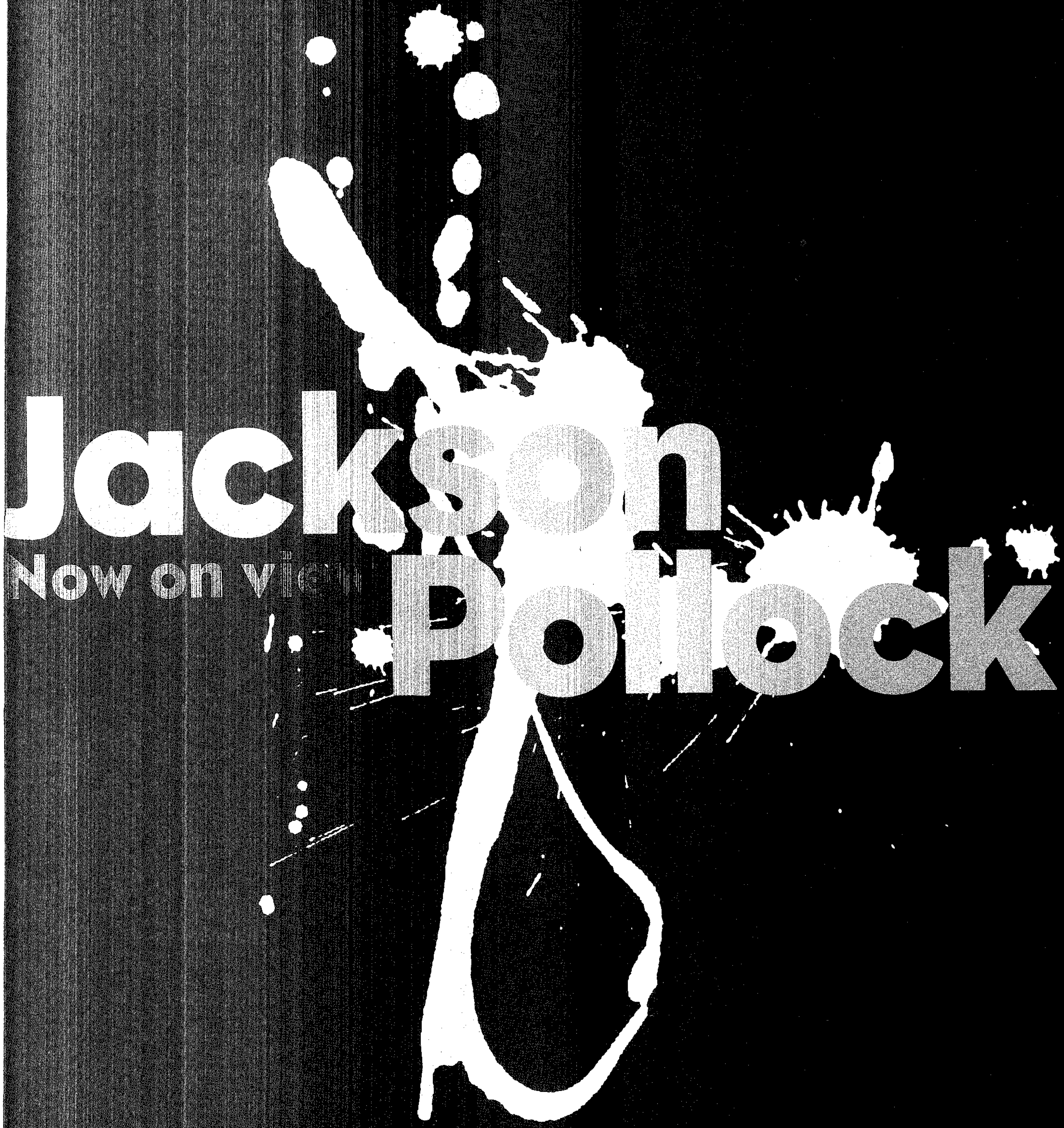
Elizabeth Hess responds: I regret that the adoption statistics for the month of March were broken down incorrectly in the story. However, every other number in the piece was accurate. I didn't claim in the article that Adrienne Evans's dog was euthanized before 48 hours, but Evans told us she had phoned the shelter (more than once) 24 hours earlier giving the staff a detailed description of her dog. As for the Rottweiler mom, my sources confirm that the whelping box was placed in her cage after she smothered the majority of her pups and that the two survivors were (and remain) healthy. I am glad to hear that the CACC is not using the third level of shoreline cages. Had anyone told me this fact, it would have been reported. As for cruelty in the kennel, two sources maintain that a worker was fired after the hosing incident, which was widely discussed in the shelter. And as for the "piles of feces," they were very much in evidence on my own tour of the Manhattan shelter, as well as frequently discussed by those I interviewed.

I WAS A VOLUNTEER AT THE CACC'S MANhattan shelter. It took me three months of phone calls to become one. Most of the time I was the only volunteer to show up. I didn't have the heart to walk only some of the dogs while others howled, so I would frequently stay for nine or ten hours until every dog had been exercised. The dogs were often out of water, and many were too traumatized to eat. I asked if I could bathe the dogs who were soaked in their own urine, but was told no. I asked why they didn't recruit volunteers and was told too many past volunteers spoke out against them. I asked why they didn't run ads to recruit adopters and was told by the director, "We don't want to recruit those types of people." So I did the only thing I could to make a difference—I adopted the dirtiest, most frightened dog there and never went back.

Laura Silver
MANHATTAN

SINCE WE GOT OUR DOG (A THOROUGHbred mutt) from the shelter last November, just before he was to be put down, we named him Lucky. We have come to realize how lucky we were to get him. To whoever let him go in the streets in the first place, the people at the shelter really did their best to find him a good home. Your loss, our gain.

Gary Oppenheimer
MANHATTAN



MoMA

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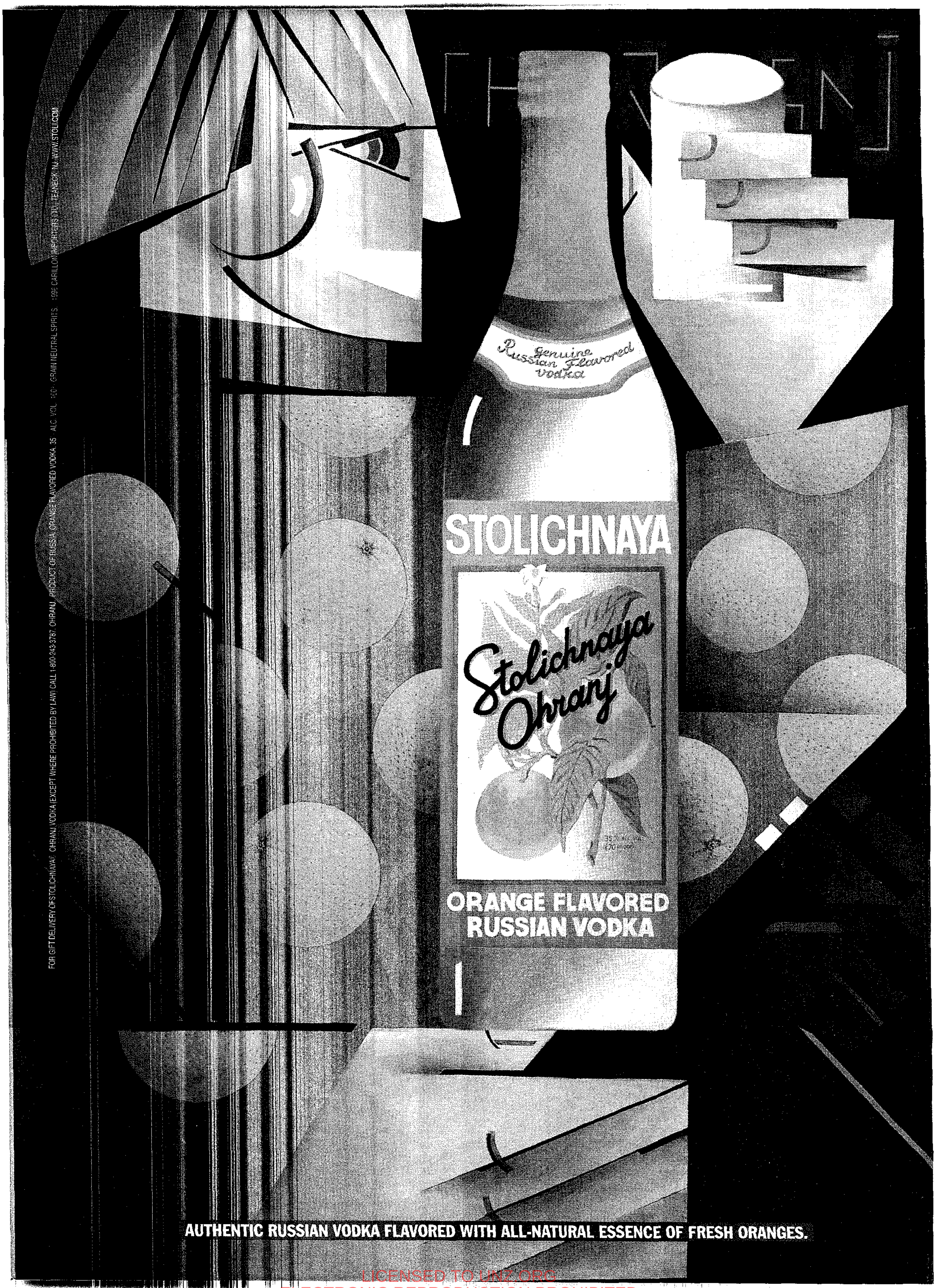
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

SOFIA'S ANY WAY YOU SLICE IT

The past few months have been anything but fabulous for the owners of both Sofia Fabulous Grill and Sofia Fabulous Pizza. Threatened with a trademark-infringement suit—so annoying just as you're building a minor empire—they opted to change their name rather than waste time fighting with opponents who say that *their* restaurant, Sofia's Ristorante Italiano, in Times Square, existed first. Co-owner **Vittorio Assaf** says he's leaving it up to his stylish customers to come up with a new moniker for his trendy pasta-and-pizza places. And he plans to reward the patron who supplies the consummate cognomen. "I will offer a pizza to the person whose name I choose, every day for the rest of his or her life," promises Assaf. Well, *Mortimer's* has a nice ring to it, and we hear it's up for grabs.

THE DAY VAN DAMME FLU THE COOP

Jean-Claude Van Damme may not flinch at fighting tigers, but it appears he has no stomach for kitschy talk shows. The man of action, booked on Britain's ***Noel Edmonds'*** *House Party,* was flown over by Concorde and put up in the penthouse of the chic Metropolitan Hotel, at the show's expense. But, according to two industry sources in London, when the "Muscles From Brussels" arrived and started mentioning to locals the reason for his visit, he was appalled at the reaction. Subsequently he canceled his appearance. The show is "all rather slapstick, run by Noel, a cheesy ex–radio disk jockey," says a source. "The set is an old house and they often have soap stars as guests." A spokesman for Van Damme confirms that the actor skipped the show but maintains that Jean-Claude became *ill* in London, that a doctor visited him in the hotel, and that he did pay back at least some of the expenses after he reneged on his obligation. Apparently, Van Damme isn't the only one with reservations about *House Party.* According to a U.K. Website's list of "Evil Celebrities," on which Edmonds appears, the show is an "abomination."

Jean-Claude Van Damme: Camera-shy tough guy

A QUINN-TESSENTIAL PARTY GUIDE

Sally Quinn wrote the book on giving parties—a handy credential on October 24, when she and **Ben Bradlee** celebrated their twentieth anniversary with a bash for 300. Just as guests were arriving, **Peter Duchin** discovered that the keys on his rented piano were stuck. No piano tuner could be raised, so Duchin, his drummer, and his trumpet player crawled under the instrument to unscrew the pedals, which solved the problem. The orchestra started playing just as the guests entered the ballroom for dinner, making the dance floor safe for the likes of **Colin Powell**, **Alan Greenspan**, and **Al Gore**. "People danced all night," reports Duchin, "which is unheard-of in Washington, because people talk so much." Bradlee arranged for the couple to renew their vows, and **Tom Brokaw**, dressed as a priest, was just intoning "to love, to honor, and to cherish" when **Katharine Graham** interrupted: "What about 'obey'?" Washington *Post* columnist **Richard Cohen** also drew a laugh when he proved that D.C. hair-splitting hasn't evolved much. Twenty years ago, Cohen said, he asked Bradlee, " 'Are you having an affair with your employee?' He said, 'Well, it depends on what you mean by *are.*' " Cohen stressed the happy ending: "Ben got Sally, Sally got Ben, and, by keeping my mouth shut, I got a column."

JOAN AND SUSAN'S NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Cute single guys aren't the lure calling **Joan Rivers** and **Susan Lucci** to the wilds of Alaska next year. The gals are going north to see dogsled mushers up close. Real close: The comedian and the *All My Children* star will be at the head of the pack, riding in an 11-mile leg of the ceremonial start of the Iditarod, a 1,049-mile dogsled race from Anchorage to Nome. "They wanted to bundle up like Alaskan snow bunnies and watch the dogs," says **John Hendrickson**, the Alaska native who met (and later married) **Marylou Whitney** when she went to the race a few years ago. Lucci's husband of 27 years, **Helmut Huber**, will be going with her, and Rivers is trying to persuade her fiancé, **Orin Lehman**—who didn't accompany Joan to Africa last spring with Whitney, Hendrickson, and **Robert** and **Blaine Trump**—to come along. "Orin's much more conservative than I am," confides Rivers, "but I've gotten him to do a lot of things that the first two wives couldn't. So I think he'll be screaming *mush* by my side—and for once it won't be about my thighs."

Joan Rivers: Going to the dogs

AY, WHERE'S THE RUB?

The folks at New York's last surviving Great American BackRub store need a little relief of their own. Sources say

Photographs: top, G. Pace/Sygma; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

that the Third Avenue massage stop has been struggling to stay alive since June, when its new parent corporation, International Diversified Industries, quit paying the rent. One insider describes the atmosphere as "waiting for an eviction notice from the Marshal's office," and added that the employees haven't received paychecks in months. Solution? The store has stopped depositing money in the corporate account in favor of divvying up the cash among the workers twice a month until the apparently inevitable end. Just last week, a U.S. Marshal's seizure notice appeared in the window of the defunct SoHo shop, and half a dozen other locations have closed around the city in the past year. A spokesperson for Diversified says the company is interested only in selling private franchises and no longer wants to run corporately owned shops, but wouldn't comment on nonpayment of rent or missing paychecks. "They had a good business," says the insider, "and they pretty much shot it."

Elizabeth Taylor: A private affair

RODDY MCDOWELL'S LAST GOOD-BYE

Last week, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences took out ads in the trades to announce the cancellation of its Roddy McDowell tribute: "We have been made privy to Roddy's will, in which he specifically requests that there be no memorial gatherings of any kind in his honor. In view of that fact, we feel obligated to cancel the scheduled service at the Academy, and request that his friends hold it instead in their hearts." **Elizabeth Taylor** may be planning to do more than that. She was instrumental in canceling the Academy's event, according to one well-connected Hollywood source. As details of the tribute leaked out—Taylor was to speak, along with **Robert Wagner** and **Gregory Peck**—she decided it was "too public, too big, too wrong," and now wants to have a small, by-invitation-only memorial at her home, says the source. Taylor's spokeswoman says only that there's nothing scheduled. Yet.

MIA WILL ROCK; A GLOBAL SOCK

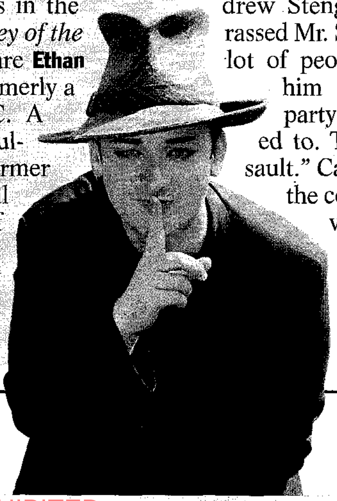
CHIP OFF THE OLD ROCK: Is rock and roll present in the genes? **Mia Tyler, Steven**'s daughter with former model **Cyrinda Foxe-Tyler**, intends to find out. On the heels of her recent success as a plus-size model (one of Lane Bryant's "V-Girls" alongside MTV reporter **Abbie Kearse** and WNBA star **Kym Hampton**), the 19-year-old (who names Rage Against the Machine as her "absolute favorite band") plans to meet with a singing coach in the next few weeks. "I'm not much of a singer," she says, "but I've got this deep voice and people are always telling me I should sing. When I was a kid, I'd do shows for my mom and her friends and I guess I miss that thrill of getting up there and doing what Daddy does." And how does the elder Tyler feel about the competition? "At first he was, like, 'Whoa, you have to take things one step at a time,' but after I explained it to him, he was all right with it," says Mia (right). "He's definitely not feeling threatened."

ALAN'S A-LIST: Not every loyal Democrat was beating the bushes to raise money for **Chuck Schumer** in the last days of his tight race against **Al D'Amato**. New York City Comptroller **Alan Hevesi** hosted a fund-raiser last Wednesday for another deserving candidate—himself. Hevesi has already announced his intention to run for mayor in 2001, and his invitations suggested donations ranging from $250 to $8,500. "It is unseemly for somebody to be raising money for a future race the week before statewide elections that everyone should be devoting their attention to," snipes one party regular. Hevesi's spokesman, **Hank Morris**—who also works for Schumer—insists that there's no problem between the two because Hevesi "has done everything Chuck Schumer has asked him to do—and more."

AS THE GLOBE TURNS: The final bell hasn't rung yet, but there's been plenty of talk about the unofficial Golden Gloves prize fight at the Globe restaurant last month. The first round went to Miramax's **Andrew Stengel**, who scored a TKO against his uninvited dinner guest, **Clifford Streit** (who says he was invited by his client, sex columnist **Candace Bushnell**). After the to-do, Streit went to Lenox Hill for X-rays, and the episode hit the *Post*'s "Page Six." Last week, Stengel turned himself in to the cops and got a desk-appearance ticket for an assault charge. "I personally would like to do to him in a courtroom what he did to Clifford in the street," says Streit's lawyer, **Judd Burstein**, who adds that his client isn't eager to sue. Stengel's attorney, **Henry Steinglass**, calls the complaint "frivolous and vindictive," adding, "Mr. Streit's complaint to the police was just a way to get back at Andrew Stengel, who embarrassed Mr. Streit in front of a lot of people by escorting him out of a dinner party he was not invited to. There was no assault." Catch round two at the courthouse on November 23.

THIS BOY'S LIFE

Do you really want to film him? A movie based on **Boy George**'s rags-to-ribbons autobiography is in the works, a project that he describes as "*Valley of the Dolls* with a happy ending." Producing are **Ethan** and **Erica Spellman-Silverman** (Erica was formerly a v.p. at William Morris), with the BBC. A search is on for an unknown to play the Culture Club singer, camp celebrity, and former heroin addict. The producers intend "a real gritty London street story that sort of takes a bizarre twist." Silverman quickly adds that it "won't be salacious. It's very much about his relationship with his mother." The BBC will be greatly relieved.



Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

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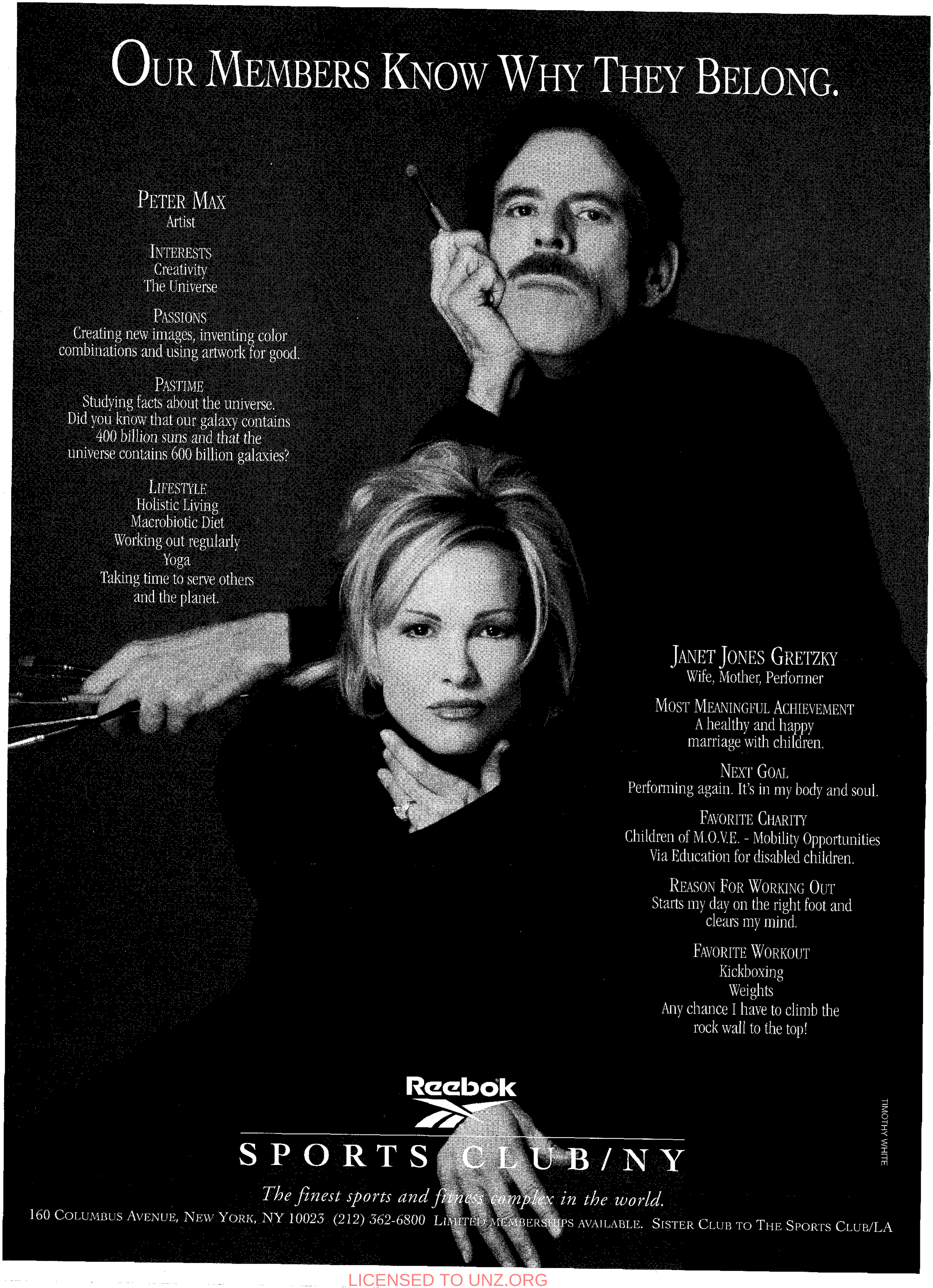

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Artist

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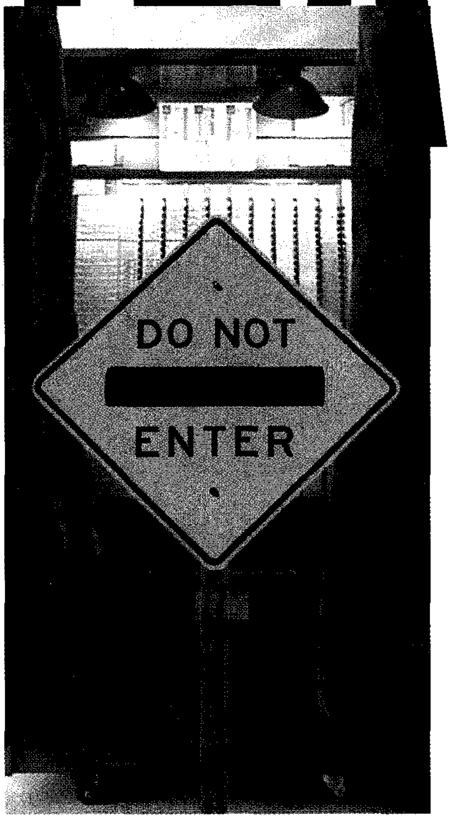
TIMOTHY WHITE

GOTHAM

Block The Vote

How the DMV got me barred from the voting booth.



THIS PAST AUGUST, while renewing my driver's license at License X-press on 34th Street, I took a moment to fill out a voter-registration form. It took only twenty minutes, and I marveled at the efficiency of the process. But last week, nearly two months later, I still hadn't heard from the Board of Elections. So I called.

"Hi," I said. "I filled out a voter registration form at the DMV at the end of August—"

"Chances are, you're not registered," said the man on the other end of the line.

Pardon?

"Every time someone mentions the motor-vehicle bureau to us," he said, "they turn out not to be registered." He started punching my name and address into the system. "Then again," he said, "you might be one of the lucky ones."

I wasn't.

"You aren't. We've been getting these complaints for a couple of years. I don't know if they throw the forms away or what."

I got a similar response from another clerk there, and then from a third. Finally, a supervisor informed me that I could take my complaint to a judge on Election Day. Great, I said.

One problem: "In my experience," she warned, "he won't buy it." That made it practically official. By participating in the new "motor voter" initiative, I had lost the right to vote.

Congress passed the National Voter Registration Act five years ago. To encourage voting, states now had to offer registration forms at the Department of Motor Vehicles as well as certain state agencies. Late-night comedians joked about putting the DMV in charge of anything at all, much less one of the most critical functions of democracy, but overall the legislation won high praise.

For the most part, it's worked. The New York State Department of Motor Vehicles says that last year 440,000 people—roughly one in ten who visited its offices—took the opportunity to register. A third of the new registration forms received this year by the city's Board of Elections were from "motor voters."

But officials at the Board of Elections say the initiative has caused significant problems, too. "What the DMV does is hold on to the applications," says Naomi Bernstein, the board's spokeswoman. "It can be weeks and weeks until they

(continued on page 18)

SUBPLOT

Think Yiddish, Speak Gibberish

- ● When Al D'Amato recently called his opponent a "putzhead," statesmen and commentators stood in line to accuse him of debasing political discourse. Soon, however, they'll move on to the next tsuris, leaving linguists and scholars to puzzle over the strange incident's one remaining mystery: How did the Senator end up mangling the insult so badly?
- ● "I have never heard of *putzhead* before," says Dr. Mordkhe Schaechter, of the Yiddish League. "We've always had the word *putz*, but *putzhead*? It looked like he was trying to win Jewish voters to his side. But cheaply."
- ● Paul Glasser, research associate of Yiddish language at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, was equally stumped: "It's just sort of a half-English, half-Yiddish combination."
- ● On the other hand, Michael Baran, professor of Yiddish literature and drama at Queens College, has come to a working hypothesis: "Senator D'Amato's knowledge of Yiddish is, I understand, zero. Perhaps some idiot told him to use that."

SAM GROBART

CAMEO

Puffy's Your New Best Friend

WHAT DO CHRIS ROCK, JENNIFER LOVE Hewitt, and Magic Johnson have in common? Also, Sammy Sosa, Mariah Carey, and Will Smith? Not to mention Derek Jeter, Veronica Webb, and Christina Ricci? Basically, what do all fabulous and beautiful and rich people have in common? For one thing, they—and a million others—were all featured in an elaborately produced hand-delivered limited-edition velvet-wrapped video invitation to Puffy Combs's 29th birthday. What, you didn't get one? That's because the other thing those people have in common is they're cooler than you are. Those who have been invited to the yet-unnamed locale have been warned to "leave your posse at home." But that needn't hinder the rest of you. Why not strike a blow against velvet-rope snobbery: Bring a crowd and make some noise. Where? Just call 929-3800.

Vote *continued from page 17*

send us a batch." The DMV flatly denies the charge. "It's up to the election board to make sure that registration occurs. We send the forms to them," says spokeswoman Jennifer Post. According to her records, my registration had, indeed, been forwarded.

The DMV's performance has improved in the three years since the law passed. But according to Jo-Anne Chasnow, of the watchdog group Human SERVE, "Advocacy groups are not tracking this as closely as they should be. They thought they'd won this war, and they're on to the next battle."

Some observers chalk up the problems to partisan politics. Voter-registration efforts, which usually give Democratic voting rolls a disproportionate boost, tend not to be popular with Republicans. Governor Pataki's own commissioner of motor vehicles, Richard E. Jackson Jr., lobbied against motor-voter when he first took office.

Now New York is one of just two states the U.S. Department of Justice is suing for failure to comply with the NVRA—though motor voter itself is not a target. "The Pataki administration resisted motor-voter in the first place, and now they're clearly not doing enough to make sure it operates efficiently," says Representative Carolyn Maloney, a Democrat from the Upper East Side.

Nice to know politicians are making a fuss, but people like me still may not get to vote this time around. And speaking with so many clerks and supervisors—none of whom had any answers—makes it hard not to wonder if the problem is one of plain old nonideological incompetence. "Whether this is a result of improper training, improper supervision, or improper agency implementation is hard to ascertain," Neal Rosenstein, an election specialist at the New York Public Interest Research Group, told me. "But the fact that this has been a recurring problem, and our state has been singled out by the Justice Department for poor implementation, makes us fear the worst."

JENNIFER SENIOR

UNION SQ PARK

SITE LINES

Down on the Farm

Is the city planning to oust growers from the Union Square Greenmarket?

ON A RECENT SATURDAY, wedged among the Union Square Greenmarket's mountains of sugar pumpkins, beside the McIntosh apples, atop late-season Jersey tomatoes, were copies of an incendiary letter from one M. David Distler, chairman of an organization called Friends of Greenmarket. Distler, a lawyer, was outraged that a Parks Department plan to beautify Union Square Park might ultimately result in the permanent loss of farm stands from the market. "Which 20-plus farmers shall we lose?" he wrote. "Which indeed, of our friends?"

According to Distler, the Parks Department would like to ring Union Square with an eighteen-foot-wide pedestrian walkway situated between two rows of trees. On the west side of the park, where the market is most congested, this would squeeze out almost an entire row of farmers. A staircase planned for the pavilion at the north end of the park could displace another five stands. And the one portion of the Parks Department plan that is funded and ready to go, a landscaping of the park's southwest corner (currently a parking lot), would make it hard for the farmers who have stands in that area to maneuver their trucks.

The plan, as Distler describes it, bears a striking resemblance to one that the Parks Department, headed then as now by Commissioner Henry Stern, issued in 1985. It died when Community Board 5 voted it down. But thirteen years later, this unworkable scheme has been reborn, even if Commissioner Stern refuses to fully acknowledge it. Stern says there is no plan, or at least none that should be viewed as definitive or final, and that there is currently no funding for anything beyond the $2.6 million allocated for the southwest corner. So why has Distler sounded the alarm? "This is a militant group of ultras," replies Stern, "who feel that anything other than a loading platform is an attack on Mother Nature and fresh vegetables."

Distler's letter *is* a little shrill, but he's correct: There is a plan. A drawing, table-size, computer-generated, and color-coded, was executed by a department architect. "They made an attempt to accommodate the Greenmarket," allows Tony Mannetta, Greenmarket director, pointing at the plan's neat red squares representing vegetable stalls lined up in perfectly even rows. The plan indicates that there is room for the new perimeter promenade, the double row of trees, and all the farm stands. Unfortunately, the red squares have as much relationship to the actual dimensions of farmers' stands as the computer-rendered trees have to living trees. Mannetta made his own plan, the farm stands drawn to scale, their irregular and untidy shapes accurately represented, and, like Distler, concluded that "the only way to make it work is to eliminate the outer row of growers."

It's not altogether clear, though, why there's any conflict in the first place. The players—the Greenmarket and the Parks Department—are, in theory, on the same team. The success of the Union Square Greenmarket triggered the resuscitation of the once-bleak park and the revival of the surrounding neighborhood. But for whatever reason, the Greenmarket management was not brought into the Union Square design process until quite recently.

Part of the problem is philosophical. As lush as the Greenmarket is during the four days a week that it's open, when it's closed, the area it occupies is naked tarmac. This suits skateboarders and urban jousters, but it doesn't fit in with the Parks Department's vision of a Vaux-and-Olmsted oasis.

This dispute, however, has a familiar fragrance. The contempt for public process, the disdain for the tedious aspects of democracy: It smells like Giuliani. Okay, maybe M. David Distler is, as Stern charges, a "provocateur," but that doesn't explain why the Parks Department hasn't thrown away a discredited thirteen-year-old plan, sat down with Union Square's most committed users, and come up with a new scheme that works for everyone.

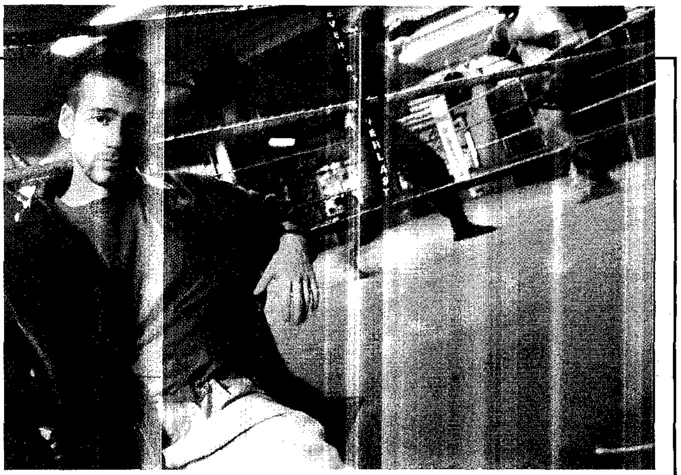
KARRIE JACOBS

Illustration by Robert Piersanti

SPORTS

Lord of the Ring

In the competitive world of network sportscasting, Max on Boxing could be a contender.



Max "Max on Boxing" Kellerman, the co-host of ESPN2's *Friday Night Fights.*

IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO THAT Max Kellerman, a.k.a. Max on Boxing, the 25-year-old commentator on ESPN2's new *Friday Night Fights,* prowled the hallways of Hunter High School looking for anyone (but preferably a sophomore girl) to whom he might explain the burning issues on his mind. It was as simple as rock-paper-scissors, he'd say; in a matchup between a boxer and a puncher of equal talent, the boxer wins, nine times out of ten. "You think rock is indestructible, but rock, like the offensive fighter, is overrated. Paper covers rock."

In the end, few high-school girls wanted to hear why Pernell "Sweetpea" Whitaker was "an upper-echelon all-time great," while Emile Griffith was only a "middle-echelon all-time great."

Even when Max went off to Columbia University, where he studied history, he could neither lose the boxing bug nor find a willing audience. But by then he had an outlet. At the age of 16, this son of a Greenwich Village shrink had started up his Manhattan public-access call-in show, *Max on Boxing* (*M.O.B.* to fans). From this low-rent pulpit, his narrow countenance bathed in seasick-green cable lighting, Max alternated between primal screech and Talmudic treatise. One moment he'd be railing about how Miguel Angel Gonzalez had no chance against Oscar De La Hoya because "his damn head was sitting up there like a golfball on a goddamn tee, a tee, goddamnit, ready to get driven off!" A moment later, M.O.B. would be discoursing about Roy Jones's superiority, due to "the mise-en-scène of the thing. Jones's domination dismisses the perceived threat. With him, it's not like the dragon waiting for Beowulf but rather Godot."

Such pure monomania set Max apart from the usual beer-can-rattling sports host. At ESPN2, however, Max has had to tone down his act a bit. "It is an adjustment," Max admits. "Before, I'd really cover a topic; now it's twenty seconds, in and out, don't wait for the receipt." The other night he was barely able to work up a full-scale verbal assault in the dubious contention that heavyweight Chris Byrd might actually be good. And sometimes he has to comment on boring fights, instead of dreaming about cross-generational battles between Ali and Dempsey.

And fame has its price. Every day for two years, after Yiddish class, Max would take the F train to Gleason's Gym under the Brooklyn Bridge. He took some punches, landed a few himself; no one ever noticed him much.

Today, however, upon entering Gleason's, Max on Boxing is greeted by Mitch (Blood) Green, the screw-loose heavyweight best known for being cold-cocked by Mike Tyson in front of the Dapper Dan's clothier one late night on 125th Street. "Max on Boxing, man! I seen you! On ESPN!—coast to coast!—talking!" Green says. "You the brain, Max on Boxing!" Then the six-feet-six-inch fighter lurches forward and plants a big kiss upon Max's thinly bearded cheek. This never happened when he was on public access. MARK JACOBSON

CRIME

Midnight in the Park of Good and Evil

AFTER ELEVEN VIOLENT CRIMES WERE REPORTED IN CENTRAL PARK over the past month and a half, local news reports fed fears of a parkwide crime wave. Mayor Giuliani, though dismissing talk of a crisis, argued that law-abiding citizens should not enter city parks alone after dark. By the end of the week, one might have concluded that come 6:01 P.M., Central Park turned into some wild frontier inhabited only by itinerant criminals, night-shift cops, and anorak-wearing on-the-spot news teams. We found a very different population one recent moonlit evening.

● "I've been walking across the park every night for fifteen years," said Robert Washington, a 57-year-old carrying a duffel bag, "and I've never had a problem, except with the cops. They've stopped me a few times. Said I was cruising. Asked me for I.D. and stuff, but I just tell them I'm going to my job at DC Comics. That's where I've been working for fifteen years. We have *Superman.* The good Lord's always been with me. I got no reason to be scared."

● "I've been walking through the park almost every night for five years," says Kevin Bryant, an attorney wearing a gray suit. "I've never been scared. I used to be a prosecutor in the Bronx D.A.'s office, so I know a lot about cops and crime. If anything happens, you just run."

● "I used to want to sleep in the park because I thought it would be an adventure, but now it's too safe," says Sam Truitt, a poet (*Anamorphous Eisenhower*) who works in public relations. "The way it is now reminds me of the snowstorm of 1995 when it was totally quiet."

● "I've been painting this line at night every year for the last twelve years," says Adam Kaufman, painting the finish line for the New York Marathon. "Over the last seven years, I have not encountered anything here that could even be remotely considered an incident. In fact, over the next few nights, I'll get a bunch of people who want to volunteer to help paint, and 65 percent will be women." TED OEHMKE

Central Park, under cover of darkness.

Photographs: top, Mark Mann;
bottom, Alex Webb/Magnum Photos.

RAT CITY

PERIODIC DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR ON VERMIN

Rat Central

BORED ONE NIGHT THIS past summer, Ali Parker, age 18, got together with some friends and decided to pay a midnight visit to Central Park's Sheep Meadow. "We climbed over the fence and headed toward the middle to sit down," she recalls. When two police officers called after them, the girls assumed they'd get busted for illicitly entering the cordoned area. But no: "They didn't seem to care about that. All they said was 'Get out of the park—there are rats as big as kitties in here at night.' They couldn't have said anything that would make us leave quicker."

Rose Swezey, a bird-watcher, had a closer brush with the vermin while feeding birds in the Ramble. "Some cardinals came over for a handout," she says, "and I saw a really big brown bird trundle over. Except I realized as it hauled itself out of Azalea Pond that it wasn't a duck. It was a big, brown, grizzled rat, and it was just as hungry as the birds but not nearly as polite. I tossed it a peanut and ripped out of there."

Central Park is the nexus of all Manhattan rat activity. "It's ideal for rats," says Dr. Austin Frishman, an expert in urban pest problems. "You don't have to be a genius to know why: It has stables for the horses, a zoo, a restaurant—all of these things are food sources. When you add people eating and making a mess, you get thousands and thousands of rats." Since public-health officials usually calculate the rat population as a multiple of the number of people who live in the area, however, no one has a precise figure for Central Park vermin.

Central Park visitors report police warned them to " 'get out of the park—there are rats as big as kitties in here at night.' They couldn't have said anything that would make us leave quicker."

Not everyone seems to mind the pests. Cara Buono was jogging along the Reservoir when she noticed a gaggle of rats on the side of the path: "One of them, I swear, stared right back and then began to run apace with me. It was sort of sweet."

But as Dr. Frishman points out, the vermin population is one element of the pastoral park setting that's not confined to its borders: "Where are the nearest places a rat leaving the park will go? Into the fancy buildings along the avenues. The maintenance people for those buildings have to constantly check the little gardens outside to make sure rats aren't burrowing in there."

According to Neil Calvanese, chief of operations for Central Park, exterminators are sent out every week to areas where rat sightings have been reported. "Then they check up the next week," he explains, "to make sure the poison doesn't get out into the open, where it can be eaten by dogs or children."

"Part of the success we've had in recent years reducing the numbers is simply by having the garbage cans emptied more often," says Mary Anne McNulty, deputy director of the Urban Park Rangers. "Since the rats are so adaptive, it's hard to control the population." The same could be said of the park's infernal Rollerbladers. KATE AURTHUR

THE SCENE

Spoiled Rotten

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Diane Von Furstenberg and Henry Kissinger at Elaine's to toast the publication of *Diane: A Signature Life.*

Actor Christian Bale, costume designer Sandy Powell, actress Toni Collette, director Todd Haynes, and Anna Sui at the premiere party for *Velvet Goldmine.* The event was a benefit for the CFDA Foundation.

Above, Alfonse D'Amato, Claudia Cohen, Pamela Gross, and Ron Perelman at Doubles to celebrate Gross's birthday. Below, John Kennedy Jr. and David Pecker at a benefit for the Breast Cancer Research Foundation.

Jamee Gregory and Adrienne Vittadini at the Plaza Athénée to view the Sabbadini Jewelry Collection.

Nora Foster and husband Johnny Lydon at the VH1 Fashion Awards.

At Lot 61 for the launch of the Chase LensCard: Michael Douglas, LensCard inventor Alan Finkelstein, Jack Nicholson, and Sean Penn.

Illustration from CSA Archive.

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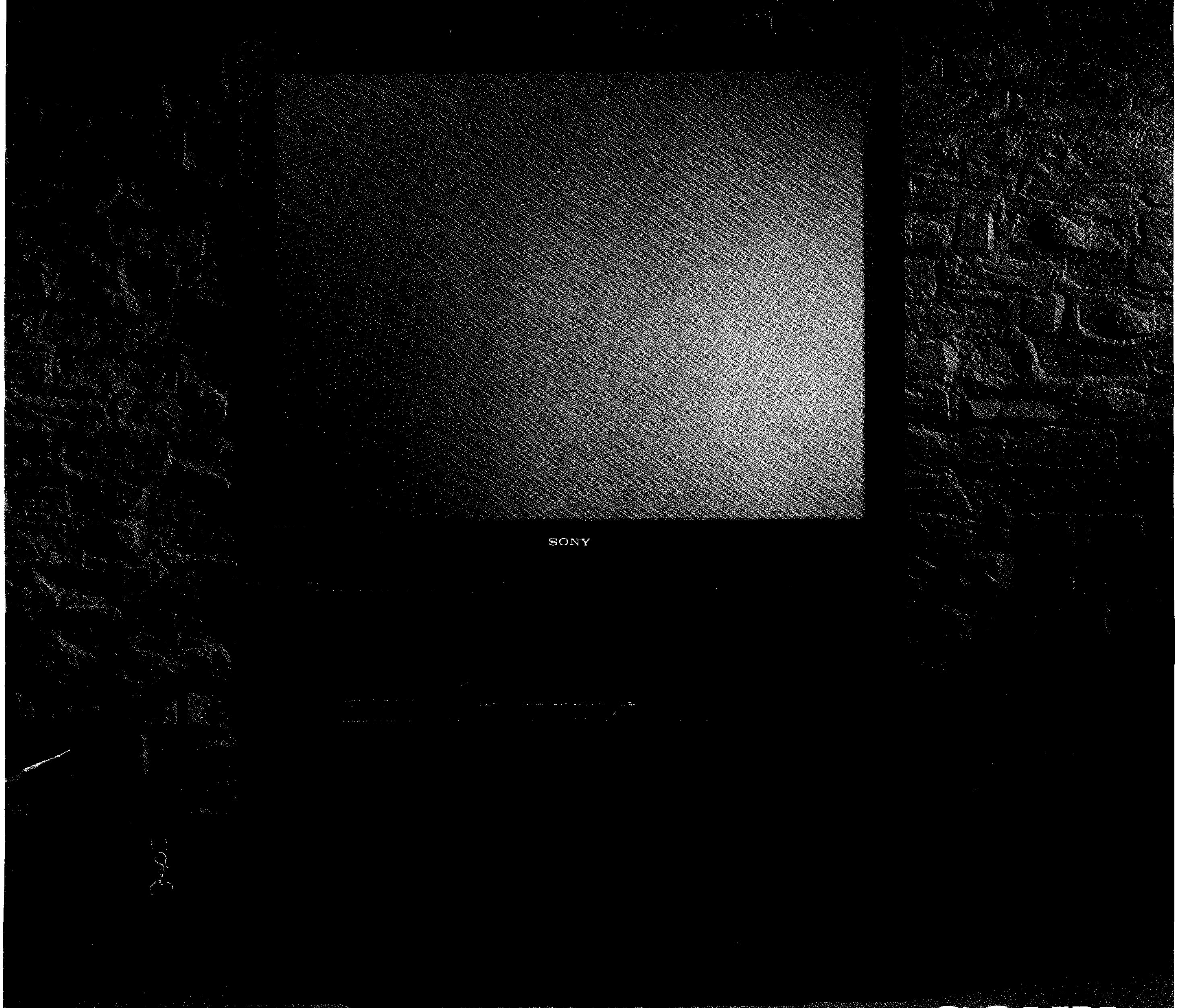

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GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

BODY TYPE

Bye-Bye Boo-Boo

There's a new way to make your childhood scars fade into memory—without surgery. Silicone strips and gels, now available over the counter, can help smooth away minor keloidal scars in three to six months, by creating what's known as a "hydration barrier" on the damaged tissue. RichMark International's ReJuveness, a four-by-twelve-centimeter silicone sheet, sells for about $60 to $70 and promises to "last the entire period of scar management." Kelocote, a topical gel from Allied Biomedical, is $25 for fourteen grams. Smith and Nephew's Cica-Care offers similar benefits and is available by prescription. If only emotional scars were so easy to erase.

IAN SPEIGELMAN

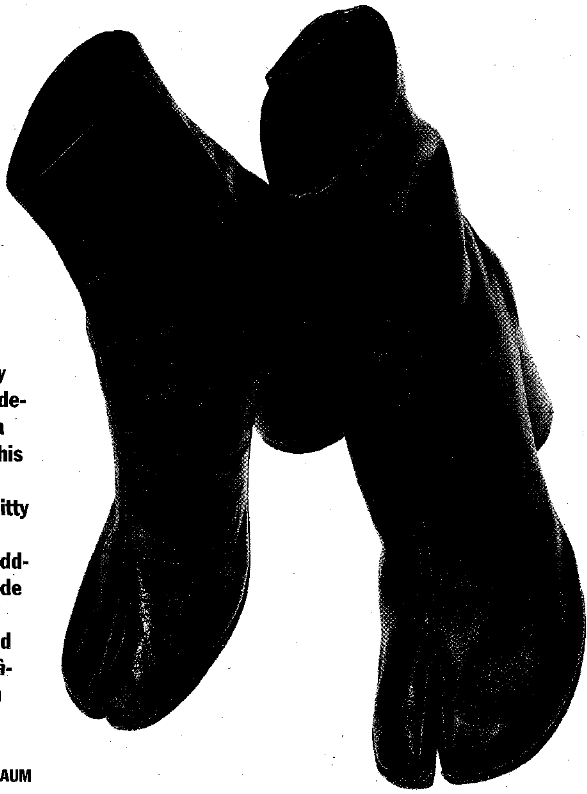
Deconstructing Bunny

It may be just a Playboy Bunny costume to you, but to the experts, it's a rich and layered cultural text. "This is a highly stylized, rhetorical uniform with iconic status," says J. Abbott Miller, the editor/designer of *2wice*. For the "Uniform" issue, the fourth installment of the award-winning publication, he commissioned Alison Maddex—curator of the planned Museum of Sex—to unpack the outfit's many meanings. With the help of guest contributors, Miller and editor-in-chief Patsy Tarr take on uniformity and its challengers, in the very broadest sense: from lawns and Muzak to elegant Geoffrey Beene jumpsuits. Just don't call it a magazine. "I'd prefer to use the term 'visual journal,'" says Miller.

Devils May Care

And you thought last summer's thonged sandals were a pain in the foot: For fall, Belgian designer Martin Margiela has brought out a new crop of cloven-toed boots. Despite their challenging design and $550 price tag, they're selling briskly at Untitled (here in New York) and Fred Segal (in L.A.). Meanwhile, Nike has started marketing Air Rift sneakers, which also have a split front. The unusual trainers were originally designed for the Nigerian track team, which used to run barefoot and had trouble adapting to mainstream athletic footwear. "We've been selling 20 pairs a day," says a manager at Transit. "And 25 a day on the weekend." No word on how many they sell during a full moon.

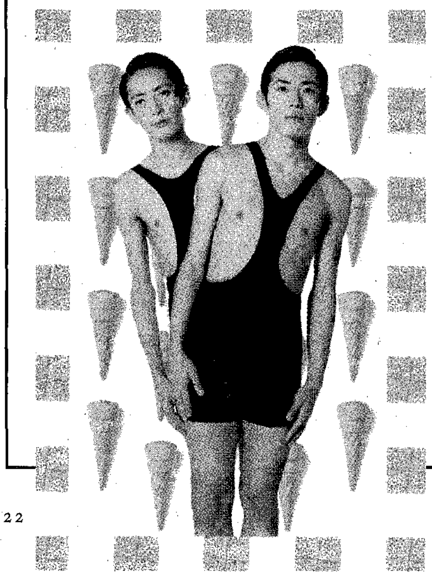
ANNA HOLMES



Big in Japan

Just hours removed from Tokyo's trendy Harajuku district, five young Japanese designers made their American debut in a series of West Chelsea runway shows this past week. Imported by Foundation World—which brought Todd Oldham, Kitty Boots, and Anna Sui to Japan—the designers showed such fashion-forward oddities as shirts dipped in metal, tops made from plastic bags, and skirts fashioned from paper balloons. (All were displayed on otherwise-nude models—how *Prêt-à-Porter!*) No designs are yet available in U.S. stores, however, so you'll have to continue hand-dipping your metal-clad sportswear.

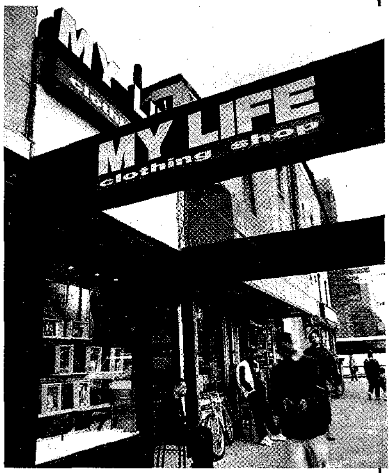
SUSAN M. KIRSCHBAUM



Store Cred

Until recently, anyone who wanted to buy baggies and sweats from Chris Manley had to have the 26-year-old's pager number—or find him as he pushed his shopping cart through Alphabet City. After years of saving up, however, he's opened My Life, a tiny boutique with a very big sign at Houston Street and Avenue D, where he and his partners spin records, hang out, and sell clothing by local labels like PNB (Post No Bills) and Writers Bench. "Rappers don't have to be sponsored to wear PNB," says Manley. "They put it on because it's from the 'hood and it gets respect." Customers from De La Soul to Noreaga have already come by to shop and to give Manley props for not selling out to retail chains.

LOGAN HILL



Photographs: clockwise from bottom right, Kenneth Chen; V.B. Utamaro; Michael Kraus.

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

Hyde in Plain Sight

Since Henry Hyde really thinks he can sit in judgment of the president, there are a few more little things about his own past we'd like him to explain.

AFTER THESE ELECTIONS, ASSUMING the Republicans' ship hasn't run aground on Backlash Beach, they'll pick up where they left off with impeachment. A subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee has a hearing planned for November 9 on the history of impeachment proceedings—its latest way to avoid discussing what actual crimes might constitute impeachable offenses.

A weak showing at the polls for the GOP might vaporize the whole project, since the main rationale for keeping impeachment alive has been to stoke the Republican vote. But there are enough Republicans in the House whose investment in bringing Clinton down is not political but visceral, so odds are the show will go on.

Henry Hyde, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, is said to be made of calmer viscera. It may be the gray hair, or the avuncular manner, or the fact that he's a likable old sod; whatever the reason, Hyde owns that most cherished of Washington appellations, that of bipartisan elder statesman; "the nearest thing," wrote Mary McGrory, "to a patriarch Congress can provide."

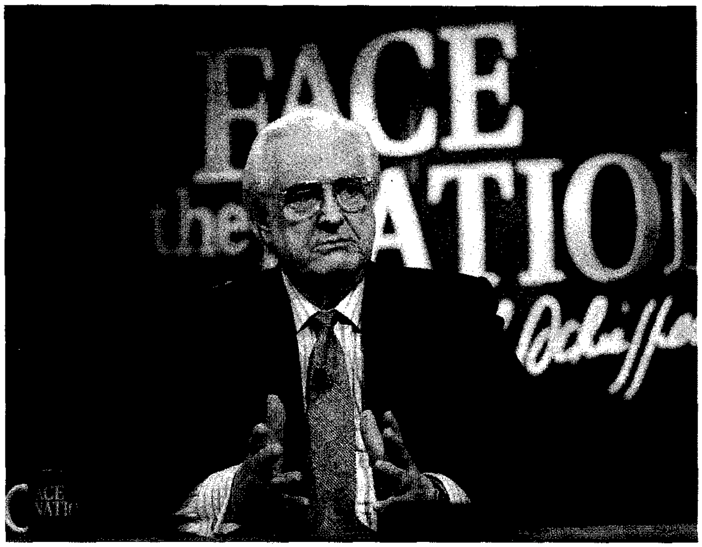
Do anything long enough, and they start to respect you whether you deserve it or not. In the mid-eighties, when I lived in Washington, Hyde was thought a zealot—a man who'd tack an amendment restricting federal funds for abortion on a stamp-commemoration bill if Tip O'Neill wasn't looking. If, today, he has become a statesman, it's only by comparison to the army of back-bench reactionaries who consider even Newt Gingrich a sellout. Hyde is scarcely the ideological wallflower that the Washington press corps has lately been painting him.

Let's look at the case of Joseph Scheidler, a pro-life activist in Hyde's home turf of Illinois who used threats of violence to prevent women from pursuing their legal right to abortion counseling. Earlier this year, the National Organization for Women and two clinics brought a RICO suit against Scheidler's pro-life outfit and one other, asking that they be forced to desist, and seeking damages. Such uses of RICO can be dubious, but be that as it may, the pro-choicers prevailed.

Dubious or not, ponder the implications of the chairman of the House committee most directly charged with ensuring the integrity of our system of laws, lately heard prattling on about his committee's "one mighty task" of "vindicat[ing] the rule of law" and so forth, appearing as a character witness for Scheidler and, under questioning from a plaintiffs' attorney, saying the following:

Q. *Mr. Hyde, would you vouch for the character or the integrity of anyone who openly proclaimed that he would not obey the laws of the land?*

A. *Absolutely. Absolutely. If the law of the land is immoral and condones [killing] unborn children, I think that's heroic.*


The role of a lifetime: We knew Chairman Peter Rodino, sir, and you're no Peter Rodino.

This statement was not, remember, the "youthful indiscretion" of a man in his forties (speaking of that, I was delighted to discover that I have four or five more years of youthful indiscretions ahead of me). Hyde offered this exception to the rule of law on April 9 of this year.

Disturbing, you say, but at least a reflection of a deeply held conviction. So consider what conviction might have underpinned Hyde's assault on Peter Galbraith, the former U.S. ambassador to Croatia, as relayed by Robert Worth in the November *Washington Monthly*. Galbraith, in 1994, had given the secret and crucial green light for arms shipments to Bosnia from Iran. Some Republicans suspected, and longed for evidence of, a covert operation—a Democratic Iran-contra, if you like.

The green light did violate the U.N. arms embargo on Bosnia, and Iran's involvement made it all very hot-button. But wars don't always offer noble options, and the Iranian shipments did keep Bosnia alive. The Bush administration had supported the same policy. And Hyde himself voted, six months after the Galbraith green light, for the U.S. to ignore the U.N. embargo.

But none of this stopped Hyde, whom Gingrich had appointed to chair a select committee to look into it, from trying to make a case against Galbraith. His committee's investigators had turned up nothing hard, but in October 1996, Hyde's report referred the matter to the Justice Department and called Galbraith a rogue ambassador. Through all this, Galbraith—is it mere coincidence that he's the son of liberal intellectual John Kenneth Galbraith?—had been given no hearing. In the end, the Justice Department found no evidence of wrongdoing. So Hyde proved willing in this case to put aside his own conviction, shared with Galbraith, that the Bosnians

Photograph by Karin Cooper/Gamma Liaison.

should be armed, instead playing the very non-bipartisan hatchet man.

Edifying backdrop to the sort of "fair and impartial" hearing Bill Clinton has received so far: immediate public release of prejudicial material, defense counsel nowhere in sight, rule of law selectively applied, no attempt to define an impeachable offense. All completely the opposite of what happened with Nixon, when Peter Rodino's Judiciary Committee carefully weighed the release of documents and gave Nixon's lawyer access to materials at every turn.

The Hyde dossier is thick with material that would bring joy to the heart of a Richard Mellon Scaife of the left, were there such a man. He was on the board of Illinois-based Clyde Federal Savings and Loan, which went belly-up in 1990, costing taxpayers more—$67 million—than Little Rock's infamous Madison Guaranty. The federal government managed to wrangle $850,000 out of Clyde's other outside directors. Hyde, somehow, escaped liability. A Hyde associate hired a private eye who posed as a reporter to do some counterintelligence work and gather documents from a Chicago-area banking consultant who was looking into Clyde's collapse. Hyde has acknowledged that he was aware of the operation but insisted he never authorized his gumshoe's deceptions. There's no evidence Hyde bilked taxpayers, but I'd wager that if we sicced an avowedly liberal independent counsel on *him* for four years, something just might turn up.

So this is our fair-minded statesman. If you've been wondering what Bill Clinton means by "sex," you might also wonder what Washington means by "patriarch."

HOUSEKEEPING ITEMS: RECENTLY, I WROTE that, in Chuck Schumer's first-ever run for office in 1974, his opponent Jerry Cohen had the backing of the Brooklyn Democratic organization. Cohen, now a retired judge, called to say he did not have such support. Apologies.

Finally: Politics has long been losing its vaudeville flavor, so it's unlikely that New York will ever produce the like of Stanley Pinsley again. Pinsley, who died in August, was a journalist by trade (Channel 5, various local publications) but, by temperament, a delightful mischief-maker who savored the preposterously oddball and subversive. Preston Sturges could not have invented him.

Glasses will be hoisted in his honor Tuesday, November 10, at Merchants, Columbus Avenue and 85th Street, after work. Six-thirtyish. ▬

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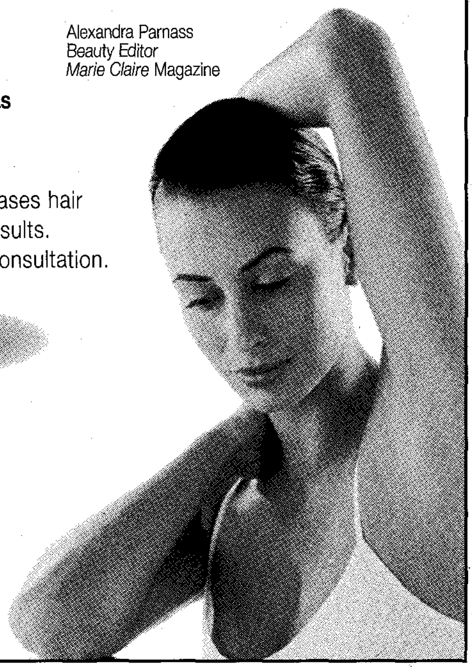

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SPORTS HUGO LINDGREN

Who Owns the NBA?

When Michael Jordan sneezed, the whole NBA used to catch a cold. And the current showdown is over whether future superstars will have the same power.

HAVING DITCHED THEIR TEAM colors and space-age sneakers in favor of business suits and briefcases, about 100 professional basketball players ducked into the Sheraton Hotel last week for a showdown with the NBA owners. After a brief 90-minute bargaining session, said to have included emotional outbursts from both sides, the players re-emerged. Media crews went straight to the one man in the room who may not even bother playing basketball next season, regardless of what deal is eventually struck. That man, of course, was Michael Jordan, always the center of attention. "I'm doing this for future generations of players," he said to the cameras, "who should have the same freedom I've had."

It's righteous language, but the cause has hardly caught on. Jordan and the rest of the players can't figure out why the masses haven't lined up behind them to fight the corporate overlords. What they don't understand is that, for the average onlooker, taking sides in this dispute is like rooting for one conglomerate over the other in a telecom merger—unless you have a financial stake in one of the parties, who cares which side wins? The dealings between the players and the NBA owners has nothing to do with labor: It's a partnership between a content provider and a distributor, and their dispute is not so much about money as it is about power. The players, inspired by Jordan, believe the game belongs to them, and they are demanding to be compensated accordingly. The owners, meanwhile, want to regain control of their business and position the NBA brand above and beyond the individual players. They want to show not only that the NBA will live on after Michael Jordan but that the marketing machinery that produced him will, too.

The NBA, after all, is the marketing powerhouse that the other leagues all aspire to emulate. But partly because of the nature of basketball and partly because of the way salaries have hurtled out of control, the league finds itself more vulnerable to the whims of its players than other sports do. The maddening pace of player movement from team to team has been damaging to all sports franchises, but basketball has had the hardest time coping with it. In football, coaching and management take clear precedence over talent—teams are corporate systems, the players merely replaceable parts. In baseball, clubs exert much greater control over their players because they can nurture talent through extensive farm systems.

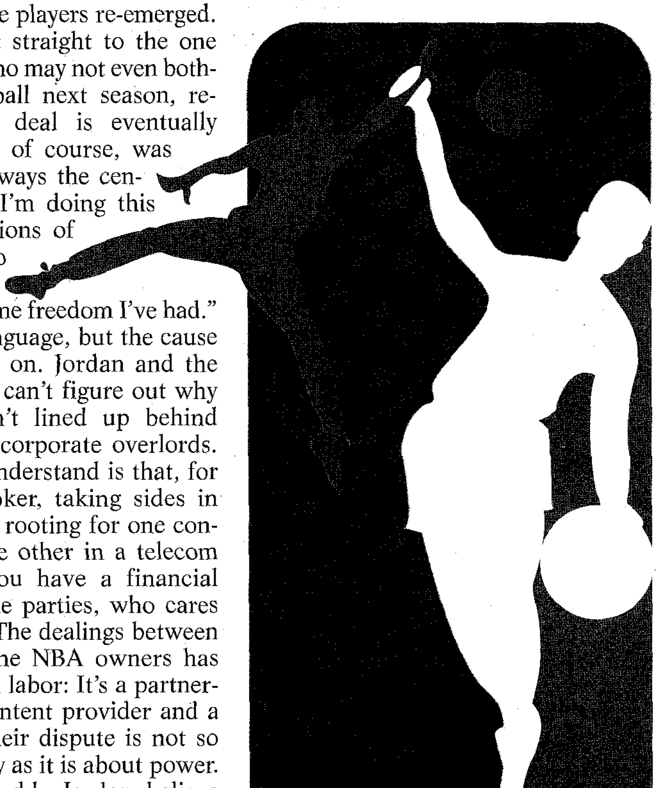

Illustration by Anton Ioukhnovets.

But in basketball, the fortunes of an entire team rest in the hands of a few key players—or just one, if you're talking about Michael Jordan. He could turn the pitiful Clippers into a winner, maybe even a champion—and fill their arena no matter what. In fact, if he started his own league, it's hard to imagine he couldn't give the NBA a serious run for its money. As a commercial and cultural figure—as a brand—Jordan has made himself bigger than the Bulls, bigger than the NBA, bigger than basketball itself.

For the most part, Jordan hasn't used this leverage to the detriment of his team—he's stayed with the Bulls throughout his career and has been loyal to them (not counting his quixotic foray into baseball and annoying flirtations with retirement). But while young NBA players devoutly mimic his every move, team loyalty doesn't interest them. The effect on the rise and fall of franchises has been stunning. The new model is the next-best brand the NBA has to Michael Jordan—Shaquille O'Neal, who, fresh out of college, turned the Orlando Magic into the league's hot young team and within just a few years led them to the NBA finals. But Orlando barely had time to hold a parade. A year later, Shaq decided he needed to move to Los Angeles to further his career as a rap and movie star. When his contract was up, he signed with the Lakers, never even giving his old team a chance to match the offer. The Magic, right on cue, took a nosedive in the standings. It's a scenario that's likely to be replayed often (Minnesota's Stephon Marbury is just about there) as young stars gravitate to big-city teams that promise greater exposure and business opportunities.

The NBA owners want to put a stop to this right now. They want to reassert the authority of the league by limiting the bargaining position of individual players—and that's what they're fighting for in the lockout. Players currently get nearly 60 percent of the league's $2 billion in annual revenues, and the owners want to cut that share down to under 50 percent and freeze it there. Players like Patrick Ewing and Jordan are outraged. So outraged, in fact, that their face-to-face sessions with NBA commissioner David Stern have not always been civil. It's all become deeply personal. Ewing, who made $20.5 million last year, has carried on about how the

NBA wants to return the players to "horse[s] and buggies." The players are obsessed with being respected not just as gifted athletes but as astute businessmen, and they consider their negotiations with the NBA a test of their standing in the world.

MEANWHILE, AS THE FRONT LINE HEATS UP, the NBA is pursuing a less confrontational strategy for expanding its influence: turning itself into a global brand. The most prominent evidence of this is the league's peculiar new gift emporium on Fifth Avenue, which is stocked with an overpowering array of expensive knickknacks as well as sweaters, shirts, and suede jackets that bear the NBA logo as though it were a Lacoste crocodile. As fashion, it's dubious, but as business, it makes complete sense: Create revenues where there are none, without depending on the players' celebrity.

So the NBA wants to be like Mike, too. After all, so powerful is Jordan as a sales tool that he can even prop up the suddenly reeling Nike, which is being swamped by terrible P.R. and is slashing its athletic-sponsorship deals by $100 million a year. Last year, every Nike shoe line dropped in sales except Air Jordans, which gained 57 percent. Where possible, Nike is replacing its increasingly tired and uncool swoosh with its Jumpman logo, which is patterned after Jordan, and is even launching a line of Air Jordan casual shoes and perhaps clothes. Michael Jordan is bigger than Nike, too.

HIS AIRNESS'S APPEARANCE AT THE NBA bargaining table has given everyone hope that the stalemate will soon be broken and the basketball season salvaged. But the animosity between the players and the owners that has been bred by this standoff is not likely to dissipate by itself, and it could hinder the NBA at a critical moment. Executives of the sagging television networks believe sports is the wonder drug that will revive their ratings, and that's why both the NFL and the NBA just got their most lucrative TV deals ever. Already, however, pro-football ratings are slipping, and NBC is praying the same doesn't happen to basketball. The league is praying, too. Like the NFL, the NBA has managed to keep its small-market teams competitive by relying on network-TV deals as the main source of revenue and then dividing up the loot equally among all teams. This makes it possible for Milwaukee and Portland to pay their players as much as New York and Los Angeles do. But if the networks don't rebound, teams will have to rely more on their own cable- and local-TV deals, which will skew the competitive balance in the league. This is exactly what happened to Major League Baseball; roughly a third of its clubs can no longer afford to put a competitive lineup on the field.

So the NBA needs big network ratings, and that means it needs Michael Jordan more than ever.

Michael Jordan, however, doesn't need the NBA much at all. Just last week, Nike was awarded a patent for the next Air Jordan sneaker, with features inspired by his Ferrari, including bumperlike material on the heels and toe and an "air-intake pocket." The shoes will fetch about $150 a pair and will be in stores within the month, regardless of whether Michael Jordan, or the NBA, is playing basketball.

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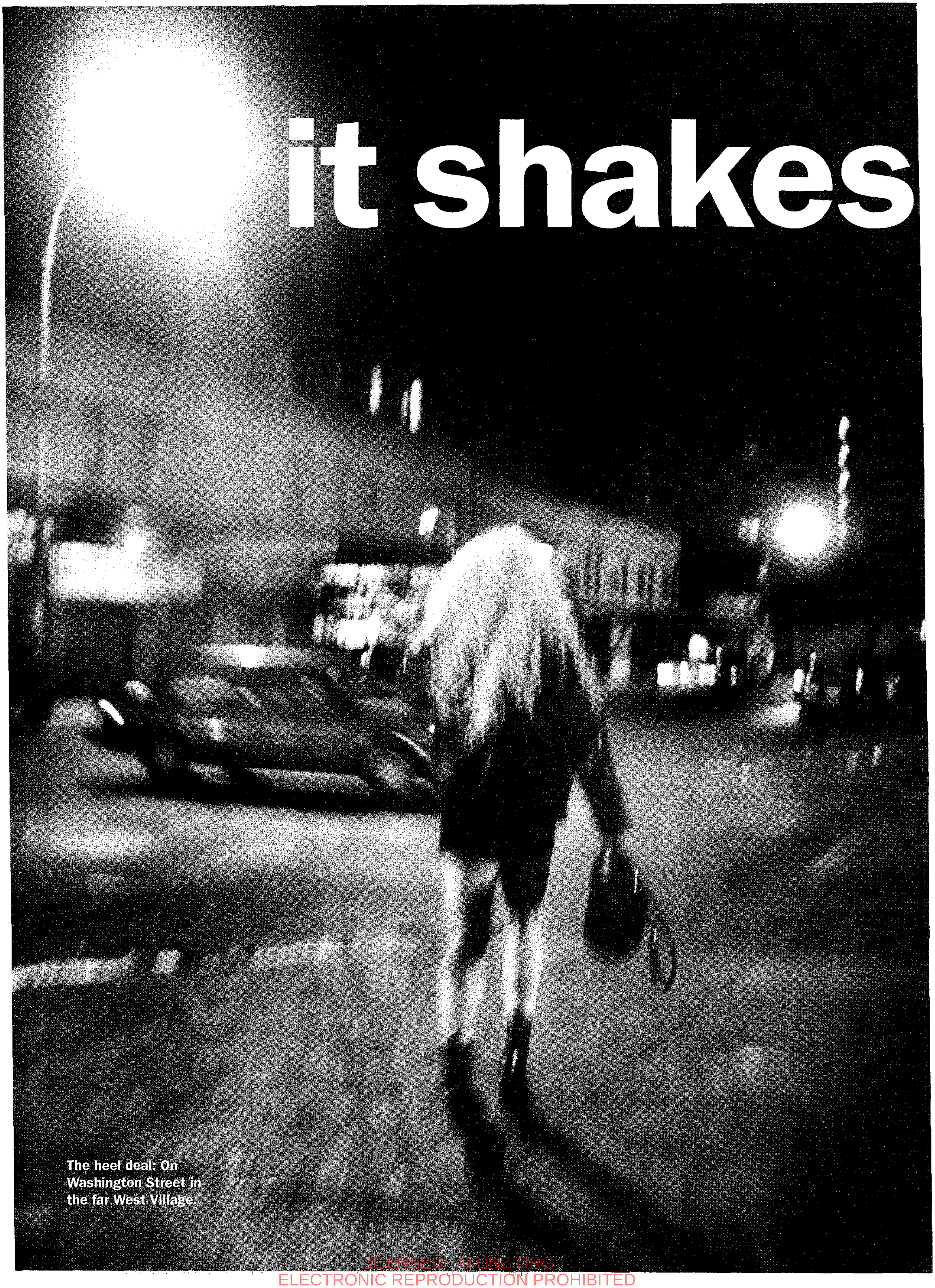

The heel deal: On Washington Street in the far West Village.

a village

Has the West Village become New York's designated sin city, as some residents claim? Or is the problem creeping intolerance, along with an ominous rise in anti-gay crime? An anything-goes community confronts an identity crisis.

by craig horowitz

Wearing one of those khaki vests with all the pockets they sell at Banana Republic, Larry Prince looks like he's going on safari. Around his neck hangs a huge pair of binoculars that seems to fill the entire space between his chin and his belt. In one pocket is a walkie-talkie; in another, a police scanner; and in still another, film for his camera. It's a good thing the vest has so many pockets, or he'd have no place for his Marlboro Lights.

It's just past midnight, and under the cover of darkness the heavily equipped Prince is tracking his prey. Prostitutes. Transgender prostitutes, to be precise. Actually, he's not really tracking them; it's more like he's waiting for them to come to him. He's stationed himself under a streetlight at the corner of Horatio and Greenwich Streets. He smokes and he waits. It's been about 45 minutes, and so far nothing. No platinum wigs, no fishnets, and no spiked heels. Not even a false sighting.

There is, however, lots of other activity, although none of it seems to warrant the use of the walkie-talkie or the big binoculars. Across the street, couples come out of El Faro after a late dinner. A steady stream of cars, many with radios booming and passengers hanging out the windows screaming, disturbs the quiet of an otherwise peaceful Friday night. Small groups of purposeful-looking people pass by on their way to one of the clubs two blocks away in the meatpacking district.

"They know we're here," Prince says confidently and without any hint of discouragement. "That's why we haven't seen them."

How could they not know? In the street along with Prince, who is president of a group called Village Associations United Against Crime, are fifteen or sixteen other West Village residents. Many of them carry signs. NO HOOKER BUSINESS ON OUR STREETS. NO HOOKERS AND NO DRUGS. One older man holds a sign that says simply JOHNS LIST, and on a yellow legal pad he writes down license-plate numbers of passing vehicles.

"How do you know which cars are here cruising for hookers?"

"Oh, you can tell," he says as he copies down the tag number of a passing Ford. "They go around the block several times. Maybe there's a man in the car alone. I mean, what would a man be doing driving around here alone in his car if he wasn't looking for prostitutes?"

The Sixth Precinct has been notified about the demonstration, and its cops are out in force. They're in patrol cars, in vans, on scooters, and in unmarked sedans.

"You see that?" Prince says, motioning with his eyes toward a nondescript white car stopped at a red light. Inside are two men and two women. "Those are cops in there. Take my word for it," says Prince, who likes to think of him-

photographed by michael ackerman

self as pretty savvy in police tactics.

The residents have come out to demonstrate on this cool fall evening—just as they did on many weekend nights during the summer—because, they say, in the past six to twelve months, their streets have been overrun by transgender prostitutes. Whereas once the prostitutes confined themselves to the meat market and that part of 14th Street west of Ninth Avenue known as "The Stroll," they have now spilled over into the residential streets of the far West Village: a neighborhood roughly defined as running between Christopher and 14th Streets and from Hudson Street to the river.

"There was a bad problem with street prostitution in the early and middle eighties in the West Village, but it got much better after a lot of dogged community work," says lawyer Timothy James, a former president of the Village Reform Democratic Club who has been active on the Village political scene for seventeen years. "What seems to have happened now is we got the overflow from the Times Square cleanup. It's like a return to what it was in the eighties, only worse. It's much more blatant and brazen now."

JO HAMILTON, WHO LIVES IN A townhouse on Jane Street, is not a happy woman. With one hand pushed deep into the pocket of her denim overalls and the other gesticulating wildly with a lit cigarette, she is trying very hard to keep smiling as she paces in a tight little circle and yells at one of the many cops who have stopped to talk to the demonstrators.

"I find condoms in the front garden of my townhouse in the morning all the time," Hamilton says, her bangs bouncing and her glasses slipping slightly down the bridge of her nose. "The prostitutes and their customers defecate and urinate there, and it's happening all up and down the street. And along with the prostitution and the sex in the doorways and in the cars and the people exposing themselves is the drug dealing that comes along with it."

The cop, arms folded across his chest, is basically nodding his head and listening patiently. "Tell me something," Hamilton challenges him in a final flourish, taking one last deep drag on her cigarette. "If you can get rid of the squeegee guys, why can't you get rid of the prostitutes?"

Hamilton's question actually represents a new phenomenon. Because of the enormous success the city has had in battling crime over the past five and a half years, standards have changed. Expectations have been raised. People in neighborhoods all over the city now believe that the police can and should make a difference.

New Yorkers now are so convinced cops make a difference that local community groups even monitor precinct staffing levels. And they want specifics. How many uniforms are on patrol on the midnight-to-eight shift? How many plainclothes officers work days? How many bodies are assigned to tactical units, and how do all of these numbers match up against last year?

But the problem of prostitution in the West Village is an issue that goes far beyond whether staffing levels at the Sixth Precinct have fallen recently. (For the record, they have. Six months ago, there were 202 officers; today there are 188.) It is an issue that strikes directly at how Villagers see themselves and how they see their neighborhood. They have chosen to live in one of the most tolerant and diverse communities in the country—politically, ethnically, economically, religiously, sexually, and socially.

Do they then have a right to ask for limits? For minimum standards of behavior? And who should set the standards? Isn't the progressive view of prostitution that it's essentially a victimless crime that's only illegal based on some old-fashioned notions of morality? And is the current situation an issue—as some people believe—primarily because the prostitutes are transgendered people?

"This area has changed so much," says Matt Foreman, executive director of Empire State Pride Agenda, the largest lesbian-and-gay political organization in the state. "I was walking on 14th Street the other night, and trooping along there were all these white, middle-aged straight guys with sweaters tied around their waists."

The Village, in other words, is in the throes of an identity crisis. While some residents—predominantly straight, older homeowners—see prostitution, and the drugs and street crime that often accompany it, as the area's major problem, many in the gay community contend that the furor over prostitution masks a conflict over values. The real danger, they say, is intolerance, illustrated by an ominous rise in antigay bias crimes. "Prostitution in the West Village is not a new issue," says City Councilman Tom Duane, who is running with only token opposition for the State Senate in tomorrow's election. "And it's not the cause of the increase in violent crime."

Duane cites various recent incidents—Trent Lott's contention that homosexuality is an illness; newspaper ads sponsored by the religious right claiming gays can be "cured"; and the beating death of Matthew Shepard—to make a case that these are dangerous times for gays. He even called for the cancellation of last weekend's Greenwich Village Halloween parade because, he said, "there's a sea of homophobia out there."

Others, however, say Duane is being too cavalier about prostitution; tolerance shouldn't mean tolerance of *everything*. "Look," Jo Hamilton tells me one afternoon, "one of the reasons I've chosen to live over here is it's a bit on the edge. It's not like the pristine Upper East Side, where everybody's the same. There's plenty of room down here for all kinds of people to do their own thing, mind their own

Reaching out: Rosalyne Blumenstein and Carrie Davis, crusaders for transgender rights, outside the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center.

business, and get along. But it's not okay for people to think they can come to the Village and go crazy," says Hamilton, who's lived on Jane Street for four years.

"Why aren't the police arresting johns? I believe there's a wink and a nod by the police that it's the Village, so it's okay because they're all crazy down there anyway. Well, it's not okay. It's illegal, it affects our safety, our children, and our lives."

WHILE CRIME IN THE VILLAGE IS DOWN THIS year—4.8 percent as of the end of September—there is a local perception that just the opposite is true. This notion has been fed by four primary factors: the belief that there's been spillover from the cleanups of Times Square and Washington Square Park; more visible prostitution; and two trends that have received a lot of publicity and made people very nervous. One is the rise in the murder rate, and the other is the rise in the number of anti-gay bias crimes.

Since police resources are limited, the debate, on the surface, has been about how to best utilize manpower. But underneath is a conflict about culture; some residents firmly believe that it's the overall atmosphere in the Village that must be dealt with rather than a particular criminal activity. "The Village now has the image of the Wild West," says Larry Prince, "and there's clearly an attitude of anything-goes down here."

Jo Hamilton's view that behavior in the Village is held to a different, meaning lower, standard than in other parts of the city was echoed by many of the residents I talked to. Many Villagers believe not only that the Times Square cleanup has pushed the prostitutes downtown but that the people who used to hang out in Times Square looking for action are now heading to Greenwich Village as well.

"I predicted the Sixth Precinct would be a problem because of the Times Square displacement," says a police captain who left the force earlier this year. "Where else could they go? The Sixth by its very nature is liberal, tolerant, and they don't like too much control. You know, it's hard to say we don't mind the condom shop, the S&M leather stuff, the kinky-sex shops, and the Mineshaft, and then turn around and say wait a minute, the hookers offend us."

But that is precisely what the residents are saying. They fear that as more and more of the city becomes G-rated and Disneyfied, the Village will become a kind of designated fun zone, the last frontier where any and all sorts of behavior are acceptable. "It looks to me like our own virtues have been turned against us," says Marilyn Dorato of the Greenwich Village Block Associations, which represents more than two dozen individual groups.

"We don't want to be, with the city's indulgence, the destination of choice for people who are looking for a place to misbehave. Greenwich Village has always had an attitude of tolerance and affection for differences. But in the past, it's always been that my rights ended where yours began. I don't think people who come here from the outside appreciate the nuances of how we live."

Those fighting the surge in prostitution say that in addition to all of the hassles and unpleasant daily effects of having the sex business conducted on their streets, its very presence breaks down barriers. It creates a general atmosphere of lawlessness. This is the classic "broken windows" theory of crime relied on by the mayor and former police commissioner Bill Bratton at the start of the mayor's first term. It says, quite simply, that signs of disorder, even very small ones, lead to more and more disorder, and that's how neighborhoods eventually go over the edge.

"These are not our regular Greenwich Village queens that we've always enjoyed and appreciated," says Kathleen Deegan, president of the Horatio Street block association. "These are low-class, vulgar transvestites that come from other areas of the city. And they all have bodyguards and everyone's armed, with guns, knives, box cutters. One night when we were out picketing, three guys from the Bronx stopped their car and said, 'We have a message for you.' With that, one of the guys put a big gun on the window ledge. There's no doubt that this brings other crime and bad behavior."

Though there were no murders recorded in Greenwich Village in either 1996 or '97, there have been four so far this year. Three occurred in August alone. One of the killings, the shooting of an 18-year-old during a confrontation between two groups on 14th Street and Sixth Avenue, involved prostitutes and their bodyguards, says officer Mike Singer of the Sixth Precinct. The belief is it was essentially a turf battle and those involved knew one another. According to numerous witnesses, there were at least three

"Our virtues have been turned against us," says block-association leader Marilyn Dorato. "We don't want to be, with the city's indulgence, the destination of choice for people who are looking for a place to misbehave."

men dressed as women among the nine people involved, and one man had a baseball bat, one had a box cutter, another had a hatchet, and a fourth had a gun.

One of the other murders, that of Village resident Fitzroy “Jamaica” Green, may also have had a connection to prostitution, S&M, and cross-dressing, but there is some dispute about this. There is no dispute, however, that in every one of the homicides, there was some familiarity between the victim and the killer. These were not random acts.

But what at first appears to be a pretty straightforward law-and-order issue is shaded with political and social subtleties, one of which is that big question of how Village residents see themselves and their community. For some people, this issue involves not only sexual attitudes but potential gay bias, transgender bias, racial discrimination (almost all of the hookers are black or Hispanic), and the conduct of the police.

The conflict is so deep that it’s become embedded in the language. The word *transvestite,* for instance, is apparently a derogatory, politically incorrect description that’s analogous to calling a black person a nigger or at the very least colored. The enlightened term is *transgender,* an umbrella description for anyone whose gender is either in occasional or full-time conflict with his or her anatomical sex. It covers drag queens, cross-dressers, he-shes, chicks with dicks, she-males, femme queens, pre-ops, drag kings, and bi-genders, to name just a few.

And how about *sex worker* instead of *prostitute*? The language is so loaded that it’s possible to tell who stands where on the various issues based simply on terminology. If someone refers to the hookers as transgender professional sex workers, it’s clear he’s probably not just enlightened but more or less okay with the activity.

The question, put simply, is whether the long tradition of open-mindedness in the Village would somehow be compromised by a crackdown on prostitution. Would that make the community seem less sexually tolerant and free?

“I think it’s safe to assume,” says Timothy James, who is a former aide to Congressman Jerry Nadler, “that most people who live in Greenwich Village do not wish to live in an environment in which they are surrounded by street prostitution and public acts of sex. It has a profound effect on community life and makes everyone feel unsafe.”

Others, however, look at the issue through a different lens. “I really think this is about yuppification as much as anything else,” says Dr. Barbara Warren, who is director of mental health and social services at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center. “What you’ve got now are people complaining about everything in the Village. They’re buying these million-dollar condos and trying to remake the neighborhood. They want to get rid of the poor people, the sex workers. Well, those people were here first.”

As of late September, the Sixth Precinct had recorded 238 prostitution arrests this year. One hooker was even arrested five days in a row by an officer named Joe Torres. “I don’t think there’s a prostitute over there who doesn’t have at least 50 arrests. Some have hundreds,” says officer Mike Singer, who has been in the Sixth for seventeen years. “But it’s a turnaround. It’s not a priority for the courts. They get five days or a $50 fine.”

Dangerous times: Anti-gay bias is the real problem, says City Council member Tom Duane. “There’s a sea of homophobia out there.”

AN ARTIST WHO HAS A STUDIO on Little West 12th Street that she uses mostly on weekends is sick and tired of the prostitutes. She generally gets to her studio between eight and ten in the morning. When she approaches the corner, a lookout who usually recognizes her calls to the “girls” to let them know she’s coming and to get out of her way.

“But it doesn’t make much difference,” she says, heaving a heavy sigh. “Two weeks ago there were seven prostitutes on the steps in front of the building when I arrived. Several were shooting up; a couple were just wearing G-strings and stockings. They’re twitchy because of the drugs. It’s just disgusting and depressing. They expose themselves all the time, and they’re hard—you know, erect.

“One day I was watching from my studio window, which is several stories up, and I saw three cars go by with guys inside jerking off. And it’s always cars from Jersey or Connecticut with baby seats in the back. I call the Sixth Precinct, and they say they’ll send somebody when they can. It’s hours later if at all. Not long ago, several of the hookers were having a fight over who’s a real woman. Yelling and screaming and calling each other bitch. I finally just lost it. I opened the window and screamed down, ‘*I* am. Okay? Now shut up.’ ”

Just down the street from her studio, at the corner of Hudson and 13th Streets, is a newly renovated building where they’ve recently begun selling apartments for up to $2 million.

It is this economic reality, says Rosalyne Blumenstein, who runs the Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center in the Village, that is driving the controversy: “As far as I’m concerned, the attitude of the residents is ‘We’re the pilgrims; out with the Indians.’ ”

Blumenstein, who at six feet has the perfect Barbie look—long legs, small waist, and big breasts—describes herself as a “woman with a transsexual history.” She argues that not only is the transgender population subjected to almost unimaginable discrimination—which shuts down their options—but the prostitutes have little to gain by causing trouble.

“If you’re a sex worker trying to make a living,” she says, “you’re not interested in getting into any hassles. That only cuts down on the money you make. In fact, they’re the ones who’re unsafe when they’re working, because of the punks who come here to pick fights with queer people.”

Blumenstein speaks from experience. “When I was 16 and began to feminize,” she says, “I was thrown out of the High School of the Performing Arts and thrown out of my father’s house in Canarsie. What options did I have? People were

"People are **complaining** about everything in the Village, buying **million-dollar condos** and trying to remake the neighborhood. They want to get rid of the poor people, the **sex workers**. Those people were here first."

shutting doors on me everywhere. So I ended up giving blow jobs for $10 at Tenth Avenue and 47th Street."

Eventually, she worked as a booth baby (peep-show dancer) at Show World on Eighth Avenue, where she performed for eleven years. "Look," says Blumenstein, who is about to complete her master's degree in counseling, "I understand people working long hours, taking care of their families, and trying to do the best they can. I respect that. But they need to understand that these people have no options. Even the crack-smoking sex worker [who's not a transgender person] has some options. But these women have none."

Carrie Davis, who is also a woman with a "transsexual history," does outreach work among the prostitutes, handing out condoms, distributing AIDS-prevention literature, and trying to get them counseling. She also tries to enroll them in substance-abuse programs.

"I was an architect—I was a partner in a firm—and during my transition [from male to female], I lost my business and couldn't get another job," she says. "The community of architects is very small, and I went on interviews where they wouldn't even let me sit down. They didn't know how to react to me," she says, brushing her red hair off her face with her long fingers.

"Now, transpose this to a person of color who's a substance abuser and just imagine how difficult my job is trying to get these people in here and into programs. At the substance-abuse programs, they don't even know what bed to put them in or which bathroom they're supposed to use. All we're trying to do here is to give people whose gender presentation is different from their birth sex the opportunity to be."

Both Blumenstein and Davis suspect the residents are so upset primarily because the prostitutes are transgender people. And in fact, there seems to be an undercurrent of suspicion that somehow the vocal opponents of prostitution are motivated by prejudice. Even though many of them are gay.

"It's not about gays or transgender people," says Jo Hamilton. "I don't care what sex the prostitutes are serving or what sex they are. For the people who live here, it's simply about crime."

SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT political voices in the Village, however, say that in a precinct with limited police resources, prostitution should not be a priority. Tom Duane, who is one of New York's leading advocates for gay rights, and Christine Quinn, who heads the Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, have both said they'd rather see police efforts directed elsewhere: particularly toward bias crimes. Both Duane and Quinn regularly point out that there's been an 81 percent increase citywide in gay-bashing over last year and an 86 percent increase in the Village. Many in the Village vehemently disagree and argue that a close examination of the facts does not support Duane's claims. To begin with, the 86 percent rise in bias attacks in the Village, which sounds so portentous, is actually pretty measly when you look at the hard numbers: There have been thirteen attacks this year versus seven last year, according to the Sixth Precinct. And at least one of these involved two men dressed as women who, according to the Sixth's Officer Singer, "smacked each other around." (There is something called *internal* bias.)

Singer also points out that the bias-attack statistics include verbal abuse—calling someone a name—not just violence. And in fact, of the thirteen incidents this year, nine involved some kind of violence (two of these were robberies). Two of the other attacks happened on the same night within an hour or two of each other and were committed by the same group of people. Four consisted of verbal abuse on the street or abusive phone calls; one even involved a harassing letter. "Years ago, people would come down here with baseball bats, but that doesn't happen anymore," Singer says.

Quinn strongly disagrees with this assessment. To begin with, the Anti-Violence Project's numbers are higher than the NYPD's: 41 bias incidents this year versus 26 last year. The discrepancy is partly because some victims won't go to the police and partly because the NYPD has more stringent standards for classifying something as a bias incident. Beyond statistics, Quinn says, part of the fear and concern among gays in the Village is what she describes as the common profile of the gay-basher. "We're talking primarily about young men who commit their crimes in a group," says Quinn. "And the trend that's been true in the increase in the Village and citywide is the hunting phenomenon. That is to say that a group of young men leave their home and travel to an area they believe has a lot of gay people with the specific intention of beating up someone who's gay. What makes gay bias different from other types of attack is the premeditation."

Despite Quinn's assessment, however, there remains a widely held belief in the Village that the people involved in gay-bashing are actually searching for general violence and mayhem, that they're not specifically looking to bash gays. "I don't like to see what once were real problems being used cynically now for Tom Duane and Chris Quinn to promote themselves," says Marilyn Dorato of the Greenwich Village Block Associations. Quinn, who used *(continued on page 88)*

AMALGAMATED
CLOTHING AND TEXTILE
WORKERS UNION
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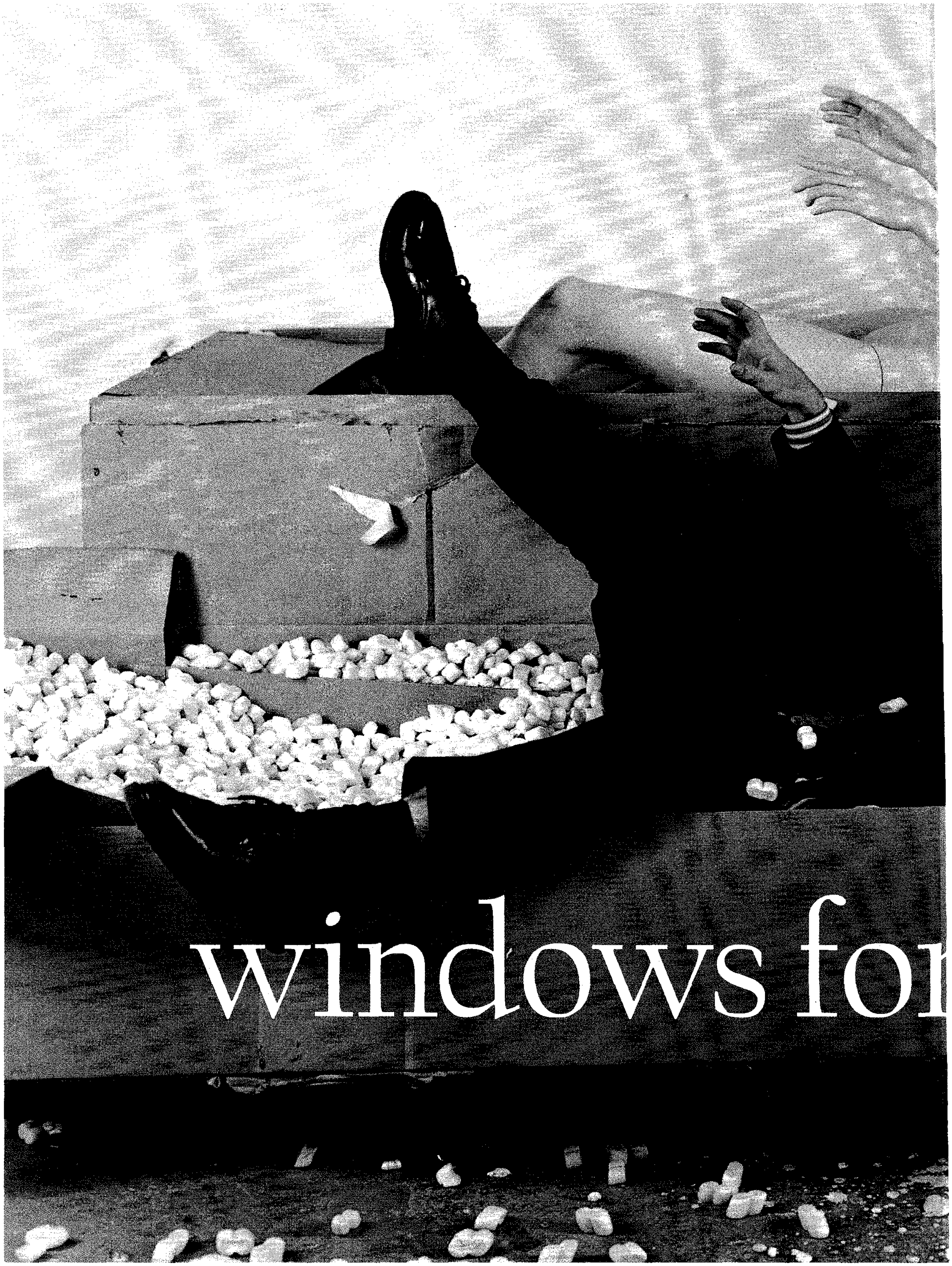
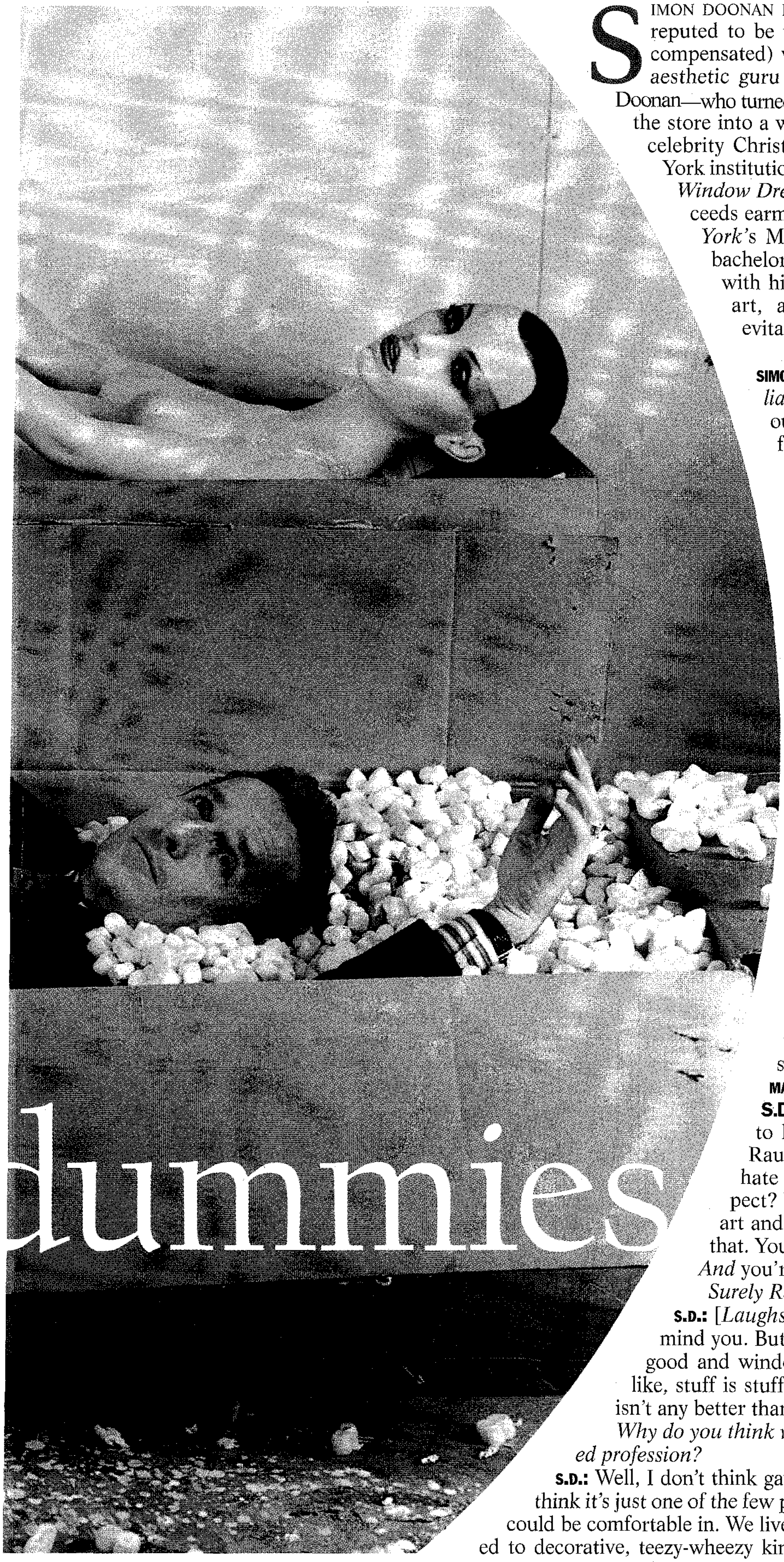
Live and let live: Christine Quinn of the Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project believes the prostitution furor is overblown.



windows for

dummies

BY MAER ROSHAN ● PHOTOGRAPH BY CLEO SULLIVAN



SIMON DOONAN IS THE MOST FAMOUS (AND, AT A SALARY reputed to be upwards of $500,000 a year, the best-compensated) window dresser in the universe. As the aesthetic guru of Barneys for the past twelve years, Doonan—who turned, uh , 46 on Halloween—helped transform the store into a worldwide phenomenon, and his annual celebrity Christmas windows became a genuine New York institution. Doonan's new book, *Confessions of a Window Dresser,* comes out this week, with all proceeds earmarked for God's Love We Deliver. *New York*'s Maer Roshan cornered the British-born bachelor in the 9th Street apartment he shares with his boyfriend, Jonathan Adler, to discuss art, artifice, models, marketing, and, inevitably, Michael Jackson.

SIMON DOONAN: You what to see something *brilliant*? When my book was finished, I sent out a lot of letters to solicit comments from people, for press purposes. And I felt sure I'd get something from Robert Rauschenberg, because he's done many projects with Barneys. And of course, he used to be a window dresser *himself,* though he doesn't like to talk about that now. So I sent out a letter to Rauschenberg and eagerly awaited his reply. He sent me back my letter with the words I WANT *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THIS scrawled across the top.

SIMON DOONAN IS THE WIZARD OF WINDOW DRESSING—THE MAN WHO'S PUT THE BANG IN BARNEYS FOR MORE THAN A DECADE. BUT HE WON'T LIFT A HANGER FOR LESS THAN HALF A MIL A YEAR.

MAER ROSHAN: [Laughs] *Why so hostile?*

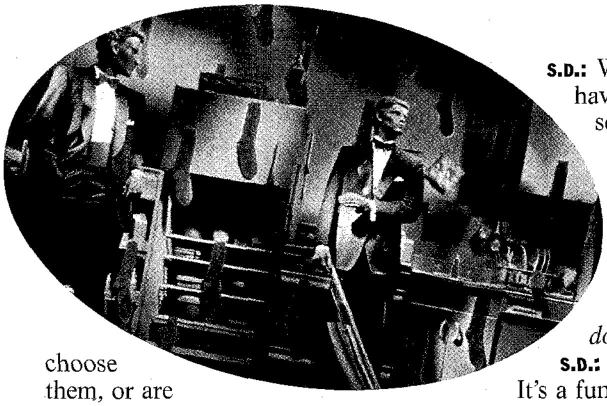
S.D.: In his book, *Popism,* Warhol complains to his friend Emil Di Antonio: Why does Rauschenberg hate me? Why do they all hate me? And Emil says, what do you expect? You've blurred the boundaries between art and commerce. And they don't understand that. You collect art. They don't understand that. *And* you're a big swish.

Surely Rauschenberg could understand that.

S.D.: [*Laughs*] I'm not comparing myself to Warhol, mind you. But clearly Rauschenberg thinks that art is good and window display is bad, whereas Andy was, like, stuff is stuff. Kmart is great. Barneys is great. One isn't any better than the other.

Why do you think window dressing is such a gay-dominated profession?

S.D.: Well, I don't think gay men are attracted to store windows. I think it's just one of the few professions that a certain kind of gay guy could be comfortable in. We live in a society where gay men are relegated to decorative, teezy-wheezy kinds of professions. Now, do they really



choose them, or are they the only professions where they can be accepted? . . . I saw this great ad once, and it said, 'Do old ladies look like old ladies because they have to or because they want to? [*Laughs*] And you don't really know. So, do gay people become hairdressers because they have to or because they want to?

Though you point out that even gay men are a little embarrassed by it.

S.D.: It's because being a window dresser is as stereotypically a gay job as you can get. People feel that, just as they do with stereotypical versions of women, that those things are somehow impeding people's ability to be liberated, to be self-determining. Personally, *I've* always thought that stereotypes were very amusing.

Your life hasn't been all glamour. You've had some really heinous jobs.

S.D.: A long time ago I worked at a cork factory near where I grew up. We made those disks that go in the heads of bottle tops. I had various jobs at the cork factory. It was hideous. And then I got a job demolishing public toilets. Working in a department store was *bliss* after doing that.

Is there a lot of competition between stores? Do you send out spies to keep tabs on each other?

S.D.: Well, every day we have a number of people coming through Barneys with notebooks. And they're always lurking outside the windows. But I think, because for years Barneys was isolated downtown, we really didn't survey the competition often enough. We weren't cross-referencing ourselves with other retailers. We were cross-referencing ourselves with other moments, Dunhill in the fifties. Or Hermès in the forties. Or Bloomingdale's in the seventies. The whole idea was retail as theater.

DOONAN'S GREATEST HITS: A 1986 COLLABORATION WITH ARTIST SANDY SKOGLAND AT BARNEYS; A WINDOW FROM L.A.'S MAXFIELD BOUTIQUE IN 1983.

Whom do you see as Barneys' main competitors?

S.D.: It's hard to say. Barneys is a compendium of different things. Yeah, it's a little bit of 57th Street. But it's also a lot of SoHo with a little bit of Rodeo Drive and a bit of Savile Row with a bit of Naples and a bit of Milan. It's very hard to categorize.

Are department stores are headed for extinction?

S.D.: Well, now. Department stores have departments, darling. They sell washing machines. Barneys is a specialty store, like Hermès is a specialty store. It's where there's product development and a commitment to luxury and style.

But in an age of catalogs and Internet shopping, what do stores really have to offer?

S.D.: Other people, for one thing. It's a fundamental human need. If you live in Montana, you'll go to a cattle auction and you'll hang out. People like to congregate and check each other out. Otherwise, we'd all be inbred.

How has the city changed since you first came here, in 1977?

S.D.: It's become a lot more boring. When I came to New York, there was this microcosmic buzz in the style and fashion world. There was a very specific New York style back then—the whole minimalist Halston thing was very dominant. And it only existed here. Everyone was doing coke and lounging on white couches, and it was all really *Midnight Cowboy*. Every party you'd go to there'd be an old aristocrat and a stripper, and a hustler and a painter. And Sylvia Miles.

[Laughs] *Sylvia Miles! Happily, some things never change. You think the city is duller now?*

S.D.: It's much more centered around work. You can't come here and, like, live in the Bowery. Back in the seventies, and more so in the sixties, you could come here and pursue *la vie bohème*. You could eke out some kind of marginal existence and still have a great time. Now you've really got to get your shit together, otherwise you can't *afford* to live here.

In my generation, it was different. You went out and had fun and got dressed up and you had a groovy time because you were young and fab. Now everyone is desperate to demonstrate their value at a very young age.

Do you think you would be living in New York if you were starting out now?

S.D.: No. I was very lucky in life: My little personal geographical trajectory was great. I lived in Manchester when that was happening. And then I moved to London just in time for the glam-rock period. And then punk came along. And I was in London for that. And when I moved to L.A. in 1978, every night it was Bow Wow Wow or Siouxsie and the Banshees or the Specials or Nina Hagen. There was all this stuff going on and great clubs.

You were going out every night?

S.D.: A lot. Yeah. There was all this stuff to do. As opposed to now. Jonny, my boyfriend, and I were laughing about this. It's the reverse situation that our parents had. They had, like, completely linear work lives and totally insane home lives. And we have completely deranged work lives. Then we come home and chat and read magazines and go to sleep. It's very low-key.

Has the approach to window display changed a lot since you started?

S.D.: These days it's all about merchandise. If you look at Prada, or the Gap or Armani, *that's* who's defining styles of window display now. It's more about presenting product rather than color or glamour or excitement. Which is less interesting to me, though I will say that I think Prada does it beautifully. It's hard to pull off, because you don't have a lot to work with. And it's all so . . . *nice*. It's not what I do.

You say in your book that since designers have become savvy merchandisers, they resent it when their carefully crafted images are screwed with by window dressers.

S.D.: If you look at the clothes in Barneys windows, the clothes are sacrosanct. We never screw with the clothes. If Yohji Yamamoto walks by, I want him to think, *God, they mounted that beautifully on that mannequin!* But there's a self-canonization that's taking place with designers. And it's made them very precious and overly sensitive to criticism. Though, I guess they're in a very precarious position. You look at someone like Isaac Mizrahi.

Were you surprised when he went under?

S.D.: I was sad about it. I think Isaac's a talented guy, but in the end he couldn't make it work. It made me think of Azzedine Alaïa, who is considered by many fash-

Photographs: clockwise from top left, ©Barneys New York (4); courtesy of Simon Doonan.

ion people to be the most talented designer in the world. And yet he refuses to participate in the rituals of the system. When his collection is ready, he shows it. And I think if Isaac had it all to do over again, he might choose that route rather than trying to get on the big licensing train. You don't *have* to do that. Designers are starting to question that. Like Moschino. Kill the fashion system!

Right. And while you're at it, why not buy a KILL THE FASHION SYSTEM *T-shirt for 50 bucks.*

S.D.: *One hundred fifty* bucks! He was great.

When Gene Pressman hired you at Barneys, he vowed that by the time he'd finished with you you'd be "smoking cigars, eating red meat, and enjoying pussy." How successful has he been?

S.D.: [*laughs*] Well, he hasn't managed to teach me to do any of those things, but what he did do, for me and many others, was to act as a great creative enabler. Though he hasn't given up hope.

Snow queen
Can we talk
I got

You're still a vegetarian?

S.D.: [*Laughs*] Something like that.

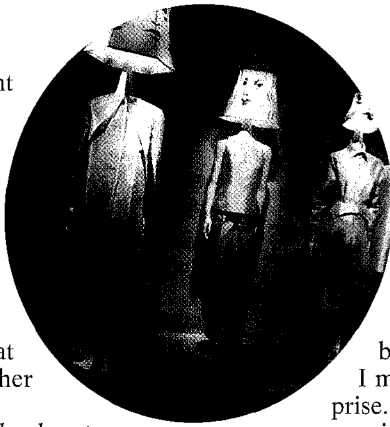
Speaking of the Pressman brothers: Not long ago, the Observer *published a story in which you were quoted rather indiscreetly comparing their, uh, natural assets . . .*

S.D.: [*Horrified*] Well, actually I never said *anything* like that. They quoted a nasty unidentified source who alleged that I had said something in a locker room. In actual fact, the person impugned was *me,* because it made me sound like a loose-lipped little slag. *I* was the one impugned.

Well, you and Bob Pressman. Gene should have sent the writer flowers. [Laughs] In any case, they've given you a tremendous amount of leeway in building Barneys' image.

S.D.: Barneys was incredibly successful at marketing itself, long before I came around. Barney Pressman, who opened the store in 1923, was a marketing genius. He had these great ideas, you know, buying guys beer in beer halls in Hell's Kitchen and then busing them over to Barneys. His advertising slogans were great—"No Bunk, No Junk, No Limitations," "Calling All Men." He was the first to really advertise profusely on the radio. Genius of a guy. And then Fred took that discount business and made Barneys the home of upscale men's clothing.

Gene is the one who brought in women's clothing and pushed the store into high-fashion mode. The reputation that Barneys has today is something that Gene and his brother pushed along.



FROM TOP: BARNEYS SHED NEW LIGHT ON FASHION WITH ISABEL TOLEDO LAMPSHADES IN 1994; JOAN RIVERS SPREADS CHRISTMAS CHEER IN 1990; MADONNA IN 1991.

And in doing so, they bankrupted the store. You think they were too ambitious for their own good?

S.D.: Well, I think everyone at Barneys would agree that it might have been better to have gone slower. Within one eighteen-month period, we opened stores in Chicago, Yokohama, Madison Avenue—the same tiny crew of people did all the decision-making and organizing and hiring. It was just so insane, back and forth to Japan, uptown and downtown, just nuts. The lesson we learned is that things didn't have to happen so fast. Slow is okay.

One of your high points at Barneys was the celebrity Christmas windows. How did that start out?

S.D.: In the late eighties, I met this girl called Greer Lankton who made dolls, and I commissioned her to make two for the store. One of Anna Wintour, and another of Diana Vreeland: the *Vogue* editor of today, the *Vogue* editor of yesterday. And we got immense publicity on those windows, *huge.* And I thought, phew, people love this stuff, let's build our Christmas windows around that. It turns out that people love to look in the window and see an effigy of somebody they recognize instead of some nasty mannequin. So we hired this girl called Martha King, who busted her ass making these huge caricatures. It was right when celebrity culture was at its height, you know, because of what Tina Brown was doing at *Vanity Fair.* She was cranking it up to this unimaginable level where celebrity was really everything. Then it went too far.

You've said that it would be impossible to do the celebrity windows now.

S.D.: It's not the same anymore. Celebrities today are frantic about keeping up their image. We did our windows at a time when they didn't take themselves quite so seriously. We had to fill up eleven windows. Nowadays it would be really difficult to get that many to sign on.

Who turned you down that you were surprised about?

S.D.: I guess I thought Jack Nicholson would be into it. Barry Manilow, I must say, was a real surprise. Barbra Streisand was no surprise at all. But even when they agree, it's a double-edged sword, because they fax ahead a list of requests, you know. This is what has to be in it, and they'll only do this. You're dealing with some horrible semi-celebrity, and you think, wait a minute, you're *not* Liz Taylor.

Did they give you directives about what you could and couldn't do in the windows?

S.D.: Definitely. When we were doing celebrity windows, there were parameters: *Don't make me look too old or too fat.* If there was some scuttlebutt about somebody we were planning to feature, they'd make us promise not to play into it.

There goes the idea for the Michael Jackson Boy Scout troop.

S.D.: We were *desperate* to do Michael, but he said no. One Christmas we thought we'd do a whole Jackson tableau, every window would feature a Jackson—Kate Jackson, Mahalia Jackson, Jesse Jackson. But what's a Jackson tableau without Michael?

In your book, there was this odd disconnect when you described growing up in England. You talk about living with your lobotomized grandmother and your crazy uncle and your blind aunt. It must have been very painful, but in your book it sounds like this insane party.

S.D.: Anyone who's got half a brain would know there's a lot more to it than that. But I survived all that. It made me who I am. I think there's so much whining people do about being from a dysfunctional family. My book is a *celebration* of dysfunctionality!

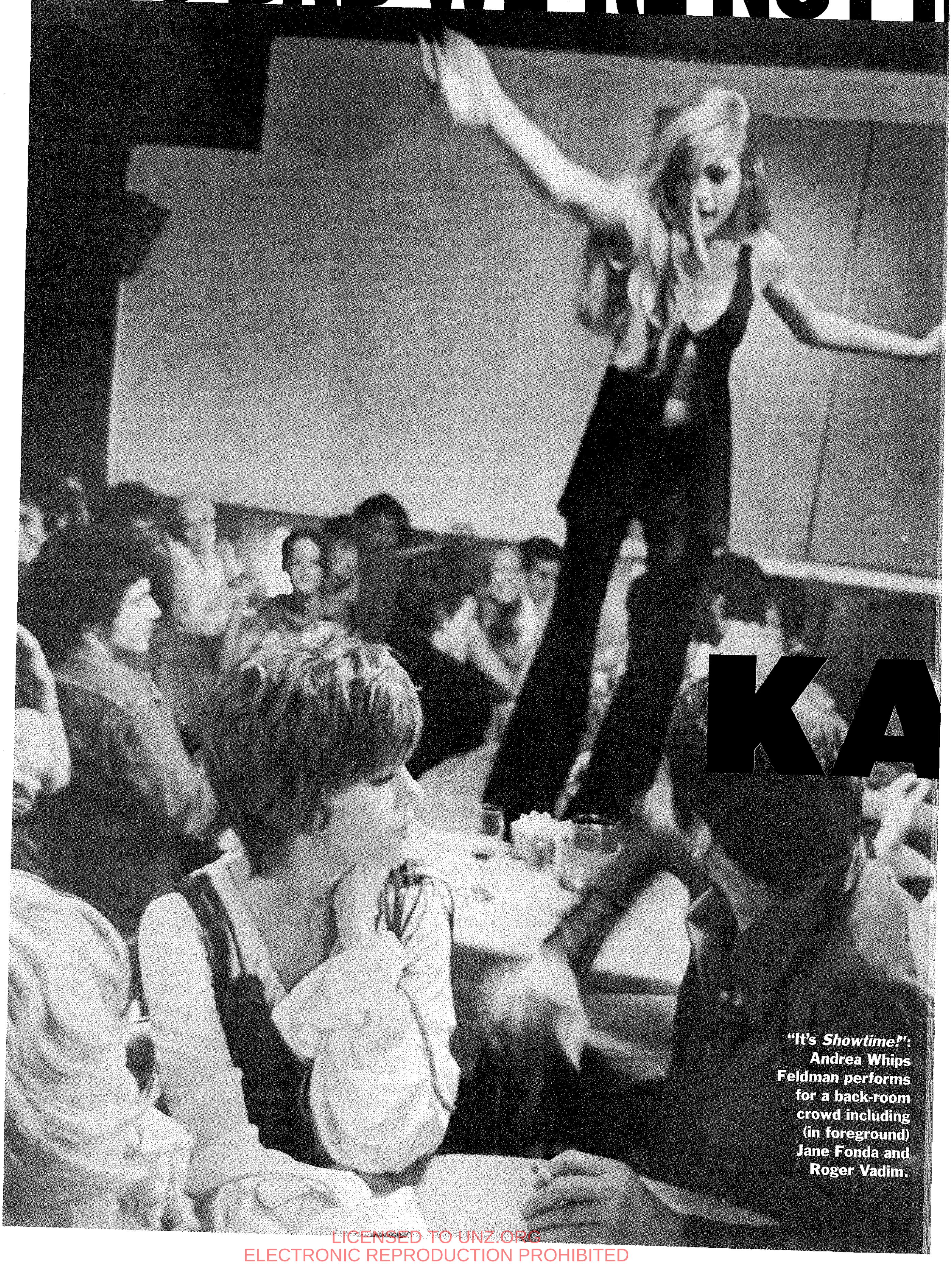
Do you get out of the city much?

S.D.: Jonny Adler and I went to the Grand Canyon together with John Bartlett and his boyfriend, Mark Welsh. We flew, and we all threw up on the plane—it was a real adventure. When we got there, Jonny held a parasol over my head the whole time. It was something out of a Galliano fashion show. It was fabulous. We rafted for ten days down the Grand Canyon.

They must have loved you all.

S.D.: It was a sight. Fortunately, though, we were segregated in our own raft. We had our own high-fashion dinghy. ▬

TOO BAD WE'RE NOT



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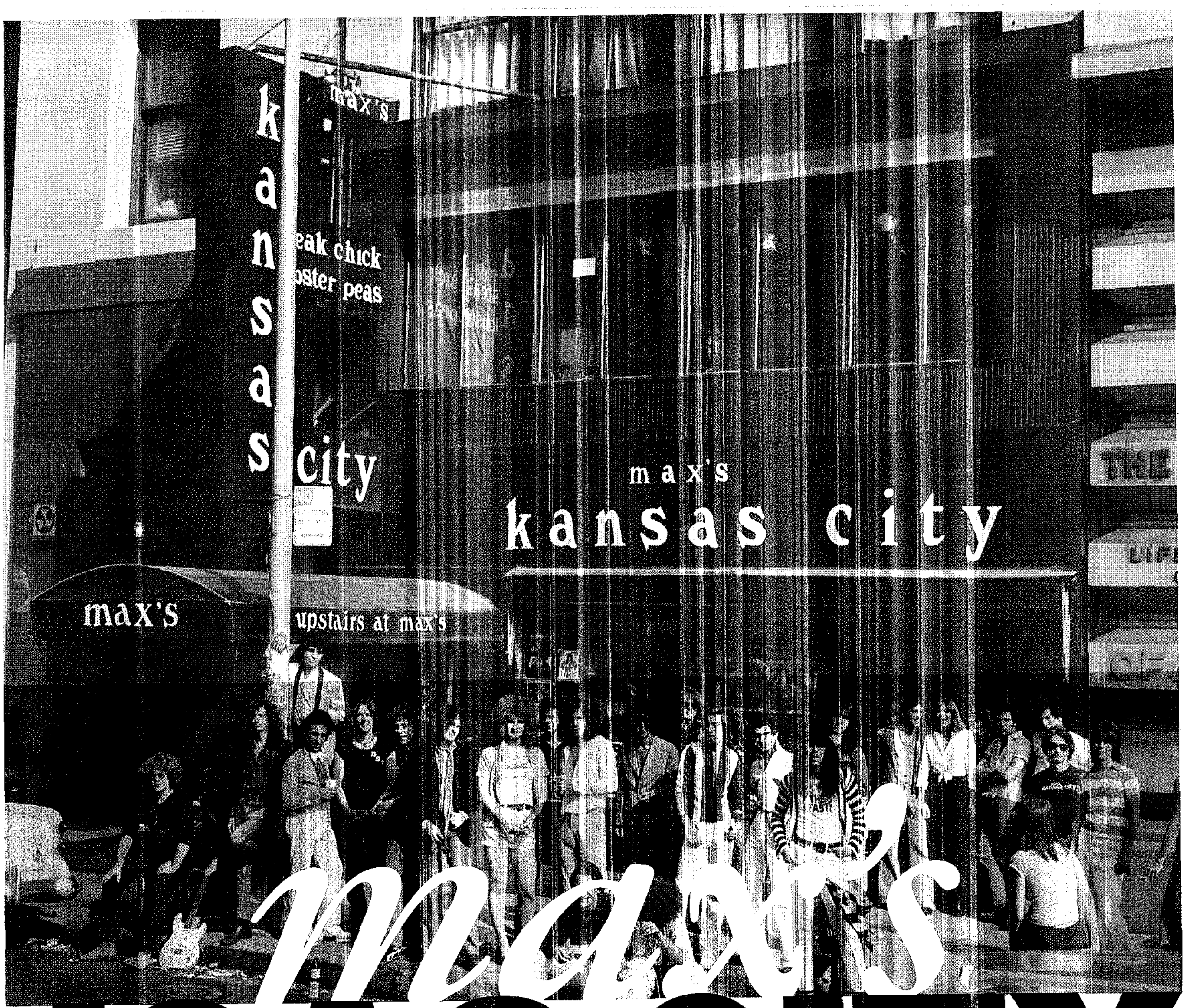
"It's *Showtime!*": Andrea Whips Feldman performs for a back-room crowd including (in foreground) Jane Fonda and Roger Vadim.



Max's NSAS CITY ANYMORE

Everybody went there. Artists, rockers, socialites, wannabes, all drawn to one singularly outrageous New York hangout. By Yvonne Sewall-Ruskin

THERE NEVER WAS A PLACE LIKE IT, AND THERE NEVER WILL be again. Max's Kansas City opened its doors in December 1965 at 213 Park Avenue South, between 17th and 18th Streets off Union Square, just as popular culture was on the brink of a remarkable shift. A Who's Who of the famous and infamous adorned the place: Mick Jagger, Jane Fonda, Peter Fonda, Roger Vadim, Faye Dunaway, Bruce Springsteen, Allen Ginsberg, Jim Morrison, Betsey Johnson, Bobby Neuwirth, Timothy Leary, Dennis Hopper, and Robert Mapplethorpe are but a small sampling. Max's is where Andy Warhol met Valerie Solanas, Candy Darling met Divine, Abbie Hoffman met Janis Joplin. Waitress Debbie Harry or Emmylou Harris might have served your dinner. David Bowie remembers "me, Iggy [Pop], and Lou Reed at one table with absolutely nothing to say to each other, just looking at each other's makeup." Where else but at Max's could you find the Duke and Duchess of Windsor perusing menus within earshot of Patti Smith and Sam Shepard? Artist Robert Smithson might be sitting with Brice Marden, Dorothea Rockbourne, and Carl Andre arguing over his theories of conceptual art, too

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Yvonne Sewall-Ruskin was a waitress at Max's, which led to a romance with Mickey Ruskin; they had two children together.

Photographs: opposite, Archie Strips, courtesy of George Abagnalo; this page, Bob Gruen.

intent to notice Cary Grant in a booth across the way. As William Burroughs put it, "Max's Kansas City was at the intersection of everything."

Max's owed its success to the late Mickey Ruskin, its owner and founder. Mickey was happiest in the company of painters and sculptors; his freewheeling attitude and generosity nurtured many budding careers, including those of Robert Rauschenberg, Larry Rivers, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol. Max's brought the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties into the sixties and was the one place where anyone felt safe to let his hair down. Perhaps Jimi Hendrix said it best: "Max's Kansas City was where you could let your freak flag fly."

LOU REED, MUSICIAN: Mickey was interested in artists. He wanted them to have a place. He wanted them to survive. And on those days when you thought the world might have ended and you crawled to Max's shaking, Mickey would send over a Scotch and beer, tell a waitress to come over and "take care of . . ." We wanted to be artists. And Mickey believed and supported us. Who else besides Andy did that?

NILE RODGERS, PRODUCER-MUSICIAN: We used to go for cocktail hour, my friends and I, from the School of Visual Arts. We'd go because they had good-looking girls, and if we bought one drink we could get the free food. That's how I ate every day.

MEL BROOKS, DIRECTOR-ACTOR: Billy Wilder used to tell me about the coffeehouses in Vienna, and Max's was like that for me. I never knew any other place you could talk with writers, performers, and various wandering gypsies, and bullshit about the ways of the world.

ULTRA VIOLET, WARHOL SUPERSTAR: Max's wasn't just for painters. It was the melting pot of the sixties. You could be with a senator, a patron of the arts, a dancer, and a hippie. There were uptowners, like Ahmet Ertegun, the Sculls. Before, that never happened. Then they'd only mingle among themselves. Max's was crucial in setting the tone for the sixties.

GREG BROWN, FILMMAKER: It was the first place I ever saw a man walk around in high heels and a body stocking, with monkey fur wrapped around his neck. Once you gained entry, you were accepted no matter what you did, where you were from, if you were a freak, if you were straight.

ALICE COOPER, MUSICIAN: I'd get up around 7 P.M., watch TV, leave at around midnight, and stay at Max's until the sun came up. I probably lived on chickpeas and Black Russians. I liked it there because all of my friends were there. Iggy was there, Bowie was there, and the Dolls. We were all in the same place, so that was the place to be. Mickey used to always treat us right. He would make sure we had the right table, not that we knew what the right table was.

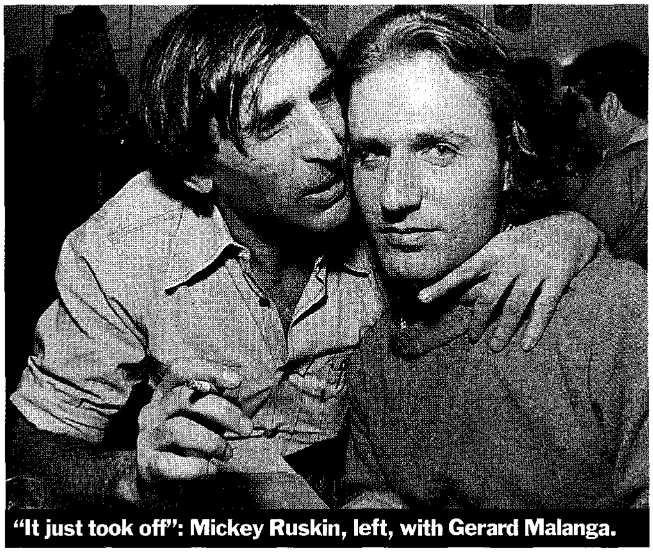
Reed: "You either belonged or you didn't."

BILL GRAHAM, PROMOTER, OWNER OF FILLMORE EAST: The word *grungy* comes to mind.

DAVID JOHANSEN, MUSICIAN: It was so decadent. You didn't have to learn how to do this place, because you had already been doing it in high school for four years at the soda-pop shop.

ABBIE HOFFMAN, POLITICAL ACTIVIST: Max's was allowable. All the worlds could meet there, and I guess you were kind of gossip-proof. Whatever happened there was off the record, so there was a certain amount of protection.

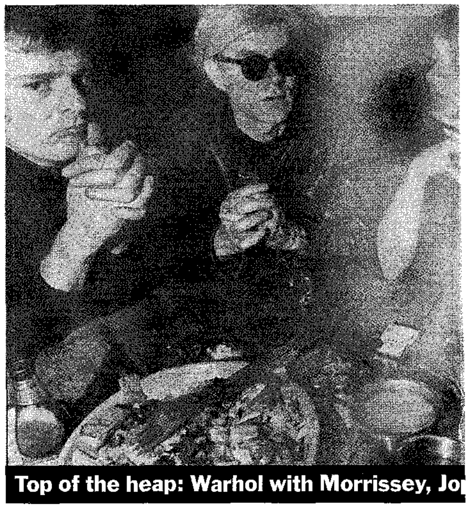
DANNY FIELDS, WRITER-PUBLICIST: Max's was a part of everyone's nightly routine. It was very easy to bring famous people there, because they would never be the only famous people there, so they wouldn't feel as if you took them someplace where they were exposed. Although they were, but in the way that they wanted to be. The tone seemed to be set at a certain level of lunacy as a base, so that people who were performers immediately felt at home.



"It just took off": Mickey Ruskin, left, with Gerard Malanga.

HOWARD SMITH, JOURNALIST-FILMMAKER: Yoko called me from Canada and said I could come up and do a long interview with John if I told John how great New York was. She was trying to convince John to move to New York. John, in his paranoia, was afraid to come to New York because everybody would think he was nothing. A few months later, I got a call that they were coming. Yoko asked me to set up some things for them to do. So I went down to Max's to speak to Mickey. He said, "Fine!" as if nothing was special. I had to explain to him that the Beatles were

Mickey didn't want a
Fellini, Antonioni—l

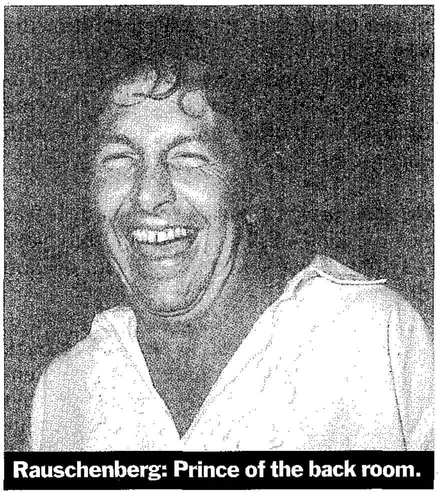


Top of the heap: Warhol with Morrissey, Jo

Photographs: top, Dustin Pittman; center, Elliot Landy/LandyVision.com; bottom, Archives Malanga.

different from normal famous people.

I thought that the alcove would be the best section to sit in, because it was raised yet secluded. It went smoothly, and according to Yoko, this was one of the key factors that convinced John that New York was okay, that he could hang out at the very center of where everything was happening and everything would be okay.


Rauschenberg: Prince of the back room.

n Buckley.

ng scrungy around. The affluent clientele—Visconti,
o look at it, but they didn't want to be terrorized by it.

LAWRENCE WEINER, ARTIST: Max's was the only place you could go and find out how you really stood in the world.

BEBE BUELL, MODEL: If I was upset or depressed, I could always go to Max's to my family. Lou Reed was like Dad and Alice Cooper was like Dad. I don't know who Mom was.

Mickey had gained a loyal following with a string of artist-oriented bistros—the Tenth Street Coffeehouse, Cafe Deux Megots [sic], the Ninth Circle, the Annex. But Max's Kansas City was his crowning achievement.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER, WRITER: Mickey tells me he is opening a new joint, and this is what he is planning to serve, and asked did I have any ideas for a name. When I was a kid, all the steakhouses had Kansas City on the menu because the best steak was Kansas City–cut, so I thought it should be "something Kansas City." Wouldn't you eat at a place called Max's?

MICKEY RUSKIN: What I didn't know when I opened Max's was that almost every major fashion photographer in New York had a studio within five blocks of the place. The night business started growing even before I had the grand-opening party on January 15, 1966. I kind of recall handing out invitations, and the rest was word of mouth. I must have had 1,500 to 2,000 people come through the place. It just took off like a shot.

Mickey issued "Max's charge cards" to his artist friends and allowed them to barter artworks for food and drink. This enabled them to wine and dine art dealers and critics in style. He cashed checks, lent money, and offered advice. He even drove people home in the Max's van, and put them to bed when they downed a few too many of who-knows-what.

There were notoriously ridiculous bar tabs that reached into the tens of thousands of dollars. One of the bartenders, Joe Bird, recalls, "Mickey told all the bartenders not to cash this one son of a bitch's checks, because they always bounced. So the guy comes in one afternoon, walks up to the bar, hands me a check initialed by Mickey, and says, 'Mickey says to cash this.' I look at it, go over to Mickey and say, 'Hey, you told us not to cash this guy's checks and you initialed it—what's up?' Mickey looks up, looks over at the guy, and says, 'Yeah, well, it's okay, he told me it would bounce this time.' "

PATSY CUMMINGS, WAITRESS: Mickey had the most uncanny way of judging people who were not particularly famous. He had a way of saying a couple words to them, and making a judgment whether this was an interesting person to come in and socialize or not. And he kept this great mix—all kinds of bums, drug dealers, speed freaks, middle-class people, family people, animals, and artists.

ABIGAIL ROSEN, MAX'S FIRST DOOR LADY: I was asked one night to kick Stanley Kubrick out. He was drunk and obnoxious, and neither Mickey or I knew who he was. I said, "Sir, I think it's time for you to leave now, you're not going to be happy here." And he left. Then Mickey found out the next day who we had kicked out, and he yelled at me for not recognizing him.

MICKEY RUSKIN: Fabrizio, one of the night managers, was working the door and this group was walking down the street. I was standing with Fabrizio outside, and he says, "Can I help you?" And this guy slams him in the mouth and they walk on in and sit down at a table. I was stunned for a minute, and someone says to me, "Mickey, that's Peter O'Toole." So I'm standing there like a schmuck and I suddenly realized, "What the fuck difference does it make who this guy is?" So I walked over to the table and said, "I'm sorry, I'm not serving you. Mr. O'Toole whacked my employee for no reason at all." They got up and left.

MICHAEL J. POLLARD, ACTOR: When *Bonnie and Clyde* opened, I went to New York to live. I was going to Max's to meet Warren Beatty. There was a line outside, but my wife and I were let in. We were in there waiting and waiting, but no Warren. We couldn't understand what had happened to him. Finally he shows up: "I couldn't get in. I had a suit and tie on." He had to go back to the hotel and change.

MICKEY RUSKIN: I see this kid come in one night, with this black chick, and I immediately give them this little table in the corner somewhere. Then one of the managers comes over to me and says, "Mickey, that's Brian Jones." I wasn't even sure who Brian Jones was.

PHILIP LOCASCIO, BUSBOY–FLOOR PERSON: Mickey didn't want Patti Smith in at first because she looked too grungy. There was still that very affluent clientele that ate in front and along the side, like Visconti, Fellini, Antonioni, and that was a very sophisticated movie crowd. They enjoyed the costumes that everybody wore, but Mickey still didn't want anything scrungy around. He had to appeal to these people's sensibilities. They liked to look at it, but they didn't want to be terrorized by it.

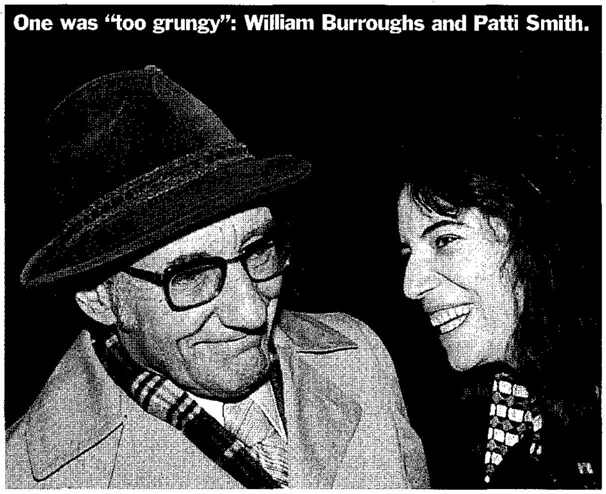
That also happened the first night Janis Joplin came to the door. Mickey said, "I don't want that person here—tell her you have to dress, or it's reservations only." I got up close to her, and I went back to Mickey and said, "Mickey, that's Janis Joplin." He said, "Then tell her to go home and take a bath." Eventually she did get in that night. She came back later with her band.

JEFFREY NICKORA, MAX'S CASHIER: When they were shooting *April Fools* with Catherine Deneuve and Myrna Loy, Deneuve came in with two other actresses, and Mickey put them upstairs where no one could see them. Deneuve was painted and so-o-o blonde that she looked like a hooker. Mickey thought they were three Park Avenue hookers.

Photograph by Brigid Berlin.

ELAINE GROVE, ARTIST: I went out with Tony Shafrazi. I met him at Max's. The famous afternoon that he went up to the Modern and sprayed Picasso's *Guernica*—at that time I was working at Peter Max's uptown, and he called and said he was going up to the Modern, did I want to come up with him? I said, "No, I'm at work, I can't leave." And I get home and I turn on the TV, and he's being arrested.

One was "too grungy": William Burroughs and Patti Smith.



HENRY GELDZAHLER, WRITER–ART CRITIC: I was in charge of the National Endowment for the Arts back then, and I was actually scared by artists a few times in Max's—I remember one confronting me by the phone booths: "Where's my money?" they would ask, or "How do I get a grant?"

MICKEY RUSKIN: To me, the insurance men and company executives that came in for lunch and cocktail hour were every bit as important as everybody else. I fired a guy right off the floor one time because he insulted one of the insurance-company executives. I took him right off the floor.

JEFFREY BRENNAN, UPSTAIRS MANAGER: Divine showed up at cocktail hour when all the businessmen were there. She'd come sashaying in with her 250 pounds and five guys would drop their drinks. It was quite a show when the late-night people showed up in the afternoon for free hors d'oeuvre. They lived off the free food, and if they came for afternoon freebies, usually they were free there until closing.

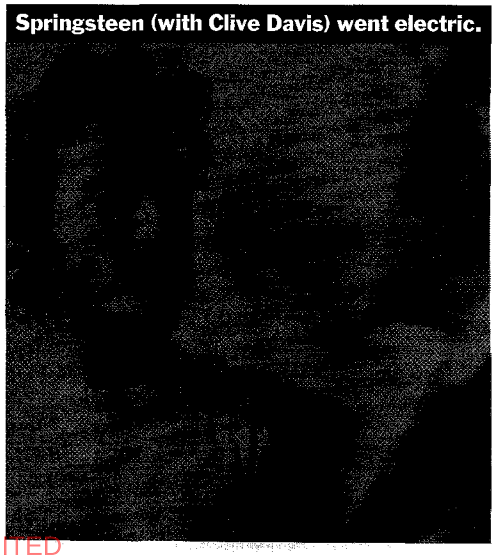
BETSEY JOHNSON, FASHION DESIGNER: I used to have my business people meet me at Max's cocktail hour, which was really a riot. These were straight businesses like Braniff. I'd usually meet them at six o'clock after work. I would never bring them there at night. I didn't want to get that close. Now I know about the power of territory. Then it seemed very natural that if they wanted to see me, they should come to my environment. They weren't dummies; they knew something was going on. That's what kept things going in that period, that there were enough heavy-duty Establishment-money people seriously attracted to the situation.

LEEE BLACK CHILDERS, PHOTOGRAPHER–ROCK MANAGER: At the very beginning of 1968, Andy Warhol moved the location of his notorious Factory from 47th Street to a more spacious and less dangerous (he thought) building just across Union Square from Max's. And so Mickey found himself playing host to the likes of Edie Sedgwick in a silver tissue mini-dress and seven pairs of false eyelashes, Ultra Violet in a black patent-leather bodysuit with manacles and chains, Baby Jane Holzer dressed like a cheerleader on acid, and a bonanza of others. But instead of complaining, he loved it. If the regular customers couldn't eat their steaks with a vampire at the next table, that was their tough luck.

It didn't work the same way with the superstars, however. They didn't come there for steak dinners. They came there to take pills washed down with wine, to gossip and flirt, to take off their clothes if they felt like it, to sleep or sing or dance. And they didn't much like doing whatever they were doing in the midst of a bunch of stockbrokers and their dates munching steak and salad and discussing the art on the wall. And thus the back room was born. Back past toilets and the pay phones and the kitchen and the gallery and the pantry was a room, a gloriously empty room. Not too large or too small. In its heyday, you probably could have squeezed a hundred people into it. There were booths down both sides, tables in the middle, and in the front corner, a fabulously large round table. Clearly a focal point. Certainly destined to become a stage.

"It was so decadent": David Johansen fronting the New York Do

Springsteen (with Clive Davis) went electric.

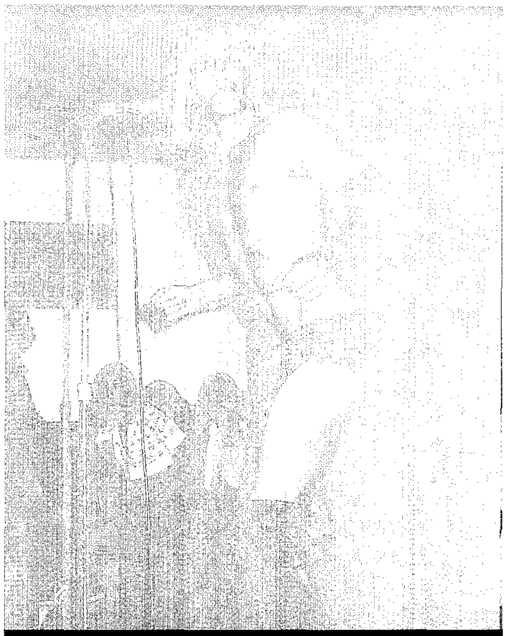


GLENN O'BRIEN, WRITER: The back room of Max's Kansas City was the center of fashion fucking art, music fucking fashion, art fucking music, etc. A painter throwing a punch at a guitar player is a multimedia event, but this was a multimedia world. Every art and every class and every trade and every state of mind was there drinking with each other, showing off with each other, and going home with each other.

LOU REED: It was a party every night. It was not the kind of place you could buy your way into; you either belonged or you didn't belong.

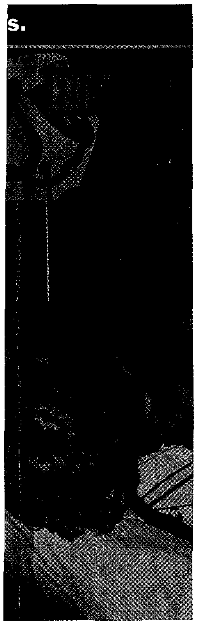
HOLLY WOODLAWN, WARHOL SUPERSTAR: The back room was a room to make the grand entrance into. First, you'd walk down that long corridor and you'd hear all this whispering: "You know who that is?

Divine showed up at sashaying in with he



“Iggy was there”: Showtime, Pop-style.

ail hour when the businessmen were there, pounds. Five guys would drop their drinks.



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That's Holly Woodlawn.” So you just carried on even more, blew kisses to everyone and stopped at this table and that table and talked about nothing. It took a good twenty minutes to make it into the back room. The front room was for impressing the peons who came to Max's to see, and the back room was our territory.

GLENN O'BRIEN: Everybody in it could see everybody else. All of the tables had red tablecloths and red napkins with wine lists and little bowls of chickpeas meant to induce thirst in drinkers but frequently used as projectiles for flirtation and aggravation. In one corner was a big Flavin fluorescent sculpture which bathed the room in a reddish light, earning it the nickname *Bucket of Blood.* In the opposite corner was the round table, a black vinyl banquette. Like the Round Table at Camelot and the Roundtable at the Algonquin, this table ruled the roost. This is where Andy sat.

Andy was there every night, to watch and listen and pick up a few tabs and meet a few new kids. It was the best show in town. It was exciting but anonymous. Jim Morrison could gently nod into oblivion behind his shades, sitting with Nico without anybody asking for autographs. Even Janis Joplin was treated like a lady.

HOLLY WOODLAWN: There was definitely a hierarchy in that back room. There were the music people, which Danny Fields was the center of, the Playhouse of the Ridiculous people, and the Warhol people, who were at the top of the heap. Before we became superstars, a lot of us were sort of envious of the Warhol table, because we wanted to be there. Most of the time we were like court jesters, hopping from table to table, whichever had a bottle of wine.

LEEE BLACK CHILDERS: Peter O'Toole came into the back room one time and was just sitting there drinking, and the usual crowd was there. Ingrid Superstar was doing some number, and there was a photographer in the room taking pictures and the flash would go off. Mickey walked into the back room and Peter O'Toole called Mickey over to his table. “Excuse me, but could you tell those photographers enough is enough. I am here privately and do not wish to be harassed.” Mickey said, “You're here privately, what does that mean?” He said, “Those photographers, they keep taking pictures of me.” Mickey said, “They aren't taking pictures of you; they're taking pictures of Ingrid.” He said, “But I'm Peter O'Toole.” To which Mickey said, “Oh, are you a painter?”

RUBY LYNN REYNER, SINGER-ACTRESS: I remember when Jane [Fonda] and [Roger] Vadim were hanging out in the back room—it must've been around 1968—and she and Roger liked Eric Emerson. One night Eric came prancing into the back room, stood at the doorway, and yelled, “I just fucked Jane Fonda,” and everyone applauded.

FIELDING DAWSON, WRITER: Eric Emerson would blow guys at the service end of the bar. It's a shame that he died.

MICKEY RUSKIN: I wish I had a nickel for everyone who got fucked in my phone booths.

BEBE BUELL: I remember someone who has gone on to be very successful giving her boyfriend a blow job in the phone booth. But the whole phone-booth-bathroom scene at Max's was a riot. People would pee in cups in the phone booths because they couldn't get into the bathroom.

The first time I walked into the back room, I met Andy Warhol immediately. He came up to me and asked me if I wanted to sit down at the table. I think Bob Colacello was there and Patti D'Arbanville, maybe John Cale. Andy said, “You look rich. You look like you come from a really nice family. Where are you from?”

DAVID JOHANSEN: Danny Fields would come in with Jim Morrison, and Jim would take acid and drink. He would go to the bar and get a glass of whiskey, this huge glass, and drink the whole thing down. I would look at him, and he'd go, “Ah, takes the edge off!”

MICHAEL J. POLLARD: Once I threw a drink in Lou Reed's lap. He said, “Let's go outside,” and when we got there neither of us could remember what we went outside for, so we went back and continued to drink.

TERRY SOUTHERN, WRITER: Max's was like one of the lower circles of Dante's Inferno, filled with Bosch and Brueghel characters. I used to go there with Larry Rivers. We would pick up fantastically beautiful girls, wine and dine them, and then bring them back to Larry's studio on 14th Street, only to find out that they were artful deceivers—drag queens. One night, we tried to get Miles Davis to pick up one of these “girls,” but when we got to his booth, he spotted her right off.

JOHN WATERS, FILMMAKER: Divine met Candy Darling at Max's—well, they first met at the Factory and then they had a little thing where the two of them got together at Max's. It was great, because I think they were both, at the beginning, wary of each other—you know, drag wars.

Then when *Pink Flamingos* opened, [Divine] came to Max's and was most definitely a star there, because he would show up looking like he did in the movie, so he wasn't exactly not noticed.

BEBE BUELL: I met Bowie in the back room of Max's. He came in with his wife, Angela, and they were very, very glam, dressed to the nines, very decadent. He came over and introduced himself to me. I think basically he and his wife were trying to pick me up.

At the time there was a glitter rivalry. I think Todd [Rundgren] was very inspired by David's look. The most we'd ever seen of that was Alice Cooper and Marc Bolan. David came walking up in the back room

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Selections from High on Rebellion: Inside the Underground at Max's Kansas City, *by Yvonne Sewall-Ruskin, foreword by Lou Reed (Thunder's Mouth Press, New York).*

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Photographs: counterclockwise from top right, Anton Perich, Marcia Resnick, Anton Perich, Lilly Hou.

in that beautiful blue suit with that spiked red-orange hair and a tie and everybody else was so scruff.

For the whole week after he picked me out of the crowd, everyone was talking about it. Andy would come over to me and say, "What was he like? Was he fabulous?" Everybody was curious. I felt like Grace Kelly for a week. I hung out with him for about four days. We did all the New York kind of things. He was like a little kid. He burst into tears when we saw the Rockettes. I took him to see the New York Dolls at some place like Kenny's Castaways, and we kissed all through that show. That caused a big scandal. I was still with Todd, but that kind of nonsense went on all the time with us. There was a lot of temptation.

DAVID BOWIE, MUSICIAN: I originally went to Max's to see an artist called Biff Rose, a quirky but interesting writer. His performance was all right but not even near my expectations. I stuck around as there was another act on. So this guy is sitting up there and doing a complete Dylan thing. My friend and I were about to leave when he started introducing a band who were joining him onstage.

The moment they kicked in, he was another performer. All the Dylanesque stuff dropped off him and he rocked. I became a major fan that night and picked up *Asbury Park* immediately.

I threw a drink in Lou Reed's lap. He said, "Let's go outside." When we got there neither of us could remember why we went outside.

The back room was just one of many scenes going on at Max's. The front room, including the alcove and the middle section, buzzed nightly with artists, photographers, filmmakers, writers, and models. It wasn't uncommon to see some cross-pollination. Even some of the back-room crowd would, on occasion, take a table in the alcove for a quiet business dinner or romantic rendezvous, or sit in one of the banquettes in the middle section, to be seen in a different light or enjoy a different perspective. The back-room crowd did not resent the front-room regulars. The front-room crowd, however, especially the homophobic artists, were clearly not enamored of the back room and rarely ventured there, except perhaps for John Chamberlain, Rivers, and Rauschenberg, who was one of the princes of the back room.

Waitresses called the back room the "punishment room." Mickey would put someone there when she had broken one of the rules, like eating shrimp. One of the only waitresses who didn't mind working the back room was Debbie Harry.

JACKIE SHERMAN, WAITRESS: When I became senior waitress, they gave me this real young, plain girl from New Jersey named Debbie Harry to train. She was so sweet, this little face, brown hair, no makeup, really scrubbed face. She was into being a singer.

DEBBIE HARRY, WAITRESS-MUSICIAN: I worked at Max's for about seven or eight months as a waitress. I guess it was 1969. It was really just a fantastic place to be. Everyone went there. You were constantly meeting and seeing all these famous people every day. Andy and his entourage were there every night. As far as rock-and-roll performers go, there was Steve Winwood, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin—just everybody. And, of course, Lou Reed was there all of the time. I met Tony Ingrassia in the back room and started working with him. He helped me put my first group together—the Stilettoes.

GLENN O'BRIEN: The main event in the back room for several years was *Showtime. Showtime* could be anytime. Everyone would be sitting there pretty calmly, although "really up there," as Andy would say, talking and sipping drinks, when suddenly someone at another table in the back room, or maybe even at your table, or maybe even you, would get up and yell, *"Showtime!"*

The term itself is generally ascribed to Andrea Feldman, a.k.a. Andrea Whips Warhol, who was the inventor of *Showtime,* as well as the most persistently spectacular *Showtime* performer. She would sing and dance on the tables, tell jokes, and play love scenes with partners as diverse as Taylor Mead and a champagne bottle. Andrea, best known to the public as "the LSD girl" in Paul Morrissey's *Trash,* was an exhibitionist to the end.

LEEE BLACK CHILDERS: Andrea and I were engaged at the time and were going to get married. Her parents would commit her to Bellevue now and then to keep her under their thumb. Andrea was acting very strange toward me, like she didn't trust me. All of a sudden in the middle of all the mayhem, Andrea stood up on a chair and held a picture of Marilyn Monroe over her head. And a couple of people at other tables said, "Oh, it's *Showtime!*" After a long time of just standing there, she said, "Marilyn died; love me while you can!" The next day, she jumped from the fourteenth-floor window of her uncle's Fifth Avenue apartment. That was her farewell to the back room.

OLIVER RISH, REGULAR, COLLEGE STUDENT: I was at Andrew Wylie's apartment the night Andrea Feldman called him and said she was going to kill herself, and he said, "Oh, Andrea, go back to sleep." Apparently she did that all the time, but this time she really did it.

JACKIE SHERMAN: She jumped out the window with her rosary and a Bible. And she was Jewish.

As 1974 approached, Mickey's most successful watering hole began to wear on him. The glitter-rock crowd had taken over the nightly scene, which drove the artists away. Fires, thefts, unpaid tabs, and drugs contributed to Max's demise.

SCOTT COHEN, WRITER: In the final days, from late 1973 until it closed, Max's was still the in spot, based mostly on the reputation of what it had once been. Candy Darling, Eric Emerson, Andrea Whips Feldman, Lillian Roxon were dead. Alice Cooper, Iggy Pop, and Bobby Neuwirth had moved away, and the Warhol crowd had long since stopped coming; glitter and platform shoes replaced the sophisticated and cool ambience of the back room; art was replaced by glam rock; and Mickey seemed terminally bored. Max's only connection to its past was a few regulars like Danny Fields, Fran Lebowitz, Terry Ork, David Johansen and Cyrinda Foxe, Larissa, Ronnie Cutrone, René Ricard, Taylor Mead, and, of course, John Chamberlain, Neil Williams, and Frosty Myers.

Mickey declared bankruptcy in 1974. In late 1975, Max's started its second incarnation, under the ownership of Tommy Dean. Max's booked such bands as Blondie, Talking Heads, Television, Lance Loud's Mumps, the Dead Boys, and the Ramones, and along with CBGB became one of the premier venues for punk music. Tommy Dean's Max's lasted six years and closed in 1981. Mickey went on to open the Ocean Club and One U; he died in 1983.

PATTI SMITH, POET-MUSICIAN: When I saw the deli that took over the space that was once Max's Kansas City, I stood there and cried. Even now, when I shut my eyes and see that red table and Mickey rushing back and forth, it gives me a certain pang. ▬

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All children three years of age or older must have a ticket to attend.

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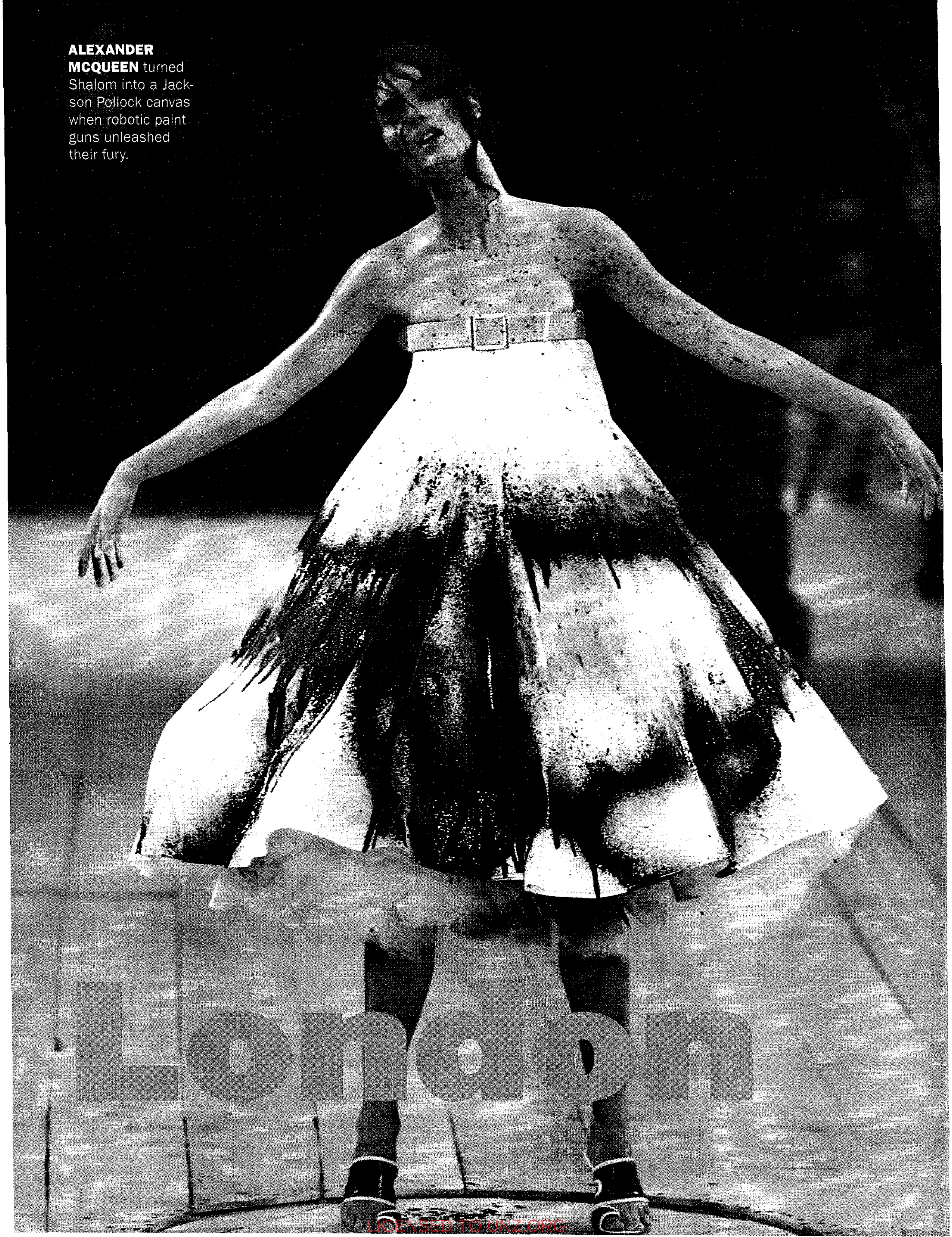
FASHION'S FO

London



ALEXANDER MCQUEEN turned Shalom into a Jackson Pollock canvas when robotic paint guns unleashed their fury.

IGN CURRENCY

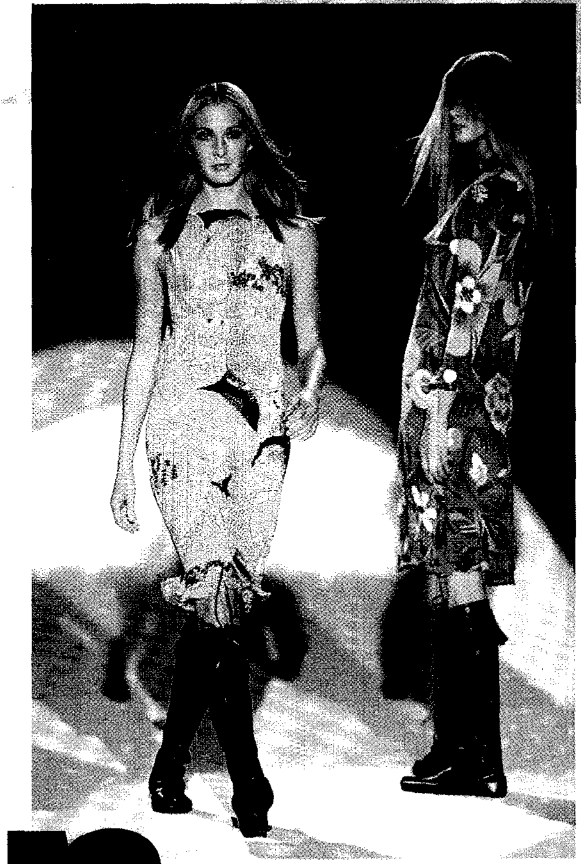
Paris

ISSEY MIYAKE brought the crowd to its feet when he forever redefined the simple tube top and skirt.

The global fashion flock was treated to catwalk drama, madcap shopping, and the most wearable, colorful clothes in years as European designers unveiled their spring collections.

BY SALLY SINGER

Milan



GUCCI was a glorious, groovy surprise—good-bye fashion *noir*, hello splashy florals and funky beads.

Photographed by Dan and Corina Lecca

London: The Third Way

IT'S UNCANNY HOW OFTEN FASHION PARALLELS POLITICS. This autumn, Prime Minister Tony Blair embraced a sexy "Third Way" politics—good-bye drab party warfare, hello flashy new post-ideological compromise. And on the runway, knowing British designers worked a similarly Hegelian magic, finding a middle path between sensible Savile Row separates and Central St. Martin's theatrics, the thesis and antithesis of English style.

These divergent camps have always made Fashion Week a quirky, funky affair, careening from John Rocha's quiet study in linens one minute to Julien Macdonald's disco-knitwear extravaganza the next. But commercially, London style has been a disaster, especially during the current Asian financial crisis.

Can Third Way fashion synthesize a solution? At Clements Ribeiro, there were laser-cut velvet gowns and groovy, graphic zebra-stripe cashmeres. Antonio Berardi, who often seems to be designing for Charo, showed gossamer-fine mohair floor-length dresses with stacks of massive wooden bangles—easy, sexy, and perfect for summer art openings. Roland Mouret, previously of People Corporation, draped and folded rough silks and linens to create resolutely modern fit-and-flare dresses with the elegant lines of fifties couture. The country's top showmen, Hussein Chalayan and Alexander McQueen, remained true to their dramatic impulses—an ululating space-suited choir from the former, robotic paint guns and a model with prosthetic legs from the latter—but the clothes they sent out weren't about flash. Chalayan offered the essential working wardrobe for summer: simple sheaths, city denims, and smart gray suits. McQueen softened his tailored aesthetic with fetching lace frock coats and low-slung trousers that will make that cantaloupe-hued evening dress you just bought look positively old-news by March. Also worth grabbing from McQueen: Mme. Gres–worthy jersey gowns, belted either above or below the bustline for statuesque, near-Grecian va-va-voom.

2

Outlandish design-school attire defines rare-occasion dressing. Often offensive (the "Cocaine Nights" sheath, made of razor blades); usually unwearable (leather and rubber for summer).

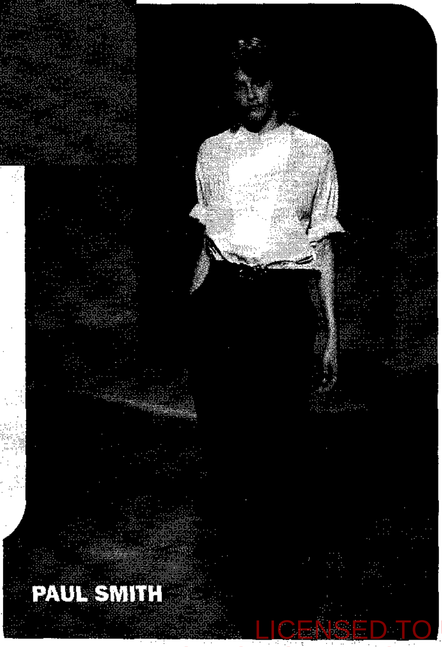
TRISTAN WEBBER

ANDREW GROVES

1

British dress at its sensible best: well-cut, smart-fitting separates that look jolly good at the office.

NICOLE FARHI

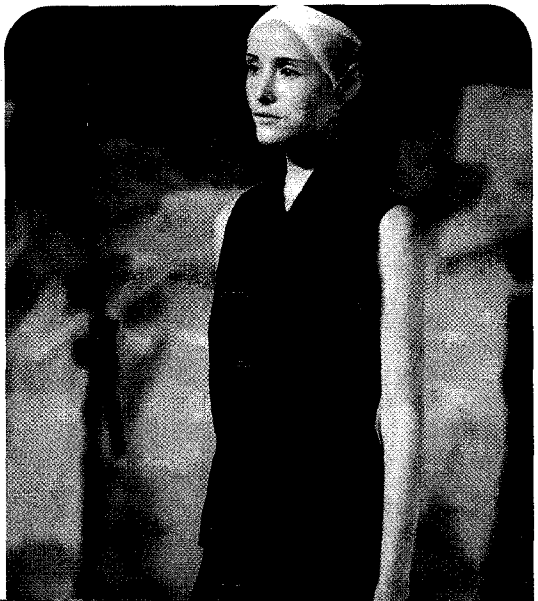

PAUL SMITH

Of course, the First and Second Ways are still in business. Paul Smith and Nicole Farhi offered sensible and attractive options for their sensible and attractive international clientele; local favorite Elspeth Gibson elevated the multitiered petticoat to a Hamptonsy summer basic. And there was no shortage of homegrown extremism: Tristan Webber's Day-Glo leather and rubber creations; Andrew Groves's razor-blade sheath and headdress; Julien Macdonald's tinfoil bride. Robert Cary-Williams mixed military fatigues and molded leather bodice pieces to eerily compelling effect.

Sadly, by this time next year, Williams and his lot may be playing to a smaller audience. The crowds have already diminished significantly—a year ago, Demi Moore and André Leon Talley cheered on fashion's little guys, but this time around even the celebrities were depressingly homegrown (a Spice here or there, Gavin Rossdale, the unsinkable Mick Hucknall). And rumors are flying that designers are headed elsewhere, too. Off to Milan for Berardi. To New York for McQueen. To Paris for Chalayan. These moves, if they do indeed occur, are hardly surprising given the absence of top American editors and international style-setters at the recent collections. The Third Way may turn out to be the road out of town.

Photograph: preceding page, top right, by Yasuaki Yoshinaga.

CLEMENTS RIBEIRO

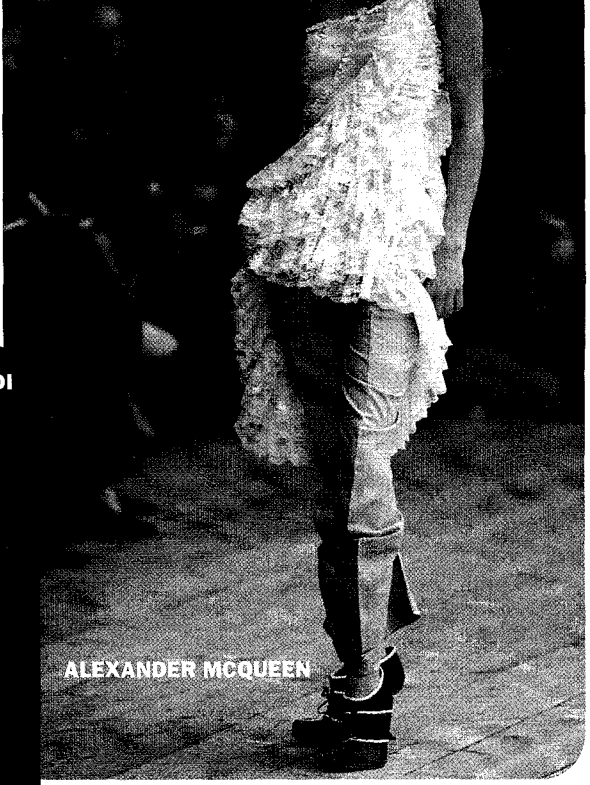


HUSSEIN CHALAYAN

ROLAND MOURET

3

The best British designers borrow from both of London's divergent style camps and make quirky, original clothes of lasting quality and appeal: clockwise from top left, laser-perforated velvet, sculpted denim with elegant topstitching, tiered lace over khakis, floaty knits, draped rough silk.



ALEXANDER MCQUEEN

ANTONIO BERARDI

The Fashion Crowd

What they wore

- *Indigo denim* jackets from Levi's or Ralph Lauren
- Pleated skirts from Veronique Branquinho
- Pointy flats from Marc Jacobs
- Provençal kerchiefs (if you work at *Mademoiselle*)
- Combat boots from Ann Demeulemeester
- Monochromatic palettes (*Vogue's* Hamish Bowles resembled a grape)

What they bought

- G-Star jeans
- Handmade shoes fringed with guinea-fowl feathers from Olowu Golding
- Japanese mini–Polaroid cameras from the Pineal Eye
- Flat purple beaded mesh mules from Paul Smith
- Anything from Vexed Generation
- Top Shop tees by Hussein Chalayan

What they've ordered for spring

- Printed floral cashmeres from Ann-Louise Roswald
- Narrow gray *cotton jackets* with magnetized collar and cuffs from *Uniform*
- Bio-friendly nylon double-drawstring sheaths from Conscious Earthwork
- White rubberized linen trousers with a sailor back from Joely Nian
- Square-cut sequined mules in hot pink from Patty Shelabarger
- Everything from Mark Whitaker
- Everything from Burberrys

Milan: You've Gotta Have It

IN THE SPLIT SECOND BETWEEN LONDON and Milan, the fashion pack does not draw breath. Instead, it's shopping à la blitzkrieg: Magazine editors land at Linate airport, drop their bags at the Principe di Savoie hotel, and clean out the boutiques on Via Montenapoleone. The stacks of designers' gifts waiting for them at check-in only fuel the search—which this year focused on toggle-front Prada Sport loafers, leopard-print Fendi baguette bags, and Gucci's green-and-red grosgrain belts.

Why do they—and we—love Milan style so much? Why is anyone willing to sign up for accessories six months in advance (for perhaps one month of wear)? Because the Italians give us what we want: designs that are easy on the eyes and on the body, and which are, let's face it, all about sex. This is a nation that can make a zip-front windbreaker look like a come-on.

For spring 1999, however, libidinal fantasy takes a backseat to sporty insouciance, as designers across the board cut high-performance shapes from innovative, luxurious fabrics. Disregard all previous notions of athletic chic—mesh basketball shirts and rugged outdoorsy pants—and consider instead the pleasures of lined silk mesh evening gowns and liquid laminate cargo trousers. The season's key items allow you to move briskly and vitally through the world, unrumpled (packable rayon dresses at Jil Sander and Gucci), unconstrained (drawstring skirts at Ferragamo, Ferretti, and Bottega Veneta), and unzipped (caftans and peasant blouses require no fastenings). Not to mention unburdened (even paniere evening bags from Armani strap on for spring) and unblistered (bravo the return of low heels and sports sandals).

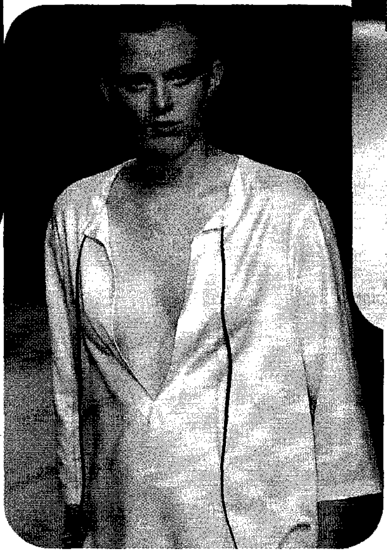
But where does this leave the glamour girl with big-night requirements? At Dolce & Gabbana for a stretchy dress of lacquered satin; at Versace for a slithery mohair-on-chain-mail confection; at Gucci for a nude rubber skirt hemmed in feathers. If she's smart, she'll take a peek at Missoni too, where crocheted djellabas in sun-drenched colors made the strongest case for banishing black.

And here in New York, you'll want to throw on your molded-sole Prada Sport loafers and sprint to Fendi to put your name on the list for a mirrored "baguette" and a bugle-beaded "croissant" (relax, Zone-dieters; they're handbags). Make a mad dash across Fifth to Gucci to get in line for knee-high fringed moccasin boots (with a good blowout, you'll be as sexy as Cher during the Half Breed tour). Then it's over to Dolce & Gabbana for hologram mules; to Miu Miu for rubber-soled chocolate-brown waders; to Armani for diamante thongs atop the sportiest of soles. Finally, if you want to be mistaken for a professional fashionmonger, invest in Frette's ribbed-back cashmere tees and Marni's piebald ponyskin clogs. And do it today. These items are already in such demand, they might never see the shop floor.

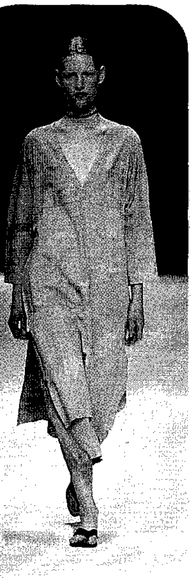
The Caftan

This architectural classic—which fits all bodies, architectural or not—looked freshest in buttery suede or leather. Also at Missoni, Pucci, Fendi, and Stephan Janson.

BOTTEGA VENETA



BYBLOS



SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

Peasant

Sweetly sultry tops are the season's star item for those with great clavicle cleavage. Also at Miu Miu, Prada, and Alberta Ferretti.

D&G

MARNI

PHILOSOPHY DI ALBERTA FERRETTI

ERSACE

PRADA

Decoration

Bold embellishments livened up simple shapes: mirrors at Prada, Fendi, and Max Mara; mohair fused on chain mail at Versace; bright beaded trimmings at Gucci and Alberta Ferretti.

Easy Dress

Summer's fashion lifesaver: floaty frocks in stand-away shapes. At Gucci in floral rayon; at Lorenzo Mattasini in waterproof silk.

NARCISO RODRIGUEZ

JIL SANDER

Full-Cropped Trouser

The capri gets comfortable, with drawstring closings and capacious pockets. Also at Bottega Veneta.

EMPORIO ARMANI

SPORTMAX

Strap-on Bag

From tacky tourists to top fashion, the hand-free pouch has its fifteen minutes. Also at D&G, J.P. Tods, Prada, and Versus.

GIORGIO ARMANI

MISSONI

MIU MIU

The Retailers

What they rate

Kal Ruttenstein
Senior Vice-President, Bloomingdale's
1. Giorgio Armani's trousers with chiffon overskirt
2. A-line skirts at Prada or Jil Sander
3. Strap-on bags from Emporio Armani
4. Versace's stand-away sheaths
5. Marni's cargo coatdress in organza

Lillian Wang
Director of Fashion Merchandise (Ready-to-Wear), Bergdorf Goodman
1. Fringed, flat boots from Gucci
2. Cropped tailored trousers from Narciso Rodriguez
3. Jil Sander's A-line dresses in pure gold
4. Boxy ponyskin coat from Marni
5. Colorful ¾-sleeve cashmeres from Victor Alfaro and Rebecca Moses

Nicole Fischelis
Fashion Director, Saks Fifth Avenue
1. Stretch-silk silver hologram dress from Dolce & Gabbana
2. Pouch-pocket bag from Prada
3. Crocheted tunics from Missoni
4. Slim leather jackets and splashy floral skirts from Gucci
5. An ingenue dress by Alberta Ferretti

Judy Collinson
Executive Vice-President, Barneys New York
1. Short boxy jacket in pink boiled wool from Marni
2. Miu Miu's ruffled prairie skirt
3. A strapless dress by Armani or Etro
4. Silk-waist khakis from Cesare Fabbri
5. Beaded obi from Dolce & Gabbana

Paris: Bonjour, Tristesse

FASHION HAS BEEN KNOWN TO END IN TEARS—when a satin mule gets caught in a downpour, say, or an errant glass of Beaujolais encounters buff suede. The spring-summer ready-to-wear shows in Paris, however, were a different kind of sob story altogether.

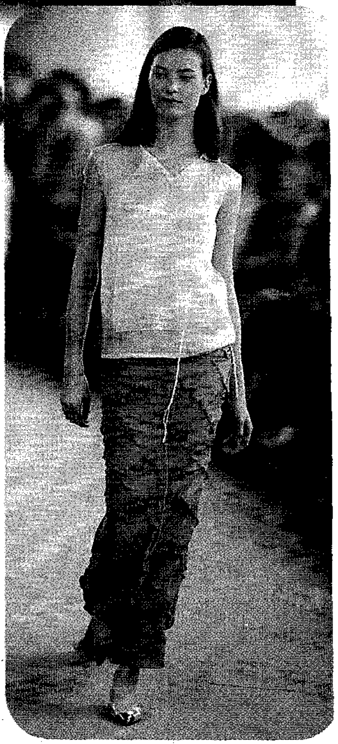
At Balenciaga, models cried in pain from the near-vertical boots that accessorized designer Nicolas Ghesquière's stunningly architectural creations. At Guy Laroche, departing designer Alber Elbaz's team wept as they accompanied him down the catwalk for the last time—surely one of the most generous exits in the history of fashion. And at Yohji Yamamoto, the final show of the French season, the otherwise jaded fashion pack wiped away tears of joy as a succession of models stripped down from Belle Epoque and Edwardian bridal gowns to modern lace dresses beneath, or unpacked mini-trousseaux from zippered pockets in their crinolines.

The tears at Yohji are perhaps the most telling. Of course, wedding imagery always gets the sprinklers going. But it was the use of layering and unlayering to explore fashion traditions—a Victorian gown that strips off to reveal a New Look party dress, which in turn gives way to a slim lace frock—that really brought out the handkerchiefs. Those present had witnessed an actual wedding: It was the union of history and modernity, the very essence of Parisienne fashion.

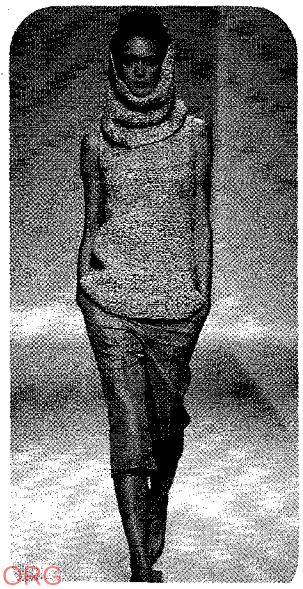
Similar couplings had occurred all week, as designers married past and present with delightful results. Jean-Paul Gaultier offered rock-and-roll geishas. Ann Demeulemeester wrapped washed leather and chalky linen around the body to create angelic, Athenian silhouettes. Valentino revisited the sixties—ponchos, peasant blouses, fringe—to create low-slung, low-key evening stunners. At Galliano, Vionnet-inspired chiffon gowns were layered, two apiece, over dancers' leotards and tees (Nijinsky meets *Flashdance*). The hippest new Belgian imports—Olivier Theyskens, Veronique Branquinho, and A. F. Vandevorst—turned floor-sweeping skirts, corsets, and even old-fashioned pillow shams into edgy, romantic must-haves. And then there is Issey Miyake's A-POC (translation: A Piece of Cloth) collection. Customers buy a single tube of heavy stocking knit and, following the perforated lines and careful instructions, cut it themselves to produce an entire ensemble (dress, hat, undies, bag, socks). The home-economics element is a bit goofy, but the finished, body-conscious outfit is millennially groovy.

The need to look toward the future while recalling the past is nowhere greater than at the classic French houses, which have all recently entered May-December relationships with hip young designers. And this season, there were few signs of looming divorce. Marc Jacobs (for Louis Vuitton) and Michael Kors (for Celine) showed their best Paris collections to date. Jacobs accessorized his luxurious, streamlined, sixties-inspired separates with witty Vuitton accessories in chewing-gum pink and Day-Glo orange. Kors cut classic American sportswear shapes—Bermudas, A-line skirts, easy sweaters—in chiffon ribbon knits, and evening gowns in rough linen festooned with rock crystals. Clothes that are enough to make anyone—and especially the retailers—get misty-eyed.

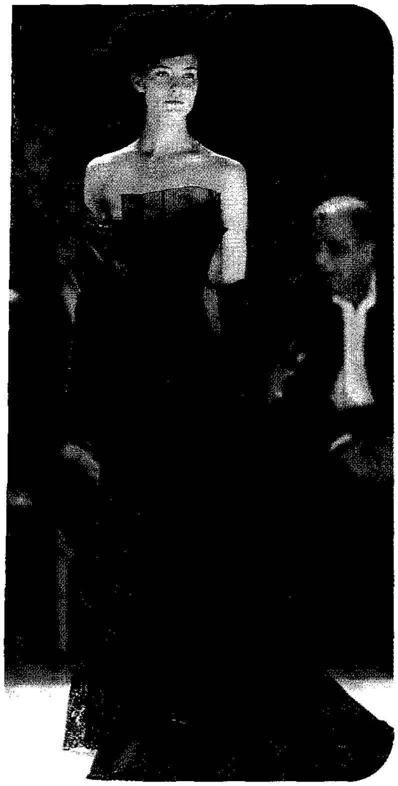
Dries Van Noten (above) moved on from ethnic to poetic: rich hues, modern layers, and silhouettes inspired by *The Piano*.



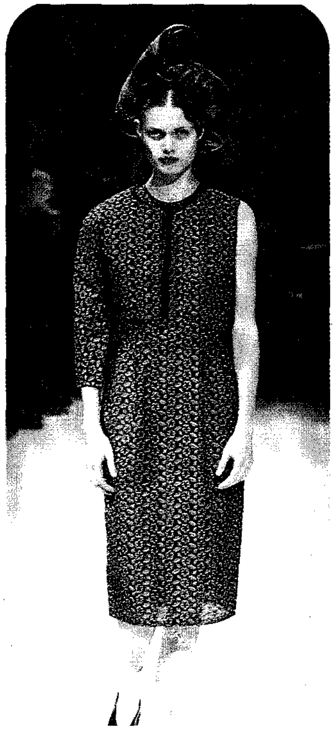
Chanel (right) paired sweatshirt-inspired silk chiffon with a rippling bias-cut skirt that should launch a pucker revival.



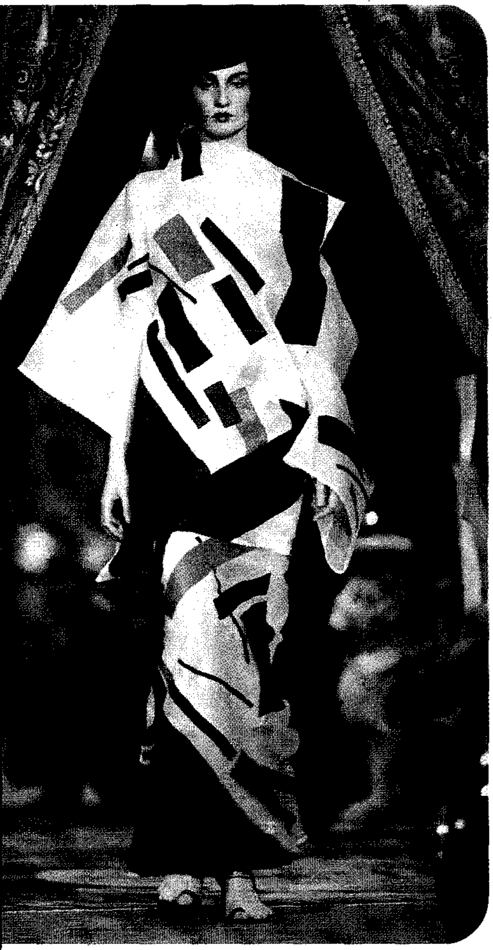
Celine (left) was all-American in easy comfort but dramatically European where it counts: huge turtlenecks, ostrich messenger bags, and sea-glass-beaded thongs.



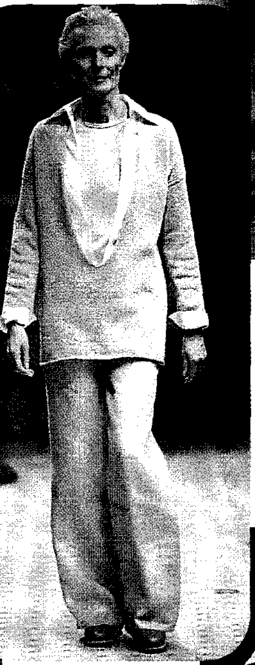
Yohji Yamamoto (above) produced three-in-one stunners. This gown sheds its skin twice, to reveal first polka dots and then lace.



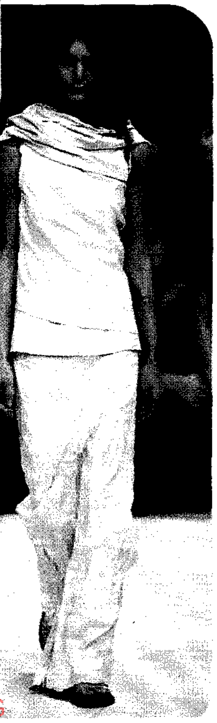
Comme des Garçons (above) explored the mysteries of simple sewing patterns.



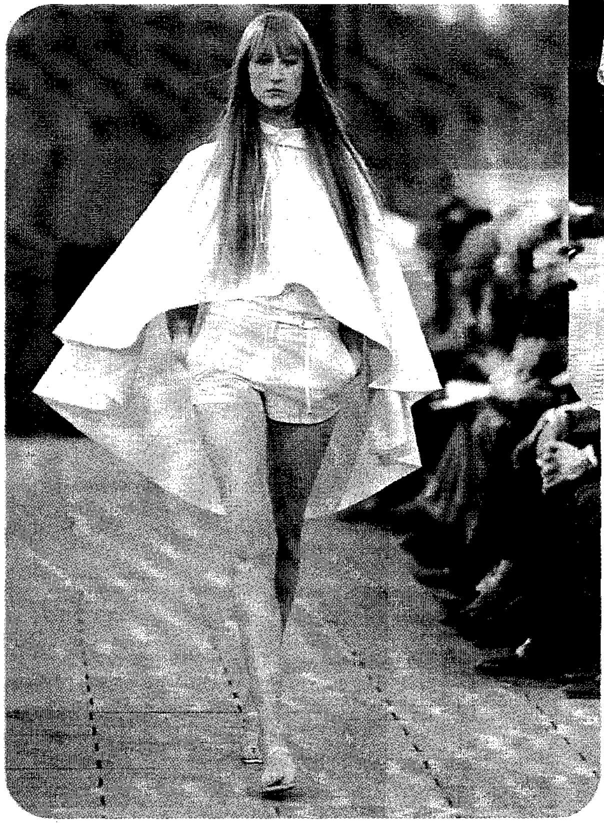
Christian Dior (above) celebrated revolutions, showing Rodchenko graphics and Red Army skirt suits.



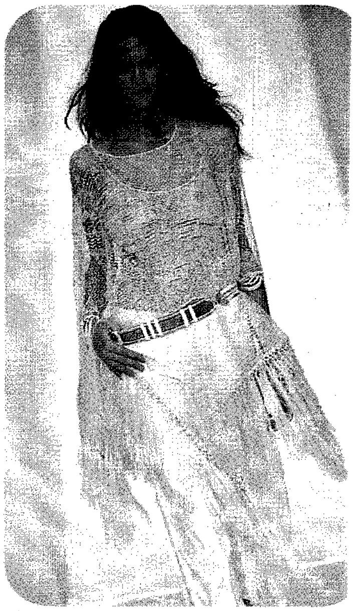
Hermès (left) *was a lesson in* luxe layering, *from Martin* Margiela.



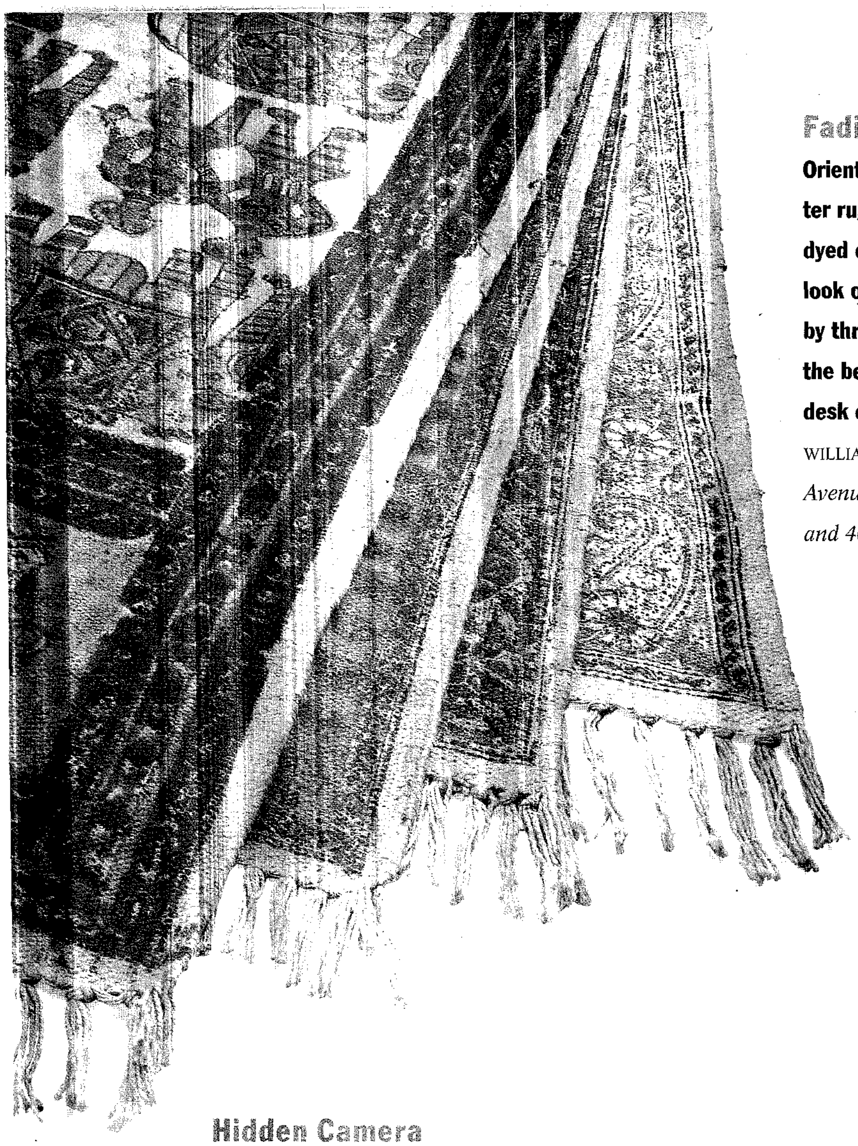
Ann Demeulemeester (right and below) unleashed modern angels in white leather.



Louis Vuitton (above) was classic Marc Jacobs: minimal, dramatic, and chock-full of must-haves, such as bat-wing ponchos and double-layer cashmere sweaters.



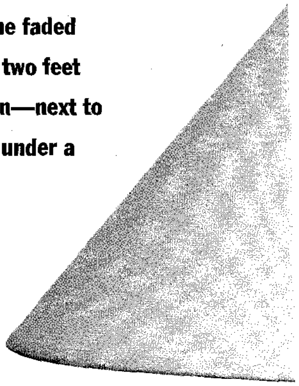
Valentino (above) *made* peasant style palatable for the *palazzo-dweller.* Ponchos and off-the-shoulder blouses became sexy Roman stunners.



Fading Fast

Oriental-rug lovers take note: These small scatter rugs are created in India out of vegetable-dyed cotton and linen so they have the faded look of antique carpets. They're only two feet by three feet, yet their uses are legion—next to the bed, in the hall, beside the bath, under a desk chair ($50).

WILLIAM-WAYNE & CO.*/846 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street/737-8934, and 40 University Place/533-4711*



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25

Hidden Camera

Even if you've never been passionate about cameras, you're likely to adore this really cute Fuji with a name bigger than it is. The Endeavor 1000ix MRC Tiara is the size of a credit card. Slide the sleek titanium case open, and the power turns on and the flash pops up. Packed into its compact body is a 24-mm. Advanced Photo System, which means it has a multi-programmed flash, an autofocus system, and a choice of classic, wide, and panoramic formats. And for total point-and-shoot ease, there's drop-in loading and even the convenience of mid-roll change (around $300).

B&H PHOTO*/420 Ninth Avenue, near 34th Street/444-6670*
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BY CORKY POLLAN

Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Dutch Treatise

These days, celebrities sporting mustaches tout milk, but in the thirties the Dutch were more practical. Holland's dairies would give away ceramic glasses emblazoned with not-so-subtle slogans like BERNA MELK IS GOED VOOR ELK. The folks at Anthropologie are now reproducing the promotional pottery in all its kitschy glory, and these glasses are great for lots of other beverages besides milk ($14).
ANTHROPOLOGIE/*375 West Broadway/343-7070*

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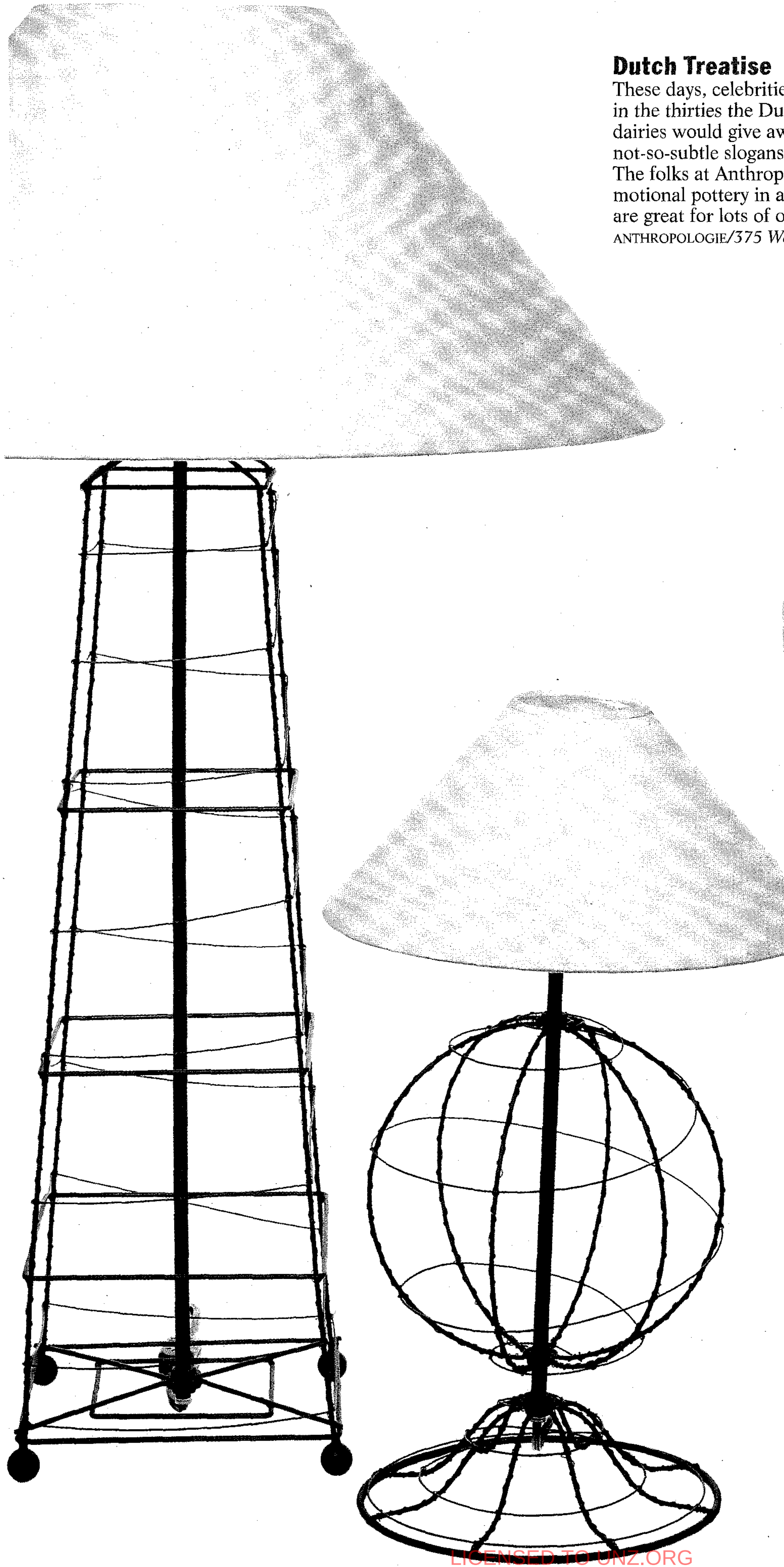

French Lit

Topiary forms (like those in French gardens) and geometric shapes are the inspiration for French designer Bernard Forestier. His barely there iron-wire lamps come in ten styles and are custom-fitted with ivory linen-ish paper shades ($180 to $360; 22 to 36 inches high).

"145" ANTIQUES/*145 West 22nd Street/807-1149*

Making Arrangements

Betsey Johnson *indulges an interruption of her Fashion Week planning to answer a burning question: Where does she find* **all that wacky *stuff?***

Flower power: Betsey Johnson reveals her sources.

FRANTICALLY TIDYING HER GARMENT-district digs before a Fashion Week party, designer Betsey Johnson—dressed in lizard-print leggings, black miniskirt, and lime T-shirt—insists she's not a typical shopper. "I haven't bought new clothing in ten years," she says. But every corner in the office of this self-labeled "hoarder and collector of junk" holds trophies from her bargain-hunting expeditions.

Johnson is fond of wholesalers in the Chelsea flower district, who occasionally sell to individuals. (**Fischer & Page** is her 6 A.M. source for cabbage roses.) For other bright touches, "I don't *live* without my charts from **Perry Paint**," she declares. She points to her floral wallpaper: "It comes in *beige*," she says, wrinkling her nose. "I stain it this cartoony yellow. I dye shawls, I dye bags—I dye *everything!*"

Now and then, she'll stop by a regular store; the gardening shop **Smith & Hawken** is good for her husband's casual shoes. But she prefers more offbeat shopping. Jumping up from a desk spilling with felt flowers, licorice twists, and miniature shoes, she shows off a sky-blue floral photo album from a dealer at **The Showplace**. "This woman Phyllis just has the *best* old albums and frames, and Carol Moskowitz has *amazing* old jewelry, and Ann Smith upstairs . . ." She hesitates. "It's not fair to single them out. There are so many great dealers."

On a recent trip to **Resurrection** in the East Village, she says, "I saw these Alley Cat sweaters I made in the seventies, and it made me feel old." For once, she resisted: "I didn't *really* need them," she sighs. "But all this flea-market stuff . . ."

Fischer & Page, 134 W. 28th St. (645-4106); Perry Paint & Hardware, 238 W. 14th St. (352-1693); Smith & Hawken, 394 W. Broadway (925-0687); The Showplace, 40 W. 25th St. (741-8520); Resurrection, 123 E. 7th St. (228-0063).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Sharper Edges

For sparkly holiday styles on a shoestring, give inexpensive clothes a lift with a tube of Krazy Glue (or some safety pins) and a goodie or two from **M&J Trimmings**. Designers come here for budget lace, fur, feathers, and beads. A strip of pearls at the hem of an old satin camisole makes it worthy of a night out, and an ostrich-feather collar brings a touch of glam rock to last year's cardigan. Most items are priced by the yard: Pearls are $6, ostrich is $25. And the best part is, you don't have to try anything on. *1008 Sixth Ave., near 37th St. (391-6200).*

Picks of the Week

Bally, the Swiss leather company, is taking 30 percent off most women's shoes and accessories. Shoes, were $145–$270, now $99–$210. *628 Madison Ave., at 59th St. (751-9082); A.E, M.C., V.; Mon–Sat. 10–6:30, Thurs. till 7, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 11/5–11/20.*

cK Calvin Klein joins Ungaro, Louis Feraud, and Valentino for a menswear blowout: cK suit, was $650, now $299; Valentino ties, were $85, now $30. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V; Mon.–Thurs. 9–6:30, Fri. till 5; 11/2–11/6.*

Unisource sells Italian luxury goods to Bergdorf's and Barneys. Valextra leather accessories, Maria Sartini cashmeres, and Chiarini ties are now 60 to 70 percent below retail: from $20 for a tie to $2,000 for a stingray humidor. *60 E. 56th St., penthouse (644-5077); A.E., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, Sat. noon–6; 11/2–11/7.*

The Chocolate Soup is clearing its closet to focus on toys and gifts. Clothes were $17–$142, now current styles are half off. *946 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (861-2210); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 11/2–11/16.*

Alessi imports Italian homewares by Michael Graves, Philippe Starck, and others that sell at MOMA and Moss. Samples are 20 to 50 percent off retail: Kettles start at $80, bar accessories at $12. *Loews New York, 569 Lexington Ave., at 51st St., Embassy Suite A; checks accepted; Mon. 9–5; 11/9.* ■

Photographs: top, Robert Wright; bottom, courtesy of Bally.

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NEW YORK®

PETER RAINER

A Brine Romance

Weepy scriptmeister Richard LaGravanese makes his directing debut with 'Living Out Loud,' a saltier story in which everything doesn't work out in the end.

SET INSIDE NEW YORK'S CARNIVAL DIN, **Living Out Loud** has a sweet, almost numinous quality. It's a weepie that doesn't weep for itself, a sidelong glimpse at the comedy of woe. It's about two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—who find each other and feel less alone. The writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and ambiguous and a little messy, just like life.

A starry-eyed realist, LaGravanese wants the world to be like the movies, but he's too levelheaded to sustain the illusion. He offers up the familiar trappings of movie romance but then subverts them, gently. Judith, for example, resembles a standard-issue wronged-woman waif, but she's much kickier than that. You can't get a fix on her. At the beginning of the film, she finds herself suddenly single after sixteen years as the well-appointed Upper East Side wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Alone in her chill, spacious co-op, she lip-synchs bluesy jazz vocals and keeps the lights down low. She might as well be living in a mausoleum. Pain has transformed her existence into a sort of wide-awake sleepwalk; she's benumbed yet ardent. When she sits in the audience, alone, at her favorite neighborhood blues club, she wears a smile so tight it could pass for a wince. Liquor loosens her tongue. In the ladies room she accosts another woman, a total stranger, making up before the mirror: *What is the point? He's just going to dump you.* If your heart goes out to Judith, it's not because she sent an engraved invitation. She's a handful, and she doesn't try to make nice. But a delicacy comes through her anyway. She's so avid for human connection that at times she's as touching as Katharine Hepburn aching to be asked to dance in *Alice Adams*.

LaGravanese doesn't allow us to get a fix on Pat, either. The doorman in Judith's co-op, he's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. It's not so long since he was selling hot watches and driving a gypsy cab, and he seems ill-fitted and a little clownish in his doorman's duds. Wearing the uniform italicizes him; it showcases his failure. He's prideful, though: Out of uniform, he's quite a snappy dresser. He's surprisingly mulish too. He owes money to some local mobsters but can't stomach the thought of covering his debts by bartending for his brother Philly (Richard Schiff). Instead, he dreams of starting up an Italian-foods import business with an uncle in Sorrento.

Riding with Judith in the elevator late one evening, Pat lets slip that his terminally ill daughter has just died. It ought to be a terminally icky sequence, but LaGravanese has the elevator doors slam shut on them just as the moment sinks in. This slapstick heartbreak soon gives way to something sweeter: Judith sits with Pat in his cramped office and attempts to make him feel better. As down as he is, Pat is still aware enough to recognize her troubles. He tries to cheer her up, too. They get friendly, and because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Judith is still faintly enameled with an Upper East Side hauteur, but it's the part of her she's trying to chip away. Pat has so much spirit that we're never moved to condescend to him as a working-class Poor Soul. He's a lot closer to Chekhov than to Chayefsky (in fact, the film has vague links to two Chekhov stories, "The Kiss" and "Memory").

The heart wants what the heart wants: Danny DeVito and Holly Hunter in *Living Out Loud*.

Photograph by M. Morton/New Line.

A true New York romance, *Living Out Loud* brings the city into the mix as an equal protagonist. In LaGravanese's view, Manhattan's raucous, close-packed unpredictability is all of a piece with the vagaries of love: You never know whose squall of a life you're suddenly going to be swept into. Pat's career running the elevators is a perfect metaphor for this: Every ride up and down is somebody's mini-drama. One of them becomes his own.

LaGravanese has a reputation for toning up sob-sister acts like *The Bridges of Madison County* and *The Horse Whisperer.* But his scripts for the neglected *A Little Princess* and *Unstrung Heroes* and *The Fisher King* (at least the Mercedes Ruehl and Amanda Plummer parts) were dazzling. They showcased what also shines in *Living Out Loud*—a rapt intimacy. He's never directed a movie before, and he doesn't give us much to look at except the actors. But boy, does he love actors! He gives his fine supporting players—including the voluminously voluptuous Queen Latifah as a blues-club singer and, especially, Schiff—fully lived-in roles. And he draws out his leading actors in ways we haven't seen before. Judith's sudden singlehood is not, for the most part, framed as some sort of feminist growth experience. She's frankly miserable, and her pathos has a crazy, dangerous energy. LaGravanese has worked out a tricky structure in which Judith's daydreams and nightmares often seem visually inseparable from her actual life. The strategy is sometimes unnecessarily confusing, but psychologically it makes perfect sense: Judith is so vibrantly present that it seems only natural her fantasies should coexist with her reality. Hunter, in her most daring performance, works both sides of the character equally well, whether sitting demurely by herself at a swank French restaurant, reading *House of Mirth,* or throwing elbow jabs at her ex-husband in an elevator. She has a powerhouse fortitude *and* a powerhouse winsomeness.

DeVito, too, is a revelation. I've often been turned off by his relentless pugnacity; he's not just a cartoon, he's a *bullying* cartoon. But when he cans the yammering and lets a real person come through, he can be effective. He was fine in the otherwise negligible *Renaissance Man,* playing a teacher on a military base, and he scored as an aluminum-siding salesman in *Tin Men.* In *Living Out Loud,* he has his best role yet, and he does it full justice. His bluster has converted itself into deep reserves of feeling. It's as if he finally figured out what acting can *do.*

Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together. LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet.

EDWARD NORTON SPECIALIZES IN USING HIS ordinariness to spook us. In *Primal Fear,* playing a defendant accused of a horrible crime, his kid-next-door looks disguised a cunning depravity. In *Rounders,* he played a compulsive gambler whose anonymous mug was the perfect foil for his card-sharp hustle. As the neo-Nazi skinhead Derek in **American History X**, Norton has found the perfect role to bring out the scary undertone to his (seeming) blandness. Buff and goateed, tattooed with swastikas and white-power insignias, Derek is the face of the faceless mob, an ordinary-guy monster.

The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: When Derek was a boy, his firefighter father served up racist lectures at the breakfast table. Finally he was shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers. In a rage of vengeance, Derek has become the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement, and his younger brother Danny (Edward Furlong) has also been brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids trying to steal his car, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny, who has just written a high-school term paper praising *Mein Kampf,* before it's too late.

By making Derek highly intelligent and middle-class, the filmmakers cut against stereotype. They're trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery; the implication, of course, is that what is learned can also be unlearned. But with its razzmatazz mayhem and its deadweight social conscience, *American History X* ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special: It's *Unnatural Born Killers.* Tony Kaye, the award-winning British TV-commercial director making his feature-film debut, is so juiced by the badness of these people that his attempts to delineate their rehabilitation fall flat. Working from a script by David McKenna, he barely fills in Derek's redemption. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Kaye, it should be noted, disowns the present cut of the film, which was assembled by its distributor, New Line.)

There's something highly suspect about *American History X.* Kaye gets so carried away by depictions of hate that the horror we see loses its context; it becomes pulped. (This is an even greater problem in the recent *Apt Pupil,* where a suburban high-school student—Brad Renfro—blackmails an old Nazi-in-hiding—Ian McKellan—to do his bidding. What, finally, is sickening about *Apt Pupil* is that it commodifies the terrors of the Holocaust: It's a Holocaust genre thriller.) *American History X* isn't terrible, but it still doesn't sit well with me. The pummelings and racist exhortations are showcased as if they were musical numbers. *Springtime for Hitler* was funnier—and more incisive, too. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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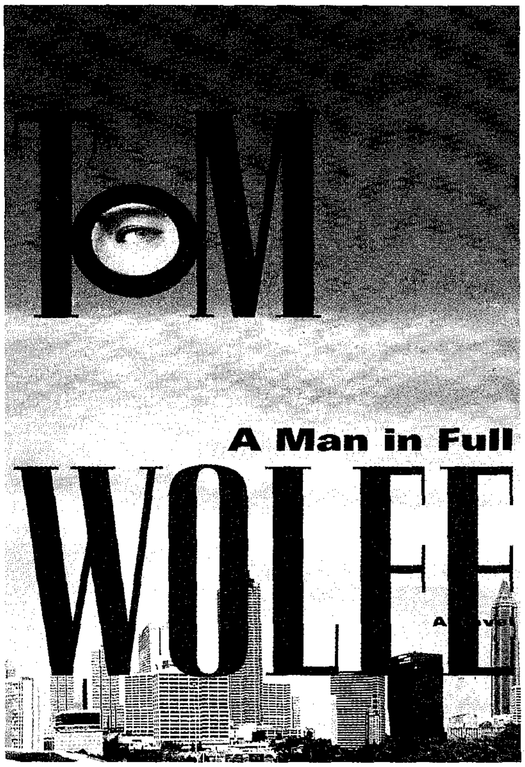
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Atlanta Shrugged

Tom Wolfe, America's most gifted satirist, aspires to be a modern Dickens. But his new novel shows that in some ways, he's more like Ayn Rand.

A Man in Full
BY TOM WOLFE
Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 742 pages; $28.95

FOR ITS TRIUMPH-OF-THE-WILL PHILOSOPHY; FOR ITS celebrations of animal vitality, war-game cunning, and cussed independence; for its definition of heroism as the courage to be an old-time son of a bitch in the face of faddish political pressure; and, finally, for its skyline setting in the commercial towers of the New South, Tom Wolfe's long-awaited new novel, *A Man in Full,* ought to be retitled *Atlanta Shrugged.* Like a hipper Ayn Rand, and with a virtuosity the immigrant individualist couldn't touch, Wolfe has recycled the headline elements of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*—capitalist overreaching, racial demagoguery, and social sadomasochism—into a huge libertarian cartoon with justice for all but sympathy for few. There's a hero who refuses to bow even at the price of all he owns, an assortment of contemptible, weakling villains, and, at the end, a bold-italics moral fit to be framed in rich mahogany and hung in the office of a CEO for those times when his stock is down in midday trading. *A Man in Full* is a big, big book about what Wolfe takes to be a simple truth: Press on, and don't let the bastards get you down, kid. It has all the anthropological detail, verbal brass, and whirligig plotting that one expects from Wolfe, but otherwise it's Rand with laughs, an inspirational fable for self-starters.



Wolfe's latest Master of the Universe is a good-old-boy real-estate magnate named Charlie Croker who has cooked his own financial goose by erecting a plate-glass folly called Croker Concourse in Atlanta's white-flight suburbs. In a city geared up to become the spiritual hub of the new multicultural global economy, Croker amounts to a wrench in the flywheel. The guy has zero sensitivity. On his vast plantation devoted to quail hunting, after-dinner deal-making, and dirty-joke-telling, he patronizes his African-American servants, pokes fun at effeminate men, and plays with guns. His idea of an interesting outing for his guests is to take them out to the barn to watch a stallion impregnate a quivering mare. All high-cholesterol bluster and beefy ego, Croker is not just politically incorrect but biologically, physically incorrect. In a book where a lesser, more up-to-date man is damned with the name of Branwaist, Croker's bulk is held out as stubborn heroism. He's holding the line against the liberal masses inside his private Alamo of fat.

Croker is ripe for a fall, of course. Engineering humiliations is Wolfe's great passion, the essence of his storytelling. Wolfe is a glutton for others' punishment, and everyone in the novel gets what's coming to him, and a whole lot more. A bank repossesses Croker's private jet while its seats are filled with VIPs. He lets slip an unconscious slur in the presence of a Jewish client. He's dunned by a clownish society caterer in his fortress office. Part of the book's comedy is watching how Croker's boo-boos grow when bandied about by folks who don't know him. He's a bloody giant harassed by bloodless ants, and Wolfe keeps busy drawing a hundred distinctions between the flawed but ballsy titans who take the world by its scrawny throat and shake it and the human flyspecks who referee the battle. Croker's a fool but a colossal fool, and in Wolfe, size definitely counts. Castration is tragic in direct proportion to the length of the organ.

Croker's attempts to regain financial tumescence push the story line through its layers of circumstance and choppy structure of big scene after big scene. Wolfe is a master builder of fiction and only works on the grandest scale, rearranging whole blocks, whole landscapes. His Atlanta is the Atlanta of the Olympics, of the CNN Center; a Valhalla, raised up on greed and boosterism. Taking us around it street by street, assaying the city's mores and morays and lecturing us on local history, Wolfe sounds at times like the late James Michener. On rather slight dramatic pretexts, he gushes forth with facts and figures, with details of architecture, linguistics, and dress. There's a house tour of Atlanta mansions, a Britannica entry on the meaning of "do rags," a roundup of the origins of local fortunes. The little essays don't get in the way, but sometimes they strike a note of pedantry. And at moments, even Wolfe, who has argued in print that novelists these days don't do sufficient jour-

Wolfe has recycled the elements of *Bonfire*—capitalist overreaching, racial demagoguery, and social sadomasochism—into a huge libertarian cartoon.

nalistic legwork, gets his cherished facts flat wrong. No veteran bird hunter like Coker would go after quail with buckshot, for example, unless he wanted to turn his delicate prey into steak tartare.

The most omniscient of contemporary writers, roving the skies like a mind-reading satellite, homing in on the label of every shirt, the make of every car, and the ingredients of every canape, Wolfe never misses the forest for the trees. He gets them both, the big picture and the small one, but he can't always put the two together. The brilliant sprawl of the great satirical realists—Theodore Dreiser, say, or Charles Dickens—depended on certain organizing emotions. Outrage over social injustice. Pity for the injured and the desperate. Wolfe is too calm and collected for all that, and his lack of a sense of what might be, or at least what might have been, renders his picture of what is a little brittle. He picks plenty of quarrels with things as they are (at the heart of the book is a lavish send-up of a high-toned museum show devoted to a lost trove of gay-themed paintings), but such skirmishes hardly add up to a war, on or under the surface. In a novel of more than 700 pages and a third as many characters, most of them clear-cut bad guys or good guys, big old war is sort of what one wants.

Instead, Wolfe tries to use philosophy—Roman Stoic philosophy, in this case—to order his swarming moral battlefield. The results are preposterous. Conrad Hensley is a Croker employee who toils, far from his ultimate boss, in a hellish Oakland warehouse. He loses his job as a result of corporate restructuring, then ends up, after a series of misadventures, in a violent prison. Galvanized by a young inmate's brutal rape (the chapter is counterpointed with the museum show as if to make some point about the falseness of homoerotic art), he's born again as a follower of Epictetus, whose program of self-reliance and strict honor leads to his escape. Coincidences lead him to Croker's door, and the unemployed convict and the titan who fired him make an instant intellectual love match that solves their various problem in a jiff, by the mere application of proper conservative thought.

Far from drawing a loaded AK on the man who cost him everything, Conrad tutors him in the Higher Path, and if Wolfe came across such a story in his research, I'd like to see his notes. To be so meticulous about men's suits, the taxes levied on six-figure salaries, and the subtleties of Atlanta urban planning and then to fudge and fantasize about class conflict is a jarring aesthetic bait and switch. The tensions evaporate, all perils lift, and the society whose cracks and fissures Wolfe has explored and mapped so patiently is healed by the wave of an ancient magic wand. ▬

Walter Kirn's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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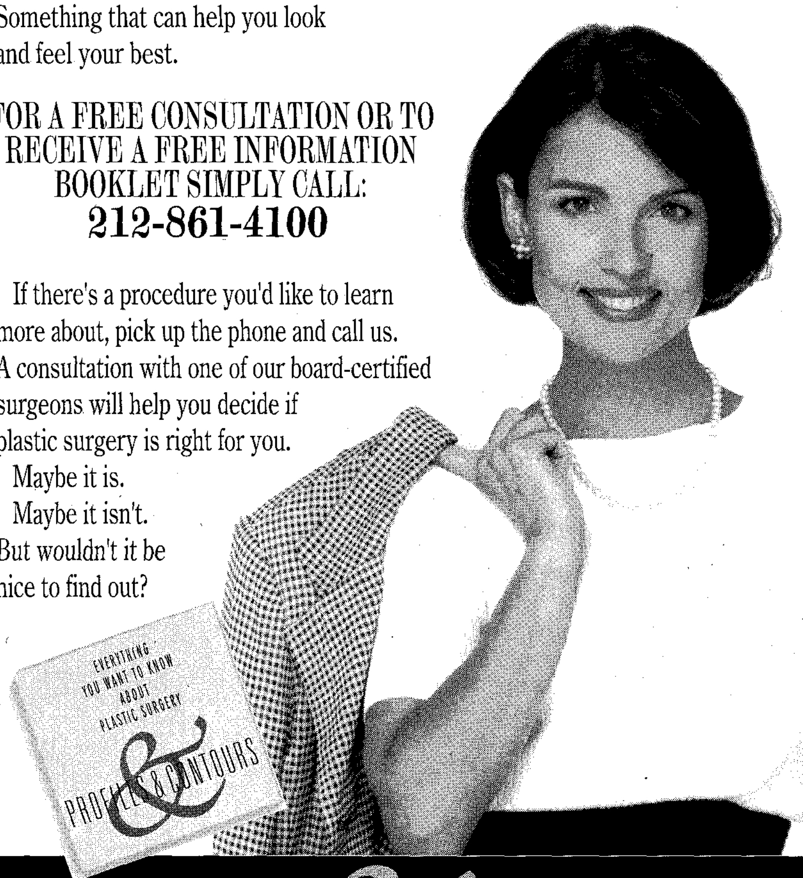
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Screw Loose

If there was one movie that positively shouldn't have made it to Broadway, 'Footloose' is it; 'Getting and Spending' feels more like spending without getting.

Fancy-free: The cast of *Footloose.*

IMPOSSIBLE THOUGH IT IS TO FINGER the worst musical ever—the competition is too fierce—no list of the ten worst should forgo **Footloose**. If there is anything worse than a kick in the teeth or testicles, it is the kick in the intelligence this show provides. Of course, not even *Footloose* can manage consistent imbecility; some high points are merely inept, insipid, and indescribably boring. But idiocy never lags far behind.

Footloose is based on a dismal little 1984 movie that tried to cash in on a vogue of films for teenagers, and boasted at least a magnetic performance from Kevin Bacon. Written by Dean Pitchford, writer of the musical *Carrie,* often cited as the all-time worst (but only, of course, before *Footloose*), this was the simpleminded story of Ren, a high-school youth from Chicago who moves with his mother to the burg of Bomont. Here the autocratic Reverend Shaw Moore—upon the death of his son in a car accident following a late-night dance—has instituted a curfew for teens and a ban on all dancing, which seemed absurd even in 1984. Ren manages to mobilize the town's youth, confounds Moore and his city-council cohorts, and dancing comes back to Bomont.

The musical's book, by Pitchford and Walter Bobbie, is situated "in the recent past," which must mean something between the Middle Ages and Mesopotamia. It edulcorates even the paltry screenplay, so that, for instance, Ariel Moore, the minister's rebellious daughter, barks louder than she beds, and the story must now seem, to both young and old, rather like an attempt to defang *Winnie the Pooh.* The score, by Tom Snow and Pitchford, which seamlessly incorporates songs from the movie by similar no-talents, is without exception verbally maladroit and musically banal, and, even when performed by the gifted Dee Hoty and Catherine Cox, irredeemable.

Walter Bobbie, the co-author and director, has one indisputable talent—for riding on the coattails of his choreographer. When that happens to be someone like Ann Reinking (as in *Chicago*), his work looks good; when, as here, a newcomer named A. C. Ciulla, from the wonderful world of nightclubs and TV, the result, both directorially and choreographically, is catastrophic. There is not a single original touch to be discerned anywhere, and everything is either hysterical or listless as it lunges or sashays from commonplace to commoner place.

John Lee Beatty is a fine set designer, but here he must have either worked in his sleep or been told to make it all into a heartland community-center production for the proper down-home look. Money could not have been at issue, as *Footloose* enjoys some of the most deep-pocketed producers around. Toni-Leslie James, never a first-rate costumer, here looks downright cut-rate. Ken Billington's always variable lighting here mistakes vulgarity for vitality. But the worst thing is, save the above-mentioned exceptions, the cast.

Jeremy Kushnier, an import from Manitoba, is not so much Kevin as Canadian bacon, and could no more galvanize Bomont into dirty dancing than Galvani could have electrified his famous frogs into a tarantella. Jennifer Laura Thompson is as unprepossessing as ungifted in the role of the high-school vamp Ariel, and can pass for a teenager only if umpteen qualifies. In fact, when you look at the stage, you notice with horror the absence of a single attractive young person of either sex.

If *Footloose* were presented at Radio City Music Hall or Madison Square Garden (two of the producers), it might just pass with the other schlock that there beguiles the benighted. On Broadway, it is sickening. Do not be fooled if it has a run: Its presenters have drummed up a sizable advance sale and are loaded enough to throw good millions after bad. The Reverend Shaw Moore asks in the pulpit, "If Whitman were alive today, what song would he hear America singing?" I don't know, but if it were *Footloose,* Walt would have to drop dead twice.

LAWYERS, THESE DAYS, ARE TURNING TO PECULIAR NEW CAREERS. In the *Times,* we read about a woman attorney who is a practicing—and publishing—witch. In the new

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Broadway play **Getting and Spending**, the hero, Richard O'Neill, the country's leading defense lawyer, suddenly decides to become a monk and enters a Franciscan monastery in Kentucky. The play's author, Michael J. Chepiga, a former lawyer, is now a playwright, or so he thinks. His play has received the Arnold Weisberger Award, from the bequest of a theatrical lawyer who—most unusual of all—has posthumously turned benefactor.

The play is a dubious benefaction. No sooner has Richard retreated to cloistered serenity than a beautiful and brainy investment banker, Victoria Phillips, with a colleague and would-be lover in tow, comes chasing after him, as the only one who can save her in the government's suit against her for making $18 million in insider trading. Her defense, as she thinks, will be what she did with that boodle, which Chepiga keeps teasing us with, though we guessed immediately that we were to think Robin Hood. But the law, hard-hearted as it is, judges you on your means and couldn't care less about your ends.

Though the monastery is inhabited by monks whose chief pastime, prayers aside, is pretend gambling on the stock market, and though the two monks we meet are pushovers, Victoria encounters difficulties in getting to see her destined defender. In a maneuver outclassing the wiles of Manon Lescaut at Saint-Sulpice, she even strips to bra and panties (and offstage presumably beyond) to bulldoze her way into the monastery.

Not only does she prevail on the extremely recalcitrant Richard, she also makes him, after getting her off the hook, fall for her. She herself has never been in love before, but witchy lady-banker and wizard trial lawyer would seem like a match made in Heaven, until . . . Chepiga's strong suits are a screwball idea and comic dialogue that rises to such melancholy heights as "If we're just going to march into the court and tell the truth, what do we need a lawyer for?" The author's motives are excellent, but in theater as in jurisprudence, motives are not what counts. Linda Purl (Victoria) is a winning actress, and David Rasche (Richard) has that blend of blondness and sleaziness that conquers judges and female bankers alike. They and the rest struggle with monkish zeal under John Tillinger's dedicated direction, all of it bootless, like a Franciscan's feet. Ditto James Noone's clever set design, featuring a grid of LCDs equally adept at running stock-market results every which way and piously turning purple to suggest monastic seclusion. Ditto, too, the play's title: a bit of Wordsworth does not ipso facto increase your words' worth. ▬

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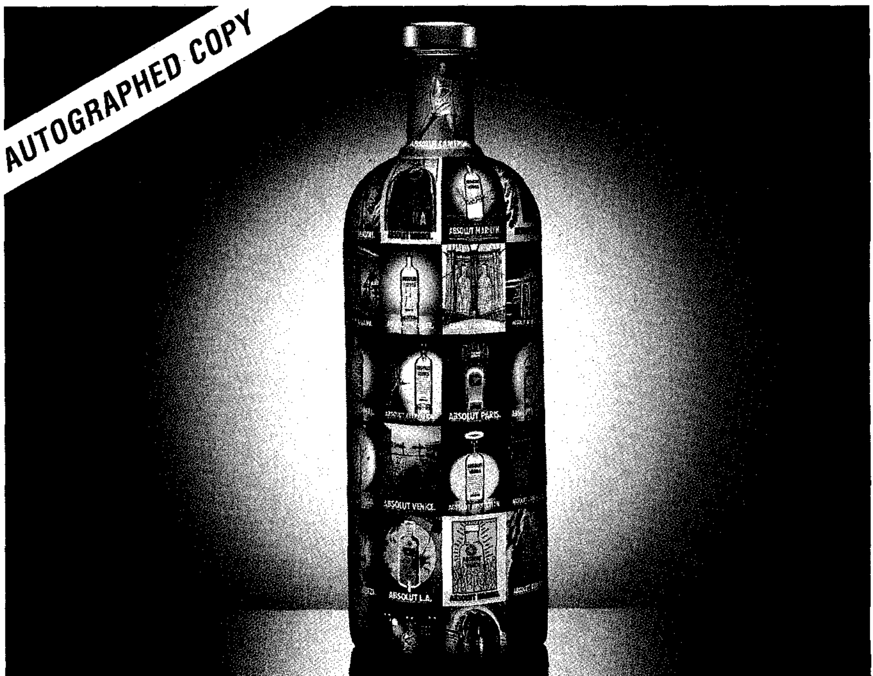
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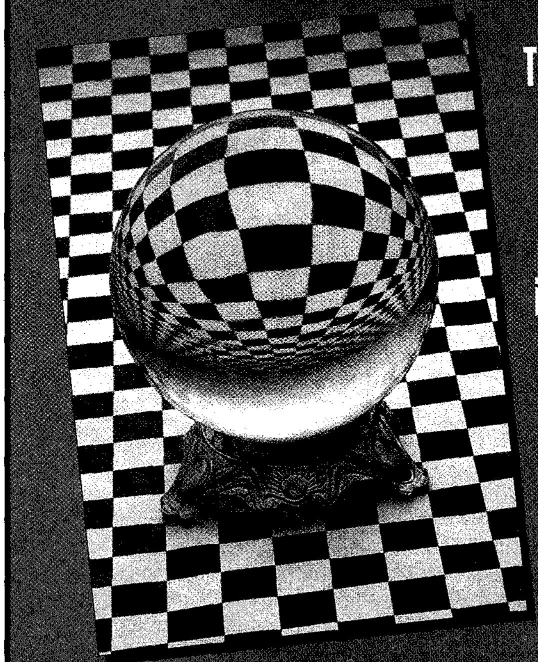
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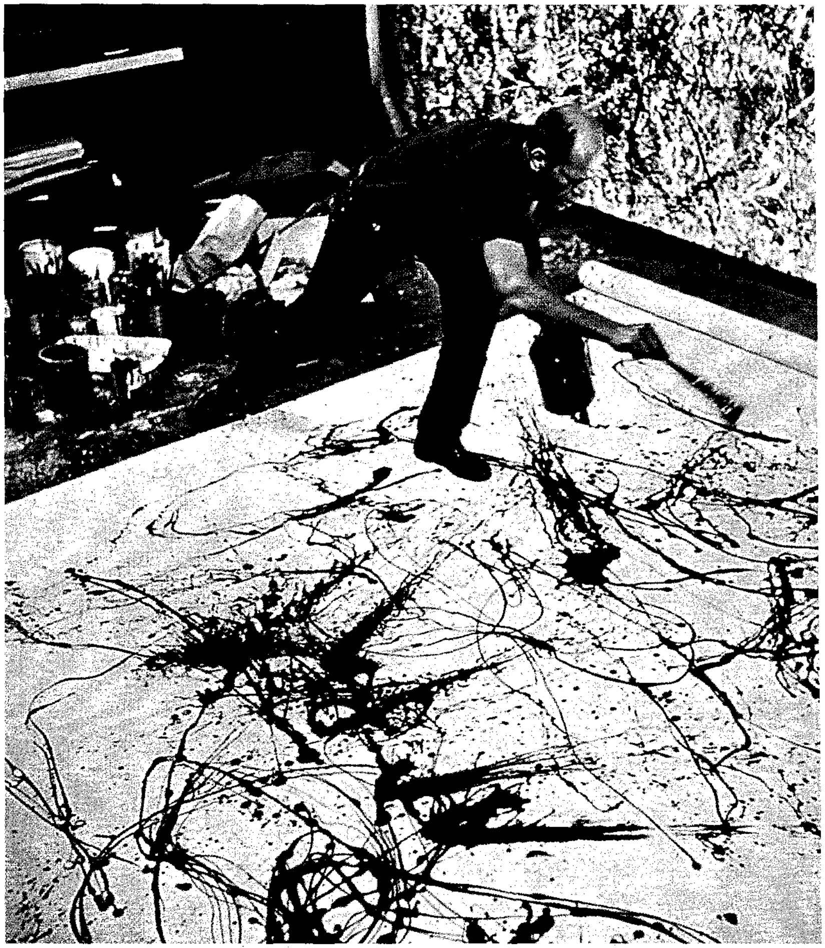
ART MARK STEVENS

Painter's Punch

The exhilarating Jackson Pollock retrospective at MoMA celebrates an artist who broke some very important windows.

THE BEST STORIES ABOUT **Jackson Pollock** are all the same. Here is de Kooning describing a party at Franz Kline's: "It was small, very warm and packed with people drinking. The windows were little panes of glass. Pollock looked at this guy and said, 'You need a little more air,' and he punched a window out with his fist. At the moment it was so delicious—so belligerent. Like children we broke all the windows. To do things like that. Terrific." Outsiders might regard "things like that" as quite unterrific—as, in fact, drunken boorishness. To Pollock's friends, however, such stories were emblematic of something important. Punching out a window became a joyful symbol of liberation in what was an often straitlaced and provincial culture. It embodied a desire to break free from all confining boundaries or frames—including the traditional window of art—and to transcend, roughly if necessary, the dreary niceties of existence. It promised to bring more than a little air into the stuffy precincts of American art.



Pollock working on *Autumn Rhythm: Number 30, 1950.*

Photograph by Hans Namuth.

The strong and stirring retrospective now at the Museum of Modern Art offers the first chance in many years to see Pollock's work in depth—and should promote fresh thought about the essential form-giver (and breaker) of the past 50 years. Organized by Kirk Varnedoe in association with Pepe Karmel, the show includes more than 150 works, among them many of the artist's best paintings. Both the exhibit and the thoughtful catalogue reflect—to some extent—the mythic aura of Pollock. You can see the famous Hans Namuth film in which Pollock demonstrates his legendary "drip" or "poured" style by laying canvas on the floor and then lacing webs of paint across the surface. You can also walk into a reproduction of Pollock's studio in the Springs, which has become a shrine of postwar modernism. (The curators do not, however, re-create the paint splatters on the most famous floor in America.) But the myth does not seem too milked. The paintings themselves are emphasized in a spare installation that gives the expansive work of this artist room to breathe. The wall panels are concise. Wherever possible, Varnedoe demonstrates that Pollock was not an inspired child or a sacred monster but instead an intelligent artist conscious of his purpose.

Still, I was unprepared for the punch of this show—for the shock of many different frames shattering in a kind of starburst. To begin with, the retrospective has an explosive rhythm that has nothing to do with either the artist's mythic stature or his contribution to art history. Pollock's art, for much of his life, is murky, inchoate, myth-choked. That is not a criticism; such work has force. But then come the brief moments of astonishing release, when he seems to break out of his personal frame. These cathartic moments appear more moving—and powerful—when viewed in the context of his congested work. The most unexpected such example comes in the early forties, when he painted a vast mural for Peggy Guggenheim. (*Mural* has not been seen by a large public, because it is owned by the University of Iowa Museum of Art.) Here, Pollock was apparently forced to work more rapidly than usual—scholars guess the mural was completed in about 24 hours—with the consequence that the picture has a muscular spontaneity that anticipates the later drip paintings. You can sense Pollock's own body in the stroking of the paint, which, more than any literal imagery, gives the picture its figurative feel.

But the greatest release, of course, comes in 1949 and 1950. The rooms in MOMA that contain these pictures offer an experience as powerful as any in modern art, one that cannot be conveyed through reproductions. Especially the juxtaposition of the Metropolitan Museum's *Autumn Rhythm: Number 30, 1950,* MOMA's *One: Number 31, 1950,* and Düsseldorf's *Number 32, 1950.* Many people believe that Pollock repeated essentially one work, the so-called all-over drip composition. That is wrong. He was an artist of great range: The mood of *Lavender Mist: Number 1, 1950* is one of radiant, almost feminine gentleness, that of the Düsseldorf picture one of spiky energy. In his best drip paintings, Pollock pushes art out into the world itself, beyond the conventional space of art. As a result, these paintings are often likened to the boundless ocean or prairie and called Whitmanesque in their reach. (Whitman's lines seem to spill out of the books.) At the same time, they create a new internal space. Pollock worked with the unconscious, but not from the outside looking in. He could embody what the Surrealists merely depicted. Pollock spoke of being "in" a painting, of the image having a life of its own, of working like Indian sand painters. His approach did not seem just another Surrealist game. His style brilliantly captured the fluid moment of inspiration that every imaginative person seeks—when the senses work melodiously together, and thought and feeling become seamless.

What surprised me was the poise in the pictures. They are often presented as impulsive, headlong, messy. But the strongest are also startlingly clear. They move, and are still. They are full of incident, and are one. They are boundless and shapely. You could not call them either Dionysian or Apollonian: They are both. In short, Pollock can do that rarest thing, which is to harmonize contraries without loss of energy or tension. That gives the work from 1949 and 1950, in particular, its note of fearless euphoria. (There is certainly none of the deranged disorder implied by *Time* magazine's characterization of Pollock as "Jack the Dripper.") Unfortunately, these great harmonies do not last long. The decline in Pollock's work after 1950 is precipitous. He seems to blaze out—to become a dead star. *Blue Poles: Number 11, 1952* is an exception. But it still looks leaden when compared with the work that came before.

Pollock crossed one other significant boundary. With his drip paintings, modern art broke into mainstream American culture. In the forties, fashionable taste—not just serious taste—took an interest in Pollock. In 1949, *Life* magazine, the bible of Main Street America, published a piece about him entitled "Is He the Greatest Living Painter in the United States?" It showed the artist standing in front of one of his drip paintings. A cigarette hangs from his lip. He looks like a brooding French existentialist smoking a Gauloise. A noble outsider. (It was not a long step from here to James Dean.) The photograph announced—as nothing else could—that an avant-garde artist could become a romantic, titillating figure in American society. Together with Namuth's film and photographs, the picture helped transform artists into performers. This probably disturbed Pollock himself. He was not an ironist. He believed in the difference between contrived and authentic feeling. Some critics think the publicity in the fifties actually started him drinking again—leading to the weakening of his art and eventually to the ending of his life. In some eyes, he became an early martyr to the culture of celebrity.

After Pollock, the space around art changed. No serious artist could easily avoid the distorting pressure of pop culture. Perhaps "the authentic" was, after all, just a performance. Although Pollock and Andy Warhol had almost nothing in common, Warhol followed naturally upon the idea of Pollock performing Pollock—he is the curtain call to Abstract Expressionism. Not surprisingly, many young artists of that era, such as Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, made a protective virtue of irony. Others tried to transform themselves into an emblematic kind of star—becoming peculiar creatures like Warhol or Joseph Beuys whose most interesting work was the performance, not the picture, and who hoped to challenge, expose, and reflect the social character of their societies. Still others fell prey to the sort of ballooning grandiosity that characterizes much late-twentieth-century art. Even artists with no interest in celebrity faced a significant problem. A painter after Pollock had to make a conscious decision to use the easel and the brush, to take pains with craft, to retain the frame of tradition. That sapped confidence: Art is difficult enough without having to always consider first principles. Not surprisingly, painting became painfully self-conscious and theoretical. One of the sentimental faiths of our time is that Pollock created a great tradition. Perhaps so. But a great artist can also mark the ending of a tradition. Pollock punched out—beautifully—some important windows. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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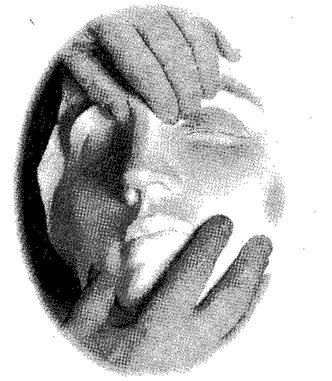

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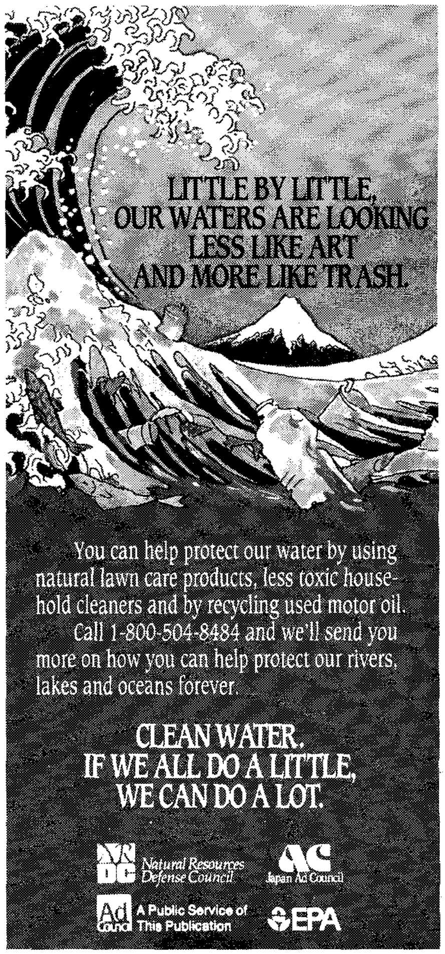

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Heart Trouble

One of the nation's premier classical companies may have left something important in San Francisco; confrontationalist choreographer Bill T. Jones changes course.

AMONG AMERICA'S CLASSICAL-DANCE COMPANIES, the **San Francisco Ballet,** directed by Helgi Tomasson, is surpassed today only by our longtime preeminent institutions, American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet. Why, then, did the Californians' recent week at the City Center make me feel so discouraged?

First, there was the issue of repertory. Of the dozen or so ballets (plus myriad excerpted numbers on the opening night's meet-the-company program) that I saw, only two were exhilaratingly performed. And these were established crowd-pleasers with meager claim to the subtle riches of high art: Flemming Flindt's macabre *The Lesson* and Harald Lander's *Études,* a virtuoso arrangement of classroom material. The latter was delivered, for once, with thoroughgoing skill and an admirable lightness of tone. Meanwhile, however, a major ballet, Balanchine's *Agon,* which requires from its dancers the uninflected self-possession of angels, was executed as if it were some sort of offbeat entertainment to be "sold" to the audience. Tomasson's own choreography, remarkable early on for its musicality and graceful ingenuity, has become merely serviceable, a fatal quality if ever there was one.

The San Francisco Ballet's Stephen Legate and Lucia Lacarra in *Agon.*

The SFB repertory as a whole is the something-for-everyone affair—dismayingly common today—that precludes a company's offering a distinct artistic statement. The dancers, in turn, shunted from one style to another, have developed an all-purpose one, which blurs their delivery. If they possess individual personality and imagination, these essential aspects of the performing artist are not being adequately cultivated. SFB's dancers dutifully simulate the atmosphere required by their roles—vivacity, menace, romance—but lack either force of belief or force of projection. I don't blame the dancers; I blame the people directing them, whose values have been skewed, perhaps inevitably, by the emphasis now prevalent in our culture on technical skill (as opposed to feeling), broad popularity, and the almighty dollar.

Getting to know individual dancers was, as always, tantalizing. Lucia Lacarra, a newcomer to the company via Spain and France, attracted the most attention. Like Alessandra Ferri and Carla Fracci before her, she's a throwback to the Romantic age—an anomaly and an anachronism. Built like a sprite—small, uncannily slim, bird-boned—she appeared to best advantage in the *Swan Lake* Act Two pas de deux, which she danced with exaggerated fluidity and calculated soulfulness. Though the performance was far from spontaneous, it was certainly impressive, resonating with Lacarra's grand sense of herself as a ballerina. She's surprisingly strong, given her delicate figure, and would seem equal to the athletic challenges of *Agon.* Like all but one of her colleagues, though, she misunderstood the nature of this ballet, which is ruined by conscious "interpretation." Lacarra has considerable dramatic instinct—though it's more about herself than about specific roles—and might well have been effective as the Novice in Robbins's *The Cage,* but, again like her fellow cast members, she danced it paint-by-numbers-style, long on eccentricity and short on pathos. SFB may want or need Lacarra to be versatile, but her most natural territory is obviously the haunted woodlands of *Giselle* and the two *Sylphides—La* and *Les.*

I admired Katita Waldo, for her vibrant charm and chic, and Christopher Stowell, for his purity of style and frank manner. Stowell was the only one who got *Agon* right; in the second male role, he was vigorous, clear without calculation, and blessedly unassuming—delivering this astonishing choreography as if it had come fresh from Balanchine's hands. Gonzalo Garcia, lurking in the back of the ensemble (but surely not for long), is notable for the

(continued on page 70)

Photograph by Lloyd Englert.

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Uncivil Wars

'Mama Flora's Family' and 'A Soldier's Sweetheart'—two peculiarly American war epics separated by a century—insist that family (alive and dead) matters.

FROM THE GRAVE, ALEX HALEY GOES ON DIGGING up the roots he's down among. **Mama Flora's Family** (Sunday and Tuesday, November 8 and 10; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), a mini-series adaptation of the novel David Stevens finished for Haley after his death in 1992—which novel itself originated in conversations Haley had with executive producers Jon Avnet and Jordan Kerner—picks up roughly where *Roots* left off. Cicely Tyson's Mama Flora is five years older than the century, with all the symbolic baggage of her long passage from a Mississippi girlhood in the cotton fields to a matriarchal dotage in small-town Tennessee. At a party on her 75th birthday, when she isn't flashing back like a Dos Passos newsreel to bygone days when she was played by Erika Alexander, Mama will thank the Lord Jesus for everything she's managed to do on her own and blame herself for His indifference to the rest of it.

But it wasn't Flora's fault that she was seduced at age 17 by Lincoln Fleming (Mario Van Peebles), the high-yellow horseback-riding son of the local plantation owner. Nor that her own mother (Carol Mitchell Leon) turned over the child of this seduction, little Luke, to the Flemings to be raised in so much plutocratic privilege that he becomes a lawyer in Atlanta (also Mario Van Peebles), while Flora was dismissed from Mississippi service into Tennessee exile, where she'd marry noble yeoman Booker T. Palmer (David Ramsey). Nor that Booker would be shot dead by a white farmer, leaving Flora with little Willie, after which her sister also died, leaving her with little Ruthana, one of them growing up to be Blair Underwood, an angry war-hero janitor with a gambling habit in Chicago, and the other to be Crystal Fox, a New York social worker. Nor that Willie's long-suffering wife (Tanya Wright) dies, leaving him to raise three more children—one of whom grows up to be Hill Harper, a drug dealer; another to be Jerry Brant, a jazz pianist; and the third to be Queen Latifah, a Black Panther.

So many of these people get into so much legal trouble that Big Luke is forever flying in from Atlanta to fix things up—even though he is resented by Big Willie for his uptight attitude, his pricey education, and his fancy threads, and even though he is equally resentful of his long-lost mother for having abandoned him back when. This class tension between half-brothers is one of the three best things about *Mama Flora's Family.* (That Van Peebles, so various and funky in his single TV season as Sonny Spoon, should've been cast as anal-retentive Luke is a pleasant surprise; that Underwood, who's already done time as a buppie lawyer in *L.A. Law,* should downwardly mobilize unto Willie is even more remarkable, and wait until you see him in his bright-orange double-breasted pimp suit!) The second best thing is an excess of African-American acting talent so prodigal it can afford to waste Della Reese and Tommy Hollis in bit parts. The third best thing is Queen Latifah, who, with an indignant Afro and righteous shades, steals the mini-series.

Beyond *Roots*: Melvin Van Peebles, Cicely Tyson, Queen Latifah, and Blair Underwood in *Flora*.

The disappointment is Cicely Tyson, and like everything else that happens to Mama Flora, it's not really her fault. But Tyson has played this part—the ancestral wise woman, the embodiment of the endurance and the memory of the race—at least once too often, as if she had a patent. You can't help comparing her Mama Flora in 1998 to her Miss Jane Pittman in 1974, especially since she is asked here to seek a cup of coffee at the whites-only lunch counter, as she was asked in the *Autobiography* to sip some water from a whites-only drinking fountain. What is probably meant as homage seems instead self-parody. We have only to see Beah Richards as Baby Suggs in the movie version of *Beloved* to understand how many more dimensions there are to the role. Director Peter Werner (*Almost Golden: The Jessica Savitch Story*) could also have picked up some tips from Jonathan Demme on how to handle flashbacks.

Which leads me to this distemper: Stanley Crouch, who didn't like Toni Morrison's novel in the *Village Voice* in 1987, also didn't like Demme's movie in these pages on October 26. If you haven't read the novel—Greek myth, Biblical curse, African drums, repressed

Photograph by Tony Esparza.

memory, gothic horror, lyric astonishment, and everything American literature didn't want to know about slavery, history, mothers, and ghosts—all you've missed is a masterpiece. If you haven't seen the worthy film, well then, you'll be shamefully untroubled by a Beloved who would otherwise follow you home from the theater and into your complicit sleep.

TELEVISION

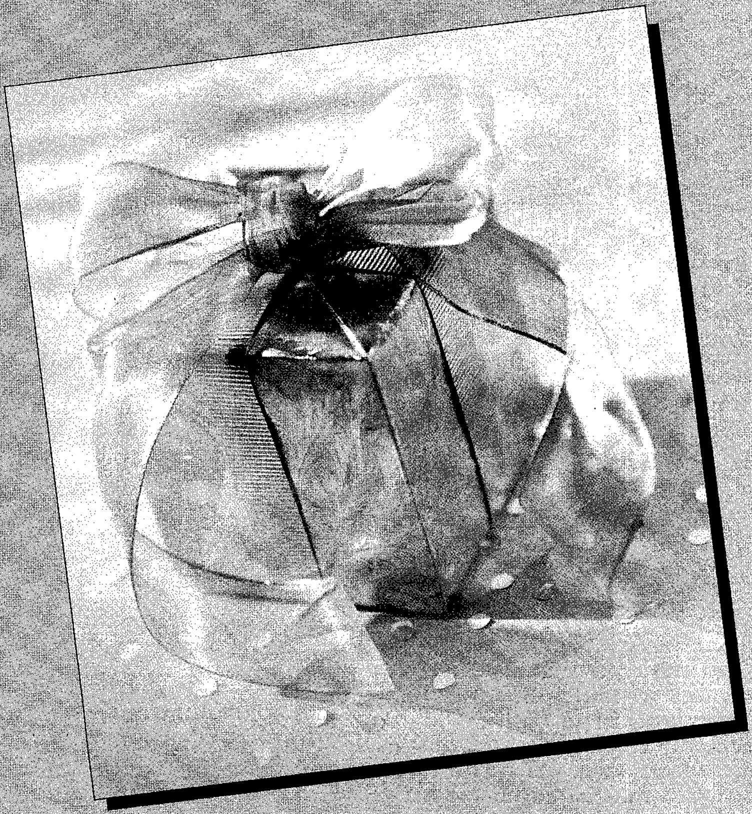
IF ONLY THEY DIDN'T TALK SO MUCH, **A Soldier's Sweetheart** (Sunday, November 8; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) would have been terrific. Adapted by director Thomas Michael Donnelly from a short story by Tim O'Brien, the TV movie sets us down, in 1967, among American medics in the central highlands of Vietnam, right next door to the ARVN on one side and the Green Berets on the other. To this compound, by whirlybird and miracle, Skeet Ulrich manages to import his stateside high-school girlfriend, Georgina Cates. All teen sex and Pep Club perk, she sets up housekeeping in their hooch. You would think Skeet's bunkmates—Kiefer Sutherland, Daniel London, Louis Vanaria, Larry Gillard Jr.—would be jealous, and they are. But they are also invested, as if she were a hedge fund or pyramid scheme. She's what they left behind, what they're supposed to be fighting for, who they used to be. And she will become what's happened to them.

See her get interested in trip flares and sappers, swim in the Song Tra Bong, and sing to a Claymore mine. Wander with her to the ARVN precinct, and come back with recipes for fish and rice. Watch her watch the Berets, a "Mean Green Killing Machine," as they leave on night patrol like painted Apache warriors and return at dawn like bad-trip drug hallucinations. Abide with her in the shadow of a medevac, in the blood of the wounded, in the makeshift MASH unit, a China Beach where McMurphy goes feral. Learn with her to love the jungle and shoot a gun. It's as if one of the American heroines of Henry James had gone to a Robert Stone novel instead of Europe. She will be—well, transfigured is not the word; metastasized, maybe.

Like Beloved, she becomes a ghost. Except that the mystery of her phantasmal passing is overexplained, not only by the worried Skeet—who in real life is actually married to the real Georgina—but especially by a know-it-all Kiefer, who spells out his Lord Jim heebie-jeebies as if we hadn't a brain in our bug-eyed heads: "Vietnam made her glow in the dark," etc. I don't want to discourage anyone from tuning in to something so ambitious. I just wish television would trust us more and tell us less. ■

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

WRAP UP A PERFECT YEAR.



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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Born-Again Christian

Stepping into Gray Kunz's four-star shoes at Lespinasse, chef Christian Delouvrier discovers depths he never knew he had.

WE ARE TÊTE À TÊTE AT A TABLE FOR TWO at Lespinasse in the St. Regis. "Isn't this sort of place passé?" my guest asks. "Why are we here? This fancy fake room that feels like your rich mother-in-law's Park Avenue apartment. This old-fashioned fancy food."

And quite frankly, I almost agree. Lespinasse is not my idea of fun, although it still strikes me as ideal for a noontime flirtation, especially with those posh hotel rooms so handy. Clearly New Yorkers have lost their starch at dinner. We are increasingly addicted to casual dress, feeling cosmically cool in our Gap tees under Armani. "Do I have to wear a tie?" the reformed New York man moans. We lurch toward the latest scene, whether welcome or not, seeking the press of young bodies to keep the hormones flowing and attest to our unwithered with-it-ness. Still I believe there will always be enough suburbanites craving luxury and decorum, young'uns hoping to impress the folks, St. Regis guests too tired or too timid to venture out into Manhattan's rumored mean streets. And who knows, maybe even you and I will find ourselves longing again for discreet space between tables and glorious rococo-on-the-plate.

Giant steps: Small changes in the décor at Lespinasse don't compare to the turn in Delouvrier's cooking.

There is good news for all these contrarians. The challenge of stepping into the spotlight on the heels of departed master chef Gray Kunz has jolted Christian Delouvrier out of his snooze at Les Célébrités in the Essex House. Less than four months after settling into Lespinasse's fabled $2 million kitchen—and after a short but inspirational taste tour of France—Delouvrier is already hitting new highs. Audacious invention. Provocative flavor. Not what I expected at all.

Anticipating a reprise of his sometimes listless Les Célébrités classics, I wasn't exactly racing to get to Lespinasse, but when a friend and fervent Delouvrier fan invites me to join his entourage for dinner, I realize I am curious. I scarcely need a sip of my host's extravagant Roederer Cristal to prime my taste buds. One taste of the chef's jewel-like amuse-bouche and I hear bells ringing, set off by the smart tomato tang wreathing tenderest tendrils of Osetra-topped lobster claw nested on voluptuous avocado. Quickly I sense the surprise at our table as we share and pass, tasting the lush complexity in my butternut-squash soup with chunks of duck breast, Brussels-sprout leaves, and crusty foie gras. I find myself marveling at the layered perfumes of a jumbo sea scallop wearing a sesame-tuile chapeau, afloat in a curry-scented puddle—the acidy touch of tomato confit makes all the difference.

Even the refreshened room I've always hated for being so French and so namby-pamby—when it ought to be robber-baron American—seems pleasantly mellowed. The rare privilege of private conversation is not to be sneered at. And there are more flowers. (Am I a bitch to report that they seem less exuberant?) As for the new paintings that the chef himself proudly points out, I shall say only what I said to him: a diplomatic "No comment."

A cynic might say all of us are being snookered by the kitchen's wanton profligacy with truffle and foie gras. Indeed, the sternest critic can be jollied into unseemly surrender given a hurricane of truffle flutters. I hope not me, because we are seeing black spots before our eyes everywhere: In the truffle-and-celery-root salad with venison carpaccio. In the sauce of sensational baby pig on a stubble of cassoulet beans. Truffles are the earthy accent in the marvelous lobster risotto with favas and in delicate wonton-wrapped ravioli of celery root and black truffle rolled in butter. Mixed with Banyuls wine vinegar, flowery olive oil, and especially tangy pea-size tomatoes, truffles exalt the vegetable ragout. In a soupy porridge of risotto infused with cèpes from the vegetarian tasting menu, these elusive nubbins of sacred dirt are a triple threat—white-truffle butter, white-truffle oil, and shavings of the potent fungus itself. But why not? How else to justify the $135 tasting dinner, a $70 tasting lunch, à la carte appetizers $22 to $35, entrées up to $46. Wall Street titans still in denial may actually find comfort in such extravagance. Compulsive pinchpennies like me will be grateful to the very sympa-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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thetic sommelier who makes a $60 Bordeaux seem like a bargain (as I guess it is in this pricey cellar).

And if you're rich enough you won't make a fuss when the captain says you may have the seafood palette, normally for two, for one, and then by mistake (perhaps) charges you $56, the listed price for two. Granted, this sampler of fluke sashimi, bay-scallop seviche, smoked salmon, giant roasted prawns, caviar-topped oysters, and tuna tartare—all on a grand silver presentation platter—looks fit for a pooh-bah. But $16 desserts are obscene, a call to the barricades, especially these desserts—most of them neither architectural masterpieces (good for a laugh) or deeply satisfying. Too many are insipid mousses or custardy fluff, though the chocolate soufflé is top-drawer. The irresistible mignardises (don't miss the passion-fruit gels) plus chocolates in a little straw suitcase distract for a moment from the blow of the check.

Although Delouvrier has brought along his familiars, including Pierre Tagournet in the dining room, there are still mishaps. At times the chef's sauces are excessively salty. The spaces between courses can stretch into the night. Health-focused eaters may feel sabotaged when even the steamed bass comes swimming in butter and the accompanying string-bean-caviar salad is booby-trapped with cream. Clearly, this native of Toulouse expresses himself best with meat. I urge you to brave the baby pig with cassoulet he has so carefully sauced to keep it from getting too rustically porky, or lamb rack and saddle boldly touched with Chartreuse and coffee. The rack of veal is a gargantuan chunk, wondrously moist, with cèpes and pistachio-studded sweetbreads. In an echo of the classic style of serving pressed duck in two courses, he sends out venison two ways—sensational carpaccio and lusciously rare chops, served rather awkwardly on side-by-side dinner plates.

Granted, Christian Delouvrier is no Gray Kunz, as he himself will tell you with winning candor. I say that in a whisper, just so that serious food lovers won't be mortgaging the homestead for a meal here with unrealistic expectations. But that should not subtract one iota from Delouvrier's emerging triumph. He's cooking at the top of his form now, surprising even himself. "I'm so happy at what I'm doing," he says, "that it makes me a little bit nervous."

Lespinasse at the St. Regis, 2 East 55th Street (339-6719). Tuesday through Saturday, breakfast from 7 to 10:30 A.M., lunch from 12:30 to 2 P.M., dinner from 5:30 to 10:30 P.M. Closed Sunday and Monday. A.E., C.B., M.C., V. ▬

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Tobias *continued from page 66*

unfailing harmony of his dancing and a *poète maudit* look that promises much. I think I was supposed to like Joanna Berman, who can do just about everything neatly and sweetly, but I didn't.

A CHARISMATIC PERFORMER AND AN IMAGINATIVE choreographer, Bill T. Jones has earned himself the reputation of salutary troublemaker. Aggressive, colorful confrontation is his signature style. In his theatrical presentations, in his own (occasionally improvised) performances, and in talking to the press or the public, he regularly steps way beyond the boundaries of civil discourse. The impulse to outrageousness, seemingly central to his temperament and personal history, has largely been harnessed to fight against our society's marginalization or flagrant oppression of its minority groups, especially those to which Jones belongs, being black, gay, and HIV-positive.

The trouble with acting out and acting up—which Jones has done in blockbuster works such as *Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin/The Promised Land* and *Still/Here*—is that once you've reached a certain extreme, there's no way to push further. If you operate by pulling out all the stops, eventually you risk failing to seize your audience's attention. Jones, a master of theatrical manipulation, cleverly chose to execute an about-face with his latest production. **We Set Out Early . . . Visibility Was Poor**, shown at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in early October, is nearly abstract.

The three sections of this 75-minute work are set to music by Stravinsky (*L'Histoire du Soldat*), John Cage (*Empty Words, Sonata for Prepared Piano*, and *Music for Marcel Duchamp*), and Peteris Vasks (the 1991 *Stimmen*), apparently to parallel the journey through the twentieth century that Jones—in interviews—invites you to see as the subtext of the choreography. Without benefit of this prompting, you see simply a series of exquisite moving pictures, enhanced by the eloquence of Robert Wierzel's lighting. These shifting images, coalescing into enigmatic vignettes, are deftly calibrated and ravishingly executed by Jones's team of dancers (who create a deeply human world of their own). The viewer may well be content just to look and look, allowing his body to respond to the bodies onstage, without needing to connect the onstage action to a narration or theme—or to be harangued. *We Set Out Early . . .* reminds me of the 1989 *D-Man in the Waters*, a simpler, shorter piece that remains my favorite Jones work. Here, too, story and message are confined to the realm of suggestion, while dancing to music is trusted to carry the day. ▬

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Rock-and-roll shape-shifter PJ Harvey plays her first New York gig in four years (page 100)

(Polly) Jean Genie

movies

A Place Called Chiapas...Velvet Goldmine

New Films

All the Rage—A satirical look at one gay man's pursuit of physical, sexual, and romantic perfection. Directed by Roland Tec. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

American History X—One brother leads another into the dirty world of white supremicism and then tries to turn back. Starring Edward Norton and Edward Furlong. Directed by Tony Kaye. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Antz**—This animated feature, with its deadpan witticisms, its heart-stopping shifts of perspective, is completely entertaining, a kids' movie that will leave grown-ups quoting the best lines to one another. It is a terrific joke about scale. Z (Woody Allen), who calls himself "the middle child in a family of 5 million," natters on to his shrink about depersonalization, and winds up the unwitting leader of a rebellion against a fascist society. (Denby; 10/12/98) (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Apt Pupil—A high-school student discovers a Nazi war criminal in his town and begins to blackmail the man. Starring Brad Renfro and Ian McKellen. Directed by Bryan Singer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Continental; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Belly—Childhood friends take very different paths and attempt to maintain a friendship. Starring Nas and DMX. Directed by Hype Williams. (About 2 hrs.; R) *New Coliseum; Nova; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex.*

Beloved—It has always been possible to make a good movie from a bad book, which is not what happened with *Beloved* but could have. Since Oprah Winfrey is never less than a sequoia of humanity, since Danny Glover is capable of whatever might be asked of him, and since Thandie Newton gives an astonishing performance, a good script and the right director might have triumphed over Toni Morrison's gothic merging of tanning-salon Holocaust tale, self-help homilies, and *The Exorcist.* But everything that takes place in this film exists so that by the end Sethe (Winfrey) can be saved from the ghost of her dead daughter by a vision of Negro female solidarity—all blown up into a three-hour, New Age revelation message. (Crouch; 10/26/98) (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

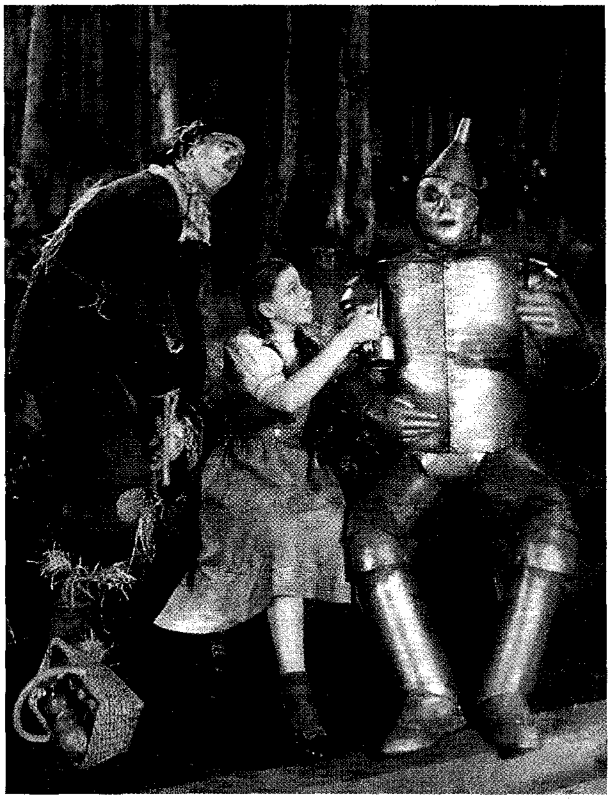
The Big Chill—The almost-classic story from 1983 of former college friends reuniting at a funeral is revived. Starring Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Mary Kay Place, Meg Tilly, and JoBeth Williams. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens November 6.*

Bride of Chucky—The killer doll returns for his fourth go-round, and this time he takes a wife. Starring Jennifer Tilly, John Ritter, and Alexis Arquette. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Revival

Toto in Toto

It's been more than 25 years since Toto and Dorothy last appeared in theaters, and that means the Oz-going experience of an entire generation has been confined to the television screen. Happily, almost 60 years after its debut, *The Wizard of Oz* returns with a newly digitized print and remastered soundtrack. Fans will note that the faded sepia-toned Kansas scenes that begin and end the film were restored to their full glory, too. Catch the classic the way it was supposed to be seen—sans commercials—beginning November 6.



Photograph ©1998 Turner Films/Warner Brothers Pictures.

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Clay Pigeons—A gas-station attendant gets caught up in a number of murders through no fault of his own. Starring Joaquin Phoenix, Vince Vaughn, Georgina Cates, and Janeane Garofalo. Written and directed by David Dobkin. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Waverly.*

Crossing Fields—A woman is forced to examine the issues of adultery, betrayal, love, and sex in her small town. Starring Reedy Gibbs, Meadow Sisto, and J. K. Simmons. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Thalia Theater.*

The Cruise—Timothy "Speed" Levitch is a shambling, homeless, scraggly-haired motormouth who conducts his own free-form New York City Gray Line bus tours. In this documentary, we get a full dose of Levitch's nutty spritzes. He can be amusing and he can be helpful, but Levitch, about whom we learn very little, is a whirling dervish in pain, and the camera's steady, unblinking gaze does him no favors. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

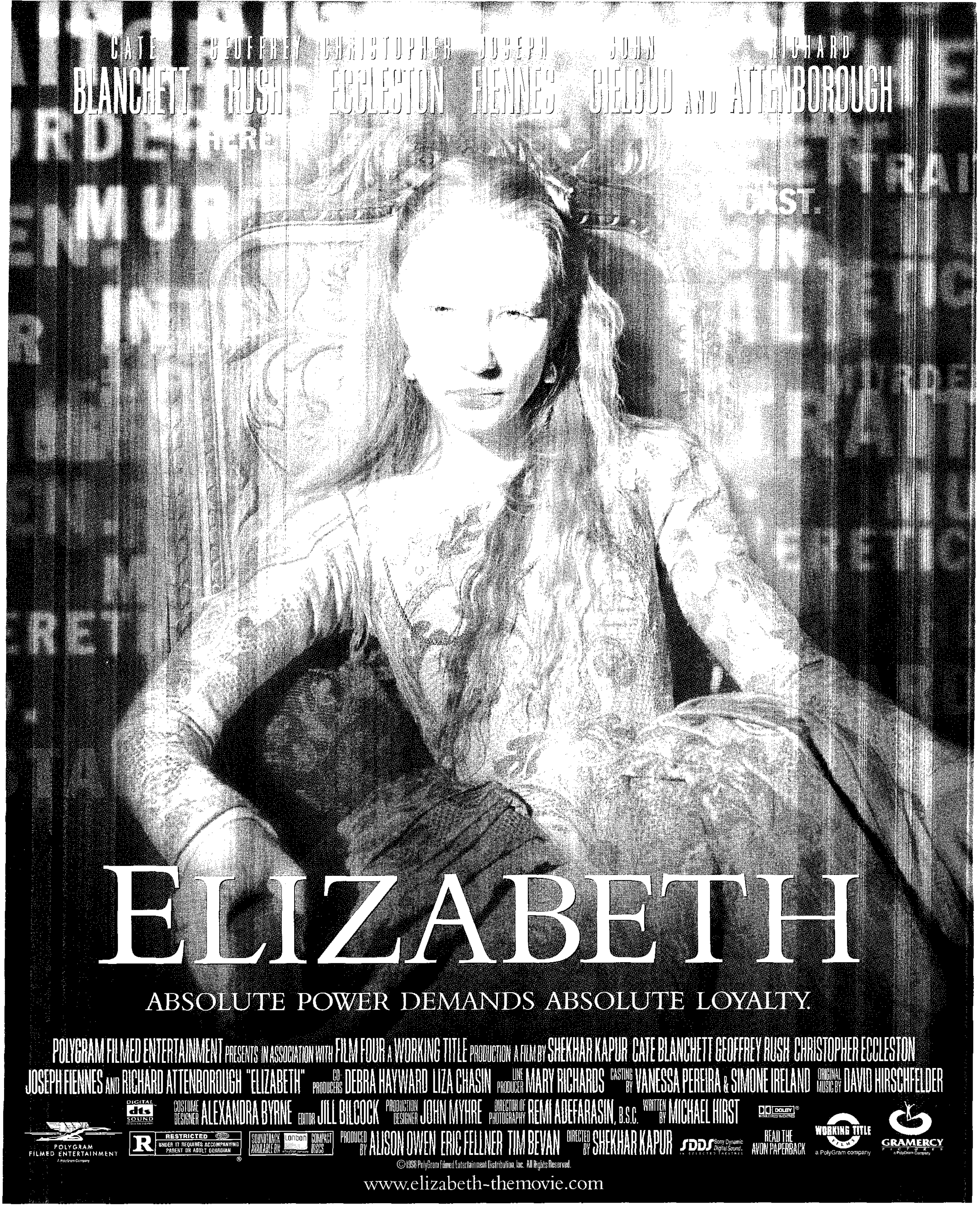
Destiny—The story of the philosopher Averroes's struggle with Islamic fundamentalism. Starring Nour El Cherif, Laila Eloui, and Mahmoud Hemeida. Written and directed by Youssef Chahine. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Elizabeth—The biopic of Princess Elizabeth Tudor, the half-sister of Queen Mary I who is crowned Queen of England at the age of 25. Starring Cate Blanchett, Geoffrey Rush, Christopher Eccleston, Joseph Fiennes, and Richard Attenborough. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Opens November 6.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success. The other sister, Trish, played by Cynthia Stevenson, lives as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Cen-*

"Cue" cover photograph by Marina Chavez/Outline.



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ter; 19th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

The Impostors—Two Depression-era actors in search of the perfect roles offend a leading stage actor and end up hiding on a ship of fools. Starring Stanley Tucci, Oliver Platt, Tony Shalhoub, and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by Tucci. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

The Inheritors—An Austrian town is outraged when a farmer upsets the social order by bequeathing his estate to the seven peasants that farmed it. Directed by Stefan Ruzowitzky. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

John Carpenter's Vampires—James Woods is a vampire-slayer in New Mexico. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth—A documentary about the life of comedian Lenny Bruce. Narrated by Robert De Niro. Written and directed by Robert B. Weide. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Living Out Loud—A recently divorced woman finds her place in the world through a series of surprising new relationships. Starring Holly Hunter, Queen Latifah, and Danny DeVito. Written and directed by Richard Lagravenese. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; 72nd St. East.*

Lolita—What we see here is not a sui generis erotic comedy about a very specialized kind of obsession but a recognizable descendant of European films in which a poor sap (Jeremy Irons) falls into all-encompassing love and is tormented by an unreachable bitch (Dominique Swain). Humbert Humbert is no longer an ironic hero but a very earnest man who loves too much. The joke has vanished. (Denby; 10/12/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love Is the Devil—Derek Jacobi is painter Francis Bacon in this dramatic account of Bacon's obsession with his work and his boyfriend George Dyer (played by Daniel Craig). Written and directed by John Maybury. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

The Mighty—Two young outcasts befriend each other and weather adolescence together. With Sharon Stone, Kieran Culkin, Elden Henson, Gillian Anderson, Gena Rowlands, Harry Dean Stanton, and Meat Loaf. Directed by Peter Chelsom. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Crown Gotham; 62nd and Broadway.*

A Night at the Roxbury—Based on the *Saturday Night Live* skit featuring the two nightclub losers who hit on women with spectacularly unsuccessful results. (1 hr. 23 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Embassy 2-3; Marboro; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

One True Thing—Ellen (Renée Zellweger) is a *New York* Magazine reporter who goes home for a visit and is greeted by her mother (Meryl Streep) in ribboned pigtails. Ellen has always rejected her way of life, admiring instead her father (William Hurt), an allegedly great college teacher. When the father insists that Ellen bag her career and look after her mother, who is seriously ill with cancer, Ellen comes to realize that she has misjudged them both. (Denby; 9/28/98) (2 hrs.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★The Opposite of Sex—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments. Running away from home, Dedee (Christina Ricci) moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother and seduces Bill's live-in lover (Ivan Sergei). When the two escape from his house in Indiana they are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia (Lisa Kudrow). Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Orgazmo—A pious but hunky Mormon is ensnared in the world of pornography. Starring Trey Parker and Matt Stone. (1 hr. 35 mins. R) *Village East; Sutton; Alpine; Cinemart.*

Pecker—A Baltimore boy who takes snapshots with a thrift-store camera suddenly becomes the celebrity of New York's art world. Starring Edward Furlong, Christina Ricci, Martha Plimpton, Brendan Sexton III, Lili Taylor, and Mary Kay Place. Written and directed by John Waters. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Regency.*

A Place Called Chiapas—A documentary of the Zapatista revolution and its leaders. Directed by Nettie Wild. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Pleasantville—Two nineties teenagers from a broken suburban home are magically zapped by a television repairman (Don Knotts) into the black-and-white world of a fifties television sitcom called *Pleasantville.* David (Tobey Maguire) knows every bit of trivia about the show; his twin sister, Jennifer (Reese Witherspoon), is hooked on the here and now. What David and Jennifer discover in moving about the town of Pleasantville is that the ideal is not so ideal after all. Their sitcom parents, George (William H. Macy) and Betty (Joan Allen), are like Ozzie and Harriet with extra treacle. The high-school basketball star, Skip (Paul Walker), is strictly golly-gee. The citizens aren't hollow, exactly; they're more like empty vessels waiting to receive the light. So they learn that life is not always pleasant, and the realization humanizes them. Amen. This is a prime piece of showbiz sentimentalism: It says that life isn't like Hollywood, yet its frame of reference is almost entirely Hollywood pap. It flatters itself that the peachy-keen sitcoms we sat through as kids—or that our kids sit through in cable-TV reruns—remain defining moments. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Practical Magic—Sandra Bullock and Nicole Kidman are two sisters whose aunts (Dianne Wiest and Stockard Channing) happen to be witches. With Aidan Quinn. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Ronin—John Frankenheimer's comeback film is devoted to the panache of tough-looking men who chase one another in fast cars and then retire to cafés, where they sit around smoking. That's really all the movie is about: action flourishes and stoical gestures. Many of us enjoy this sort of thing, and *Ronin* is fun for a while. From America, there's Robert De Niro; from France, Jean Reno. Stellan Skarsgård represents the Eastern-bloc countries, and there's a willful Irish girl, Natascha McElhone. Frankenheimer can be congratulated, I suppose, for not using computer-generated special effects, but his professionalism has a weary, cynical, and retro feel to it. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinema City; Continental; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★Rush Hour—A well-produced confection designed for quick payoff in the big cities, but it's pretty consistently funny. Jackie Chan is a cop from Hong Kong, Chris Tucker a popinjay on the LAPD. Each man has his own tricky, stylized movement, and each teaches the other how to move his way. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Village East;*

Opening

Costume Drama

In Todd Haynes's thinly veiled David Bowie biopic—the visually arresting 'Velvet Goldmine'—Jonathan Rhys Meyers (above, with Toni Collette) is a superstar glam-rocker who hits bottom with the help of a drug-addicted, tarted-up, bisexual American performer (Ewan McGregor). Starts November 6.

Photograph by Peter Mountain/Miramax Films.

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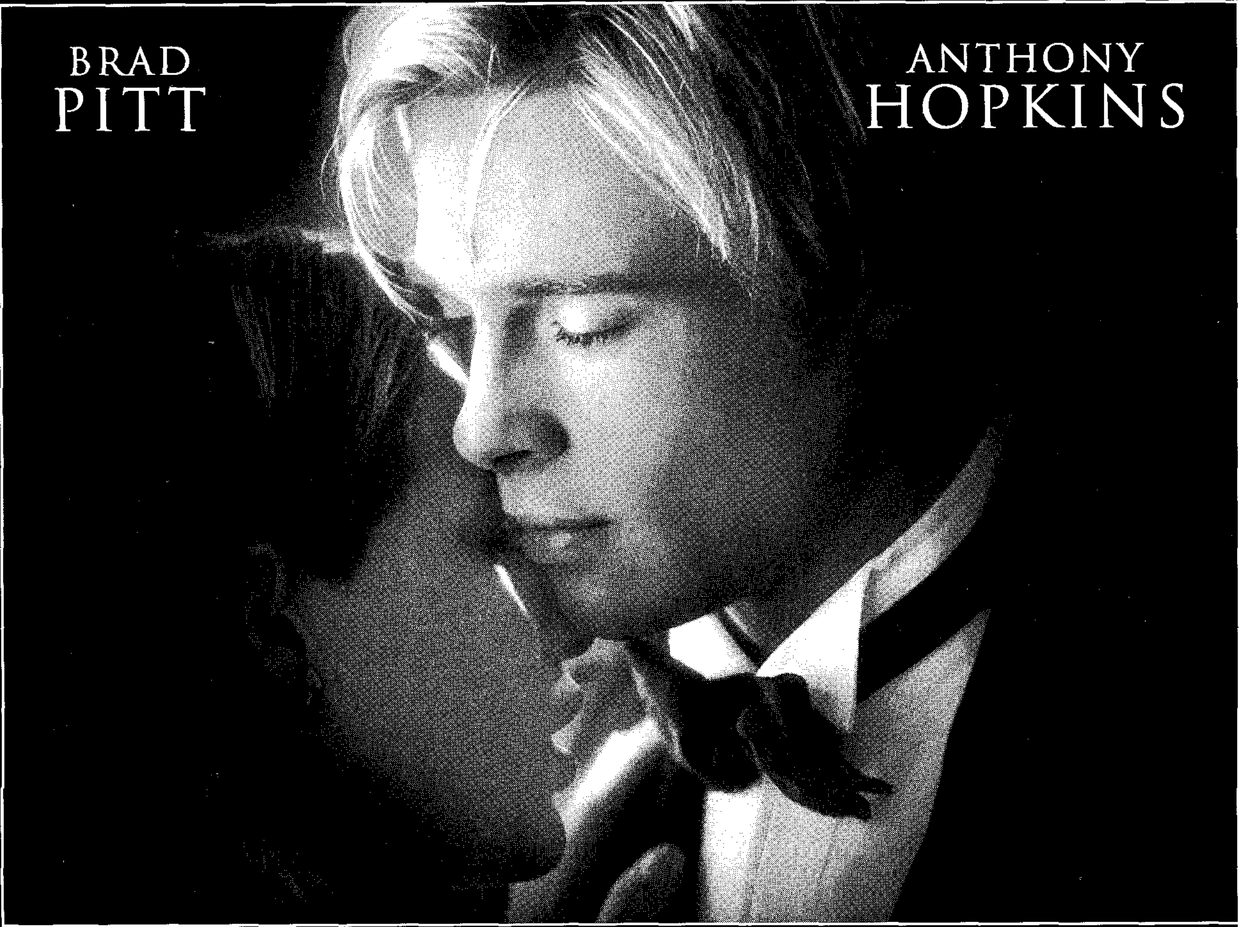

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OPENS NATIONWIDE ON NOVEMBER 13TH

Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.

★**Saving Private Ryan**—This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two key battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When at last Ryan (Matt Damon) is found, he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Waverly; 59th Street East; Embassy 1.*

The Siege—Denzel Washington is an FBI agent searching for a group of militant Islamic terrorists bent on destroying New York City. With Tony Shalhoub, Annette Bening, and Bruce Willis. Directed by Edward Zwick. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens November 6.*

Slam—A young man discovers the inspiration of spoken-word poetry. With Saul Williams and Sandra Sohn. Directed by Mark Levin. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Soldier—Kurt Russell is an aging soldier who must fight a new, ruthless generation to preserve his way of life. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries—I would pan this if only there were something on the screen to pan. The daughter in question, Channe (Leelee Sobieski), grows up in Paris in the sixties, the offspring of a James Jones–like expatriate writer. Channe endures no more than the routine trials of a teenager's life and is very well loved by her sexy, all-wise dad (Kris Kristofferson) and her smothering, bohemian mom (Barbara Hershey). This is a wan, shapeless, and amazingly conventional piece of work. (Denby; 10/5/98) (2 hrs. ; R) *Sutton.*

Talk of Angels—An Irish governess takes a post in Spain and alters the family she lives with. Starring Polly Walker, Vincent Perez, Franco Nero, Frances McDormand, and Ruth McCabe. Directed by Nick Hamm. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. If you don't laugh at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. It's tough to sit through, but it leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

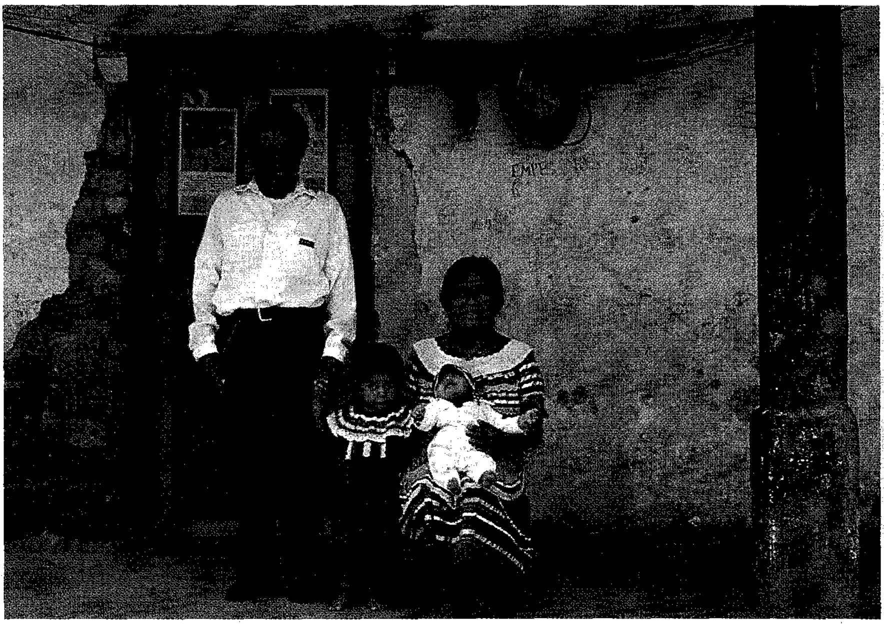
★**Unmade Beds**—This is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them. First, the subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, and they act themselves (with great skill). Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby; 8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Urban Legend—A college campus is terrorized by a series of urban-legend-inspired killings. Starring Jared Leto, Alicia Witt, and Rebecca Gayheart. Directed by Jamie Blanks. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II.*

Velvet Goldmine—A mythical rock icon finds himself at the decadent epicenter of the glam-rock scene. Starring Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Toni Collette, Ewan McGregor, and Christian Bale. Written by Todd Haynes. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Opens November 6.*

What Dreams May Come—Robin Williams finds his wife (Anabella Sciorra) in the afterlife with assistance from Cuba Gooding Jr. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Cobble Hill; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Wizard of Oz—The 1939 classic returns with digitally restored scenes and stereo sound. Starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Margaret Hamilton. Directed by Victor Fleming. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Opens November 6.*



Documentary Cyber War

The aftermath of the 1994 uprising by the Zapatista National Liberation Army against the Mexican government is chronicled in *A Place Called Chiapas,* an unabashedly sympathetic look at the struggles of the indigenous EZLN and its charismatic city-born leader Subcommander Marcos, a revolutionary philosopher-poet who famously communicates with the world from the jungle via the Internet. Starts November 4 at Film Forum.

Photograph from Film Forum.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *American History X; The Cruise; Happiness; Life Is Beautiful; Slam; Talk of Angels.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Bride of Chucky; The Opposite of Sex.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth; A Place Called Chiapas; Touch of Evil.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *All the Rage; The Celebration; Destiny; Love Is the Devil.* Opening 11/4: *Gods and Monsters.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Orgazmo; Pecker; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Ronin; What Dreams May Come.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Clay Pigeons; Saving Private Ryan; Urban Legend.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Happiness; The Impostors; Pecker; Pleasantville; Practical Magic.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Antz; Pleasantville; Ronin.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Mighty; A Night at the Roxbury; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Beloved.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Apt Pupil; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Practical Magic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *American History X; Beloved; The Impostors.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Pleasantville.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Ronin; Soldier; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Next Stop, Wonderland.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Happiness.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Saving Private Ryan.*
Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; A Night at the Roxbury.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Beloved.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*
State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Orgazmo; Rush Hour; A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dead Man on Campus; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Negotiator; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?; Your Friends & Neighbors.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Pleasantville.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

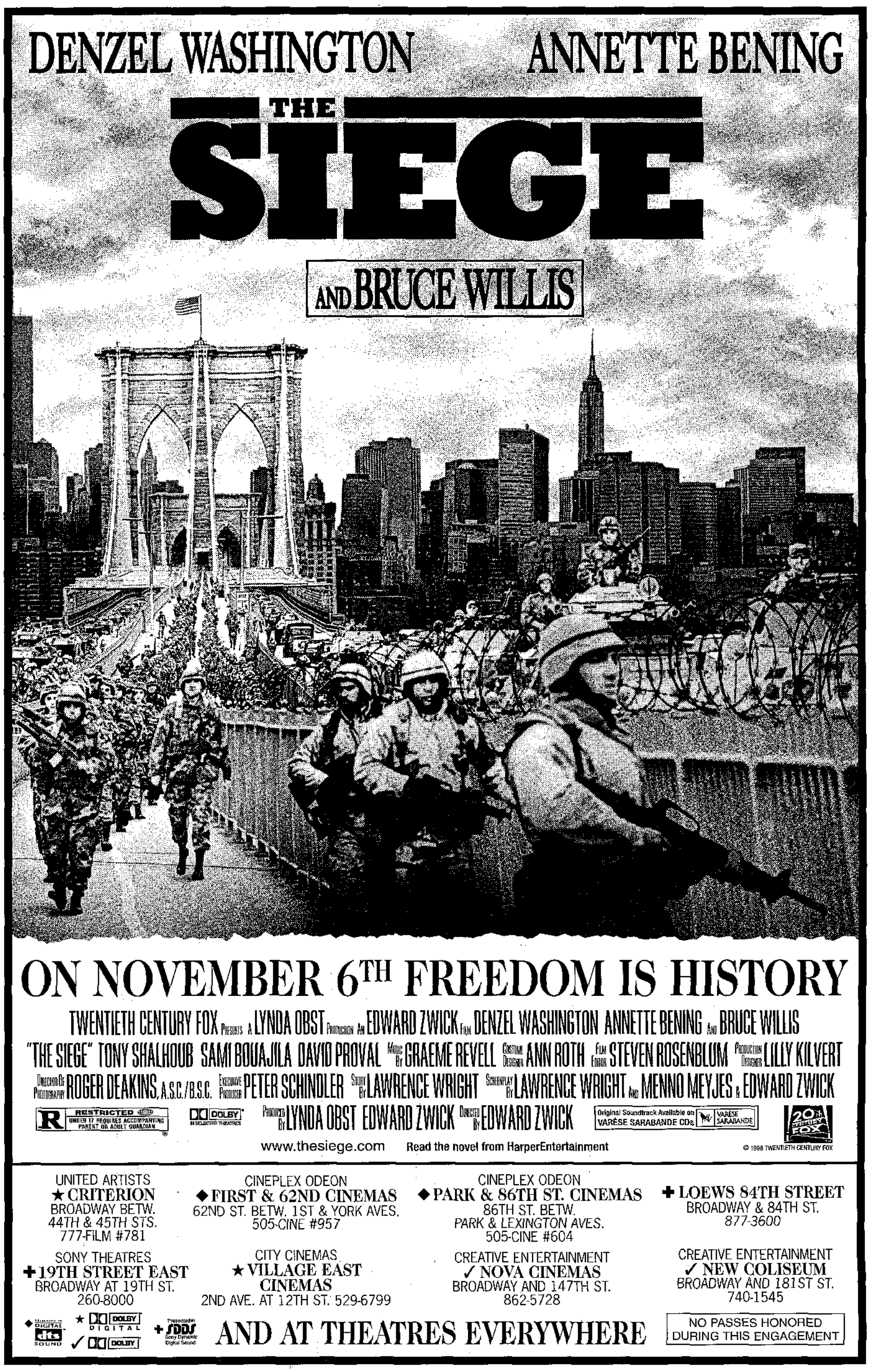
72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Living Out Loud.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bride of Chucky; Ronin.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Mighty.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; One True Thing; Ronin; Soldier; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Antz; Apt Pupil.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Practical Magic.*
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Rush Hour.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Soldier.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Next Stop, Wonderland.*
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Celebration; Happiness; The Inheritors; Lolita; Slam.* Opening 11/4: *Gods and Monsters.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *American History X; Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; The Impostors; The Mighty; One True Thing; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Ronin; Rush Hour.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Four Hombres Y Un A Taud; Soldier.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Four Hombres Y Un A Taud.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Pecker.*
Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (358-5800) *Crossing Fields.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.


DENZEL WASHINGTON ANNETTE BENING
THE SIEGE
AND BRUCE WILLIS

ON NOVEMBER 6TH FREEDOM IS HISTORY

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A LYNDA OBST PRODUCTION AN EDWARD ZWICK FILM DENZEL WASHINGTON ANNETTE BENING AND BRUCE WILLIS "THE SIEGE" TONY SHALHOUB SAMI BOUAJILA DAVID PROVAL MUSIC BY GRAEME REVELL COSTUME DESIGNER ANN ROTH FILM EDITOR STEVEN ROSENBLUM PRODUCTION DESIGNER LILLY KILVERT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROGER DEAKINS, A.S.C./B.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PETER SCHINDLER STORY BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT SCREENPLAY BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT AND MENNO MEYJES & EDWARD ZWICK PRODUCED BY LYNDA OBST EDWARD ZWICK DIRECTED BY EDWARD ZWICK

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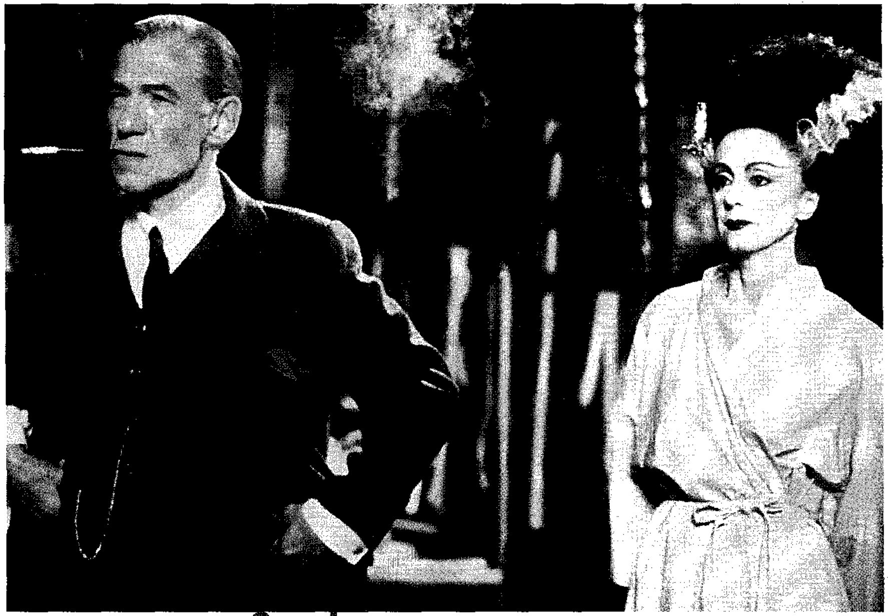
What looks like a cold, sounds like a cold and feels like a cold, but isn't a cold?

Asthma. But asthma can be much more serious. So if your child has a cough that won't go away, is often short of breath, or wheezes a lot, especially at night or after running, don't treat it yourself. Go to your doctor or clinic.

Breathe easier. Ask your doctor if it's asthma.

National Asthma Education and Prevention Program
National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute;
National Institutes of Health; Public Health Service; U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.



Opening
Pieced Together

Ian McKellen (above, with Rosealind Ayres) is once more an aging man growing close to a young hottie in 'Gods and Monsters': This time, he plays gay director James Whale, of 'Frankenstein' fame, who was found dead under mysterious circumstances in his Hollywood Hills pool in 1957. Though his death was called a suicide, suspicion lingers, and in this fictional account of the director's last, cancer-riddled days, the object of his attention—and perhaps his key to a painless demise—is his heterosexual ex-Marine gardener, played by Brendan Fraser. Starts November 4.

Bronx
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; Soldier; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Four Hombres Y Un A Taud; John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier; Urban Legend.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Antz; Apt Pupil; The Mighty; Orgazmo; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Antz; Belly; Bride of Chucky.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Antz; Beloved; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; A Night at the Roxbury; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Soldier.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Antz; Beloved; Holy Man; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier; Urban Legend.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Mighty; Pleasantville; Practical Magic.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Halloween H20; Holy Man; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Slam; Soldier; Urban Legend.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *A Night at the Roxbury; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; The Mighty; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Soldier.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Four Hombres Y Un A Taud; John Carpenter's Vampires.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier; What Dreams May Come.*

Queens
Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; A Night at the Roxbury; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Antz; Beloved; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Ronin; What Dreams May Come.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; Pleasantville; Practical Magic.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Bride of Chucky; A Night at the Roxbury; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Antz; Belly; The Impostors; John Carpenter's Vampires; Orgazmo; Rush Hour.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; Ronin.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Antz; John Carpenter's Vampires; A Night at the Roxbury; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Soldier; Urban Legend; What Dreams May Come.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Antz; Rush Hour; Soldier; Urban Legend.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Soldier.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Antz; Madeline; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Antz; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Clay Pigeons; A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries; What Dreams May Come.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Four Hombres Y Un A Taud; John Carpenter's Vampires.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Mighty; Rush Hour.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Pleasantville.*

Staten Island
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; A Night at the Roxbury; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Soldier; What Dreams May Come.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Antz; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; Soldier.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; The Mighty; A Night at the Roxbury; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Ronin; Rush Hour; Soldier; What Dreams May Come.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Ten Years of Zeitgeist Films," with appearances by Todd Haynes and Christine Vachon. 11/7: *Art for Teachers of Children* (1995) and *Wittgenstein* (1993). 11/8: *Irma Vep* (1996) and *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"10 By Brigitte Cornand." 11/6–11/12: Ten video portraits of international contemporary artists. In English. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through January 24, 1999. 11/7: *Nasseredin Shah, the Movie Actor* (1992). 11/8: *Travelers* (1992). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Columbia University—"Maison Française." 10/8: *La Promesse* (1996). Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799); $8; students, $5.

A Different Light—11/8: *The Spider Woman* (1944). 11/15: *White Cargo* (1942). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Photograph by Anne Fishbein/Lions Gate Films.

Donnell Media Center—"A Gift From Mary Pickford." 11/4: *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929). "Commemorating CBS News." 11/5: *The CIA's Secret Army* (1977). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Universal Horror Series." 11/3: *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925) and *The Old Dark House* (1932). 11/4–11/5: *Dracula* (1931) and *Dracula's Daughter* (1936). 11/6–11/8: *The Invisible Man* (1933) and *The Mummy* (1932). 11/10–11/11: *The Black Cat* (1934) and *The Wolf Man* (1941). "Keaton Classics." 11/9: Shorts, *Battling Butler* (1926), and *The Saphead* (1920). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Creating a Nation: The Cinema of Israel." A retrospective of 50 years of Israeli cinema; through 11/11. "Special Screenings." 11/3: *Wife! Be Like a Rose!* (1935). In Japanese, with subtitles. "Movies for Kids." Iranian children's films. 11/7–11/8: *The Boots* (1992). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Catherine Deneuve: A Retrospective." 11/3: *Belle de Jour* (1967). 11/10: *Genealogies of a Crime* (1997). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 11/4 and 11/6: *The Marquise of O . . .* (1976). 11/4: *Hypothesis of the Stolen Painting* (1978) and *Le Camion* (1977). 11/6: *The Green Room* (1978). 11/7 and 11/11: *Le Boucher* (1970). 11/7 and 11/13: *Irma Vep* (1997). Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Museum of Modern Art—"Recent Films From Germany." The annual survey of new films from the Federal Republic of Germany; through 11/13. "New Documentaries." 11/5–11/6: *O Night Without Objects, A Trilogy* (1998). "Special Screenings." 11/6: *Pull My Daisy* (1959) and *Shadows* (1960). 11/7: *Senseless* (1962) and *The Connection* (1961). "Big As Life: An American History of 8 mm Films." 11/5: Films by Sherman, Varela, Stark, Robertson, and Gibbons. "Centennial Quartet." Films by René Clair, John Grierson, Joris Ivens, and Kenji Mizoguchi; through 12/98. 11/8: *The 400 Million* (1939), *An Army Camp* (1974), *Churchill's Island* (1941), and *Grierson* (1973). "Cineprobe." 11/9: *Persistence* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Ocularis—11/8: *My Life As a Dog* (1985). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn. $5. Call 718-388-8713 for info.

School of Visual Arts—"Jim Frazier." 11/4: The cinematographer and creator of the Panavision/Frazier lens system speaks. 9 A.M., SVA Amphitheater, 209 E. 23rd St., third flr. Call 592-2010 for info.

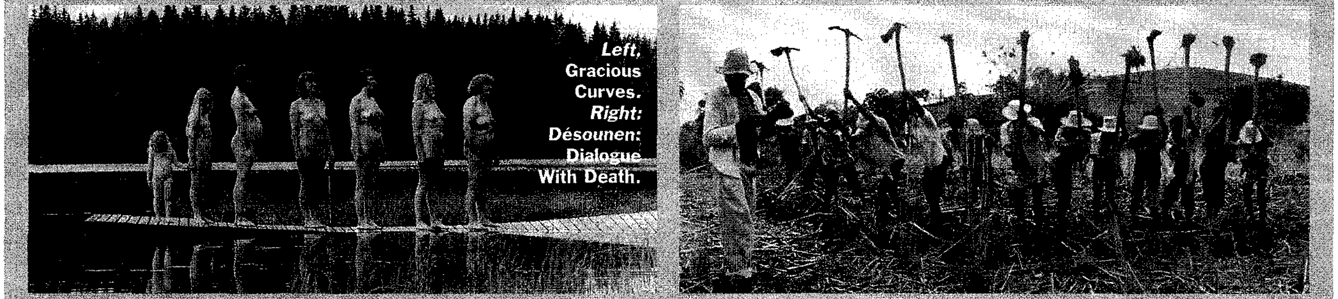
The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Scream* (1997). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theatre for info. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"The United Artists Adventure." 11/3: *Man of the West* (1958) and *For a Few Dollars More* (1965). 11/10: *The Miracle Worker* (1962) and *Orphans of the Storm* (1922). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 11/7–11/8: *Sanshiro Sugata* (1943). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Festival
Earth Talking

The Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival (November 6–14 at the American Museum of Natural History) has long been gathering images of the world for New Yorkers to see. This year (the festival's twenty-second) is no different, except that with the increased availability of video technology, there are more images to convey. Festival organizers who travel the globe looking for entries have found that even in the most remote areas, "personal cinema" is thriving. And that makes their job easier because, as festival director Elaine Charnov explains, part of her mission is to showcase indigenous work—"not films made by Americans going to communities in Brazil," she says, "but [films] by *Brazilians* in Brazil." Now the biggest challenge is striking a balance between social-issue films and crowd-pleasers. "I think documentaries are still a tough sell in the U.S.," Charnov says. Below, a few that shouldn't be.



Left, Gracious Curves. Right: Désounen: Dialogue With Death.

DOCUMENTARY	SYNOPSIS
THE INTERVIEW **GERMANY**	Proof that the corporate mold is the same at home and abroad: a look at employment professionals as they teach the educated masses how to "play the game" and how to present themselves in the "correct" manner.
HEART OF THE COUNTRY **JAPAN**	The virtues of living in a tight-knit community emerge (as well as a telling difference between American and Japanese approaches to education) when the important role of a much-loved school principal is captured on video.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT **FRANCE**	One of Europe's leading photojournalists, Raymond Depardon, studies the French justice system with a stationary camera set to view the various interactions between petty criminals and Paris police. A powerful example of how the voice of the state is expressed through a policeman—and what is considered a crime.
GRACIOUS CURVES **FINLAND**	In an age when we worship youth, and most women struggle to maintain the illusion of it, an exploration of women, their bodies, and aging.
SKIN'S SORROW **BELGIUM**	Through the busy work of a Belgian taxidermist, the loneliness and alienation of life in Western society become apparent in how his clients cope with losing a pet.
DÉSOUNEN: DIALOGUE WITH DEATH **HAITI**	A BBC film on Haiti documenting a series of encounters with Haitians walking the edge of socioeconomic survival. Directed by Raoul Peck, Haiti's former minister of Culture.
UNDER WRAPS: A FILM ABOUT GOING WITH THE FLOW **U.S.A.**	Menstruation, explored via the marketing of "feminine hygiene" products, artwork (including a piece by novelist Judy Blume), and a visit to the Museum of Menstruation.

Photographs courtesy of the Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival.

theater

This Is Our Youth . . . J. Smith-Cameron

Broadway

Previews and Openings

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard returns with the one-woman show that enraptured audiences last season at the Westbeth. She promises there'll be a lot of new material in this version, but its essence—catty, chatty, batty—should remain the same, and its targets will continue to be those who most deserve it. (Namely, supermodels and the men who love them.) $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8. In previews for an 11/5 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

On the Town—With the exception of its dance numbers, this revival received mostly enthusiastic notices when the Public Theatre mounted it in Central Park two seasons ago. The show now opens on Broadway, newly choreographed, with the entire cast intact. (Hello, sailors!) They're a mostly unknown bunch—as befits the musical that gave Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green their Broadway debuts—but they're also an energetic one, as befits the story of a trio of sailors on shore leave. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/19 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reseeing the play with a new British cast was eye-opening. The American cast played more for the lines, the British more for the characters behind them; both ways are just fine. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Per-

Opening
Pulp Friction

Brian Parks's 'Americana Absurdum,' a pair of one-acts tied together by a single character, lawyer Ermine Miami, continues the Present Company's inaugural season in its hangar space on Stanton Street. The comedies were the toast of the 1997 Fringe Festival, handily sending up our nation's many send-upable excesses. In the first play, a man struggles to ward off a corporate takeover of his funeral home while his daughter scavenges for a prom date; in the second, an airplane crash triggers an ugly lawsuit. "They're fast, rude, and won't ruin your evening," says Parks of his plays. Unless you're sitting behind a pilot. Play runs November 4–28. For tickets ($12) and more information, call 420-8877.

Photograph by Marty Granger.

Opening

Move Over, Spicoli

Like actors who make good cops, jocks, and aliens, actors who make good stoners are dangerously susceptible to typecasting. It probably doesn't help if they speak, as Mark Ruffalo does, in an airy, pothead patois—a remnant, no doubt, of his misspent youth in Virginia Beach, where he did bong hits every morning before high school. Two years ago, after Ruffalo completed his first successful run in the New Group production of *This Is Our Youth,* he was contacted by Paramount and kept on a "holding deal," or exclusive contract, which the 30-year-old actor now describes as "abysmal." He reports: "They saw me only in that way . . . not as a Woody Harrelson exactly, because the parts were not as well written, but as one of these 'duh' kind of guys. It's so easy to play that character as a cliché." Indeed, that's why God invented Pauly Shore. The pothead Ruffalo plays in *Youth,* Kenneth Lonergan's play about Upper West Side teenagers who fritter away their educations and money on dope, is a much more complicated figure; cut through the smoke and you'll find a tender, intelligent, and resilient young fellow rasping beneath. The New Group production, directed by Mark Brokaw, was short-lived but highly acclaimed, particularly Ruffalo's performance. Now the play has been given a second life at the aptly named Second Stage. It opens November 3. "Our best shows yet have been the matinees, so far," swears Ruffalo. "I was amazed—we had these 60- and 70-year-old crowds, and we were using this really harsh language. I was really freaked out. And then I'd have these old people come up to me and say, 'This was my life. I was your character.' " It's hard to imagine that Ruffalo's dope smoker would have anything in common with the ladies who lunch. But perhaps they identify with his vulnerability—the way objects hate him, the way he tries so hard to please, the way he stands in a perfect f-shaped slouch. Ruffalo considers himself lucky to have gotten the part, too. When he first auditioned, he was told he was too old. "But asking an 18-year-old if they understand the humor and irony in this play," he notes, "is like asking a fish about water." **JENNIFER SENIOR**

iclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Brent Barrett, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Getting and Spending—In this new play by Legal Aid Society president Michael J. Chepiga, a Wall Street whiz makes $18 million from insider trading and gives it all to the poor. The law catches up with her, so she heads down to Kentucky, where the country's best defense attorney is lazing away in retirement. He agrees to represent her, though of course reluctantly, and from then on, it's a will-they-or-won't-they romantic nail-biter and is-she-or-isn't-she courtroom drama. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Mamaloshen—Mandy Patinkin's evening of Yiddish hummables, complete with deadpan translation of "White Christmas," moves uptown for a brief Broadway engagement after several packed weeks at the Angel Orensanz. The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt.* $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. 2. Through 11/7. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Sideman—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

Opening
Cajun Girls

Set in the Big Easy just after the Civil War, Kristin Marting's *Women of Orleans* tells the story of four women—one black, one white, and two of mixed origin—and the men obsessed with them. Performances begin November 5 at HERE. For tickets ($12 and $15) and more information, call 647-0202.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Knee Desires the Dirt—A coming-of-age story about three generations of Louisiana women. $15–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/4 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Krapp's Last Tape—A revival of the successful 1997 Edinburgh Fringe Festival production of this 1958 play by Samuel Beckett. Krapp, an old and decrepit author living in drunken penury, listens to tapes he made decades earlier, describing old loves and concerns. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/3 for an 11/5 opening. *Irish Rep's W. Scott McLucas Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Kuni-Leml—The Jewish Repertory Theatre opens its twenty-fifth season with a revival of this musical about a young woman whose father offers her hand in marriage to the wrong man. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/1 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Memory of Water—Three sisters, all of a distinctly different stripe, are reunited after their mother's death in this new play by British playwright Shelagh Stephenson. John Tillinger directs. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Pericles—Shakespeare's late romantic drama, which most scholars assume he wrote with a collaborator, recounting the adventures of the prince of Tyre. Directed by Brian Kulick. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/1 opening. *The Public's Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Primary English Class—A revival of Israel Horovitz's 1976 comedy about a group of students who gather for an English-immersion class and the woman who teaches them. Didi Conn stars; two-time Tony winner Gerald Gutierrez directs. $30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 11/15 opening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (307-4100).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—It's Arthur Miller's newest play: Lyman Felt, a middle-aged man secretly married to two women, must confront both his wives when he lands in the hospital from a near-fatal car crash. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 11/3 for an 11/16 opening. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives a rarely performed 1874 melodrama (complete with the requisite forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress) to open its tenth season. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Sweatshop—Janet Sarno stars in a drama by Louis LaRusso II about female sewing-machine workers attempting to unionize in 1958 Hoboken. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 11/6. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

This Is Our Youth—Second Stage reprises Kenneth Lonergan's critically adored and pitch-perfect story of three young Upper West Siders, all adrift, all drug-prone, all slouching at various rates toward adulthood. Mark Brokaw once again directs; Mark Rosenthal, Mark Ruffalo, and Missy Yager star. $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/3 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Trainspotting—The play, which preceded the movie but proceeded the novel. Toilet scene still included. $19–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 11/15 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Waiting for Godot—This is Classic Stage Company doing what it does best—Beckett—and with a first-rate cast. John Turturro plays Estragon, Christopher Lloyd plays Pozzo, and Tony Shalhoub plays Vladimir. Directed by Andrei Belgrader. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/10 for an 11/18 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 11/15. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment. Mary-Louise Parker's Poopay goes well beyond the whore with the heart of gold. She is ably assisted by the Ruella of Patricia Hodges, a ballsy sophisticate, and the Jessica of Candy Buckley, a ditsy millionairess. They evolve into a beguilingly spunky trio, with Miss Parker rightly the mistress of revels. (Simon: 9/7/98.) $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Corpus Christi—Terrence McNally's version of the Greatest Story Ever Told. The play was killed last spring and resurrected; now everyone has an opinion about it, though almost no one has seen or read it. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's amusing spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. The show charmed the bobby socks off the critics last spring. $20–$45. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter, at her best when she's three pegs off-center and a giddy pile of exposed nerves, reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new play by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*), who draws her characters in just that way. The Wilde-influenced comedy concerns two sisters, one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one, and the havoc this awkward situation wreaks. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30,

Photograph by Jamey O'Quinn.

Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with newcomer Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed one-man show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/29. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Old Settler—Primary Stages starts its season with this 1995 play by John Henry Redwood about two sisters, both middle-aged, and the effects a young boarder has on their relationship when he tries to woo one of them out of their Harlem tenement. Starring the very fine Leslie Uggams. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and starring their children. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a restaurant on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman—What Aunt Jemima would say if she popped off the pancake box. By Marcia L. Leslie. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden and David Margulies star in Jeff Baron's play about a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Wolf Lullaby—Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its season with Australian playwright Hilary Bell's play about a child murderer in a remote Tasmanian town. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Zora Neale Hurston—A revival of Laurence Holder's 1990 hit about the author, social critic, and queen of the Harlem Renaissance. $15–$30. Tues., Wed., Sat. at 2, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Previews

Mourning Becomes Alexa

J. Smith-Cameron, who played the irresistibly glamorous Alexa Vere de Vere in last season's 'As Bees in Honey Drown,' returns this fall in Shelagh Stephenson's 'The Memory of Water,' a drama that shows off her serious, more vulnerable side—and hence her versatility. She, along with the fine actors Suzanne Bertish and Seana Kofoed, play three sharply drawn, distinctly different sisters, reunited in grieving by their mother's death. Now previewing at the Manhattan Theatre Club; show opens November 10.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

NEW YORK
ON THE AIR

With an influx of prostitutes and a rise in anti-gay crime, the West Village is confronting the limits of tolerance. Join contributing editor
CRAIG HOROWITZ
as he talks about the growing problems in the Wild West.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, AT 11:30 A.M., WITH HOST BRIAN LEHRER

Tune in to WNYC's "On the Line" at AM 820, the call-in program that puts a human face on the issues shaping your life.

WNYC

EVERY DAY I THINK ABOUT SUICIDE!

And it makes me feel good about myself.

I'm a volunteer on The Samaritans of NY's 24-hour suicide prevention hotline. I donate one morning or afternoon a week and respond to people who are depressed, in crisis and need someone to talk to.

The work is challenging. The training intensive. And though you cannot solve everyone's problems, it's satisfying to know that when someone reaches out for help....You're there!

If you want to become a volunteer

Call (212) 673-3041

If you or someone you know is in crisis, call The Samaritans 24-hour suicide prevention hotline at (212) 673-3000

art

De Kooning Drawings...LOT/EK Architecture

Openings

Ninety-two print specialists converge on the Park Avenue Armory, Park Avenue between 66th and 67th Streets, November 4–8 for the International Fine Print Dealers Association's eighth annual **PRINT FAIR**. Admission to the preview, on November 4 from 5 to 9 P.M., is $25; daily admission is $12. Artists'-book and print collectors should also check out a two-part fair this week, **ARTISTS' BOOKS '98**, at Printed Matter, 77 Wooster Street, and **EDITIONS '98**, at Brooke Alexander Editions, 59 Wooster Street (November 6–8, 12–8 P.M., free; an opening preview for both takes place November 5, 5–8 P.M., followed by a cocktail reception at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St., 7:30–9 P.M.; admission is $25 and benefits Printed Matter Bookstore).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Robert Baribeau/David Beck—New paintings of abstracted still-life subjects that employ scrawls, drips, splashes, and the artist's characteristic polka dots/A sculpture of an opera house with more than 200 animated figures performing and observing an extravagant performance of Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida*. Through 12/19. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

Susan Crile—Recent paintings that depict architectural motifs of the floors, marbles, and tiles of Verona; through 12/5. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400) and Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings made between 1940, when the artist was just beginning her career, and 1955, the year after she and Pablo Picasso parted company, and a group of photographs of Gilot, Picasso, and their two children, Paloma and Claude, taken during those years; through 11/22. Elkon, 1016 Madison Ave. (535-3940).

Arshile Gorky—Paintings and drawings executed between 1929 and 1942, the years during which the Armenian-born artist created his own unique synthesis of biomorphic abstraction and surrealism; through 12/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313)).

Cleve Gray—New paintings that depict large, colorful abstract forms hovering in space and were inspired by the artist's ongoing interest in theories of cosmology; through 11/21. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Robert Henri—A survey of paintings by the American artist (1865–1929) best known as the organizer of the 1908 landmark exhibition of The Eight, including portraits of family members, dancers, and works executed in America, France, Spain, and Ireland; through 12/16. Owen, 19 E. 75th St. (879-2415).

Sigmar Polke—New paintings that continue the artist's use of printing errors as a motif; through 1/16/99. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Stone Roberts/Jean-Antoine Houdon—New still-life paintings and studies/The first comprehensive exhibit of the French artist's sculpture in 30 years. Through 11/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Ed Ruscha—A selection of paintings, drawings, and books from the sixties and seventies by the California artist known for his humorous combinations of word and image; 11/5–12/5. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Julius LeBlanc Stewart—Paintings by a Philadelphia-born artist (1855–1919) who worked in Paris and chronicled fashionable French society; through 12/5. Jordan, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings in which figures become elements of landscapes, the last works by the artist, who died in 1995; through 11/21. Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (439-9605).

57th Street Area

Fernando Botero—Large-scale drawings on canvas executed in charcoal, sanguine, and watercolor, whose subjects include portraits, still lifes, and scenes of family and city life; 11/4–12/5. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Talent **When they're not designing buildings and furniture, the Italian partners of New York's LOT/EK Architecture, Ada Tolla and Giuseppe Lignano, turn their talents to art projects like *TV-TANK*, an installation (in collaboration with Henry Urbach Architecture) that transforms an aluminum petroleum trailer tank into a futuristic relaxation center. At Deitch Projects, 76 Grand Street; through January 2.**

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

Susan Hartnett—On-site charcoal drawings of marsh, field, and woodland grasses and sedges; through 11/28. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

Ellsworth Kelly—A selection of the artist's two-panel paintings from the sixties through the nineties; through 11/28. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Ann Lofquist—Recent landscape paintings of Maine and Massachusetts; through 12/2. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

David Nash—Recent wood sculptures by the British artist; through 11/28. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Jackson Pollock—An exhibition concurrent with "Jackson Pollock: A Retrospective," at MOMA, of a paintings and drawings from 1938 to 1944 that demonstrate the early influence of Picasso on Pollock; through 12/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Faith Ringgold—Story-quilts, paintings, drawings, and prints by the artist, who is currently having an exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art; through 11/28. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

William Turnbull—New abstract bronze sculptures by the British artist; through 11/28. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (752-5135).

Idelle Weber—Lyrical drawings of trees on canvas; 11/4–28. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Francis Bacon—Paintings by the late British artist dating from 1950 to 1991 that have not been previously exhibited; through 1/16. Shafrazi, 110 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Ross Bleckner—Five new large-scale paintings whose surfaces are built up by a labor intensive process of assembling layers of small cells; 11/7–12/19. Lehman Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Jordan Crandall—An installation titled *DRIVE* whose structure draws on cinematic conventions and computational systems such as data-sorting procedures; through 11/28. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Ford Crull—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper that explore the expressive power of personal and universal cultural symbols; 11/5–12/5. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Rory Donaldson—An installation of embroidered works and paintings made from tartan that has been altered by embroidering; through 11/28. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Daniella Dooling—Sculptures, video, and a collaborative photo project with Michael Lavine shot at Bellevue Hospital; through 11/28. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Jackie Ferrara/Judith Turner—An installation by the sculptor that transforms the gallery's walls into colored arches/Photographs of nature and architecture; through 12/24. TZ' Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

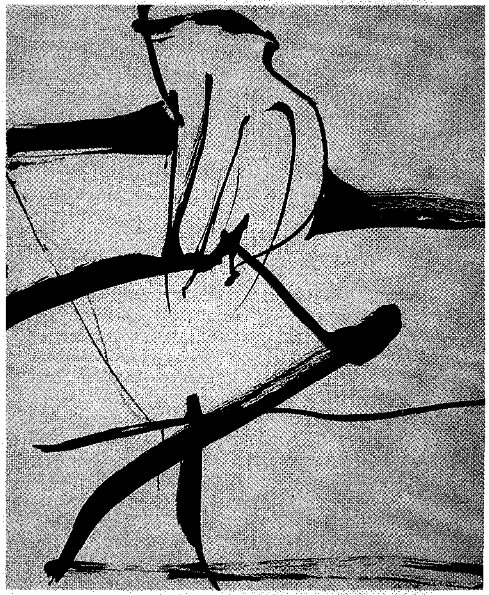
Robert Harms—New abstract paintings; through 11/21. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Callum Innes—New abstract paint-

Retrospective

Paper Trail

As a group, the Abstract Expressionists were not particularly big on drawing. Certainly none of them, except Jackson Pollock and Arshile Gorky, drew as continuously and as effortlessly as Willem de Kooning, or deployed drawing to the degree that de Kooning did, using the medium to explore all the possible nuances of a form before or after that form had found its way into one of his paintings. For those reasons—and because he had a longer career than most of his contemporaries—de Kooning's works on paper have gotten more attention than is usually paid to modern and contemporary artists' drawings (even a book about them, Thomas B. Hess's wonderful *De Kooning Drawings*, published by the New York Graphic Society in 1972, has become a collector's item, currently selling for upwards of $900). Yet, at least partly because de Kooning was such a prolific draftsman, a substantial number of his drawings have rarely or never been exhibited, especially his later works, many of them made in series between the late fifties and late seventies. The ways in which these works continue to illuminate de Kooning's work process are revealed in "Willem de Kooning: Drawing Seeing/Seeing Drawing" (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street; through December 19), a 70-drawing exhibition conceived and curated by Klaus Kertess. The most abstract works, the calligraphic ink drawings (right) from the 1958 "Folded Shirt on Laundry Paper" series, parallel the new openness of de Kooning's "Parkway" paintings of 1958, whose minimal bands and splashes of color suggest glimpses from the windows of a speeding car. Another series, from the sixties, comprises drawings of women made by the artist with his eyes closed that show de Kooning revisiting an earlier theme, his strident "Woman" paintings of the early fifties, but with the playful, ironic hand that characterized his "Woman" canvases of the sixties. Throughout, the show's works illustrate Kertess's premise that drawing, for de Kooning, remained "a constant activity that was inseparable from his painting." **Edith Newhall**



ings from the artist's ongoing "exposed" series, in which a single plane of color is applied to a canvas and then dissolved with a turpentine laden brush; through 12/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Nicholas Kahn and Richard Selesnick—A new series of collaborative photographs depicting the fictional adventures of the Royal Excavation Corps, in this case its travels to Siberia in 1944–46; through 12/5. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

LOT/EK Architecture/Peter Klare—An installation by the architectural partnership LOT/EK (Ada Tolla and Giuseppe Lignano) that transforms a petroleum trailer tank into a set of floating modules suitable for lounging and watching television/Paintings of what the artist considers "lower middle-class" furniture. Through 1/2/99. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings made between 1992 and 1998; through 12/5. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Matthew Ritchie—"The Gamblers," a narrative installation of paintings, wall drawings, and text and floor works; through 11/28. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Kara Walker—Recent silhouette works on paper, large-scale drawings, an installation of manipulated vintage objects, and a text piece that reflects the artist's interest in racial identity; through 11/28. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Andy Warhol—The artist's "Camouflage" paintings from 1966, one of the last serial groups of paintings completed before his death 1987; 11/7–12/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Holly Zausner—Sculptures of abstracted female figures made from silicon rubber, neon, plaster, and photographs; through 11/28. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Chelsea

Hanno Ahrens—New sculptures that incorporate the forms of deer and other animals; through 11/21. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

Carl Andre—New work; through 11/28. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Nayland Blake—Works that explore themes from the fairy tale *Hansel and Gretel*, including a large-scale gingerbread house constructed from real gingerbread and a video depicting the artist being hand-fed gingerbread by another person; through 11/28. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200) and Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400).

Eugenio Dittborn—Recent airmail paintings; through 12/5. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Lucy Gunning—A video installation that investigates the uncertainties of communication by showing images of people with varying degrees of speech impediments in conversation; through 11/21. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Marilyn Minter—Recent paintings of manipulated body fragments; through 11/25. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Tony Oursler—New video projections inspired by seventeenth-century Dutch vanitas, still-life paintings that allude to morality and the transience of life; through 11/28. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Monique Prieto—Paintings of biomorphic forms on raw canvas; through 12/23. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Eric Rhein—Drawings in wire and found objects arranged on pages from discarded books that are intended as homages to the artist's friends; through 12/1. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

James Rosenquist—The artist's most recent paintings since his suite of mural-size works for the Deutsche Guggenheim Berlin New paintings depicting kaleidoscopic-like abstractions of speeding lipsticks, detergent- and cereal-box graphics, and reflective foil and electrical cables; through 11/26. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

George Stoll—Balsa-wood supports painted with synthetic sponge colors and drawings of household sponges; through 11/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

James Turrell—An early projection piece from 1967 and several new Magnatron television aperture works that continue the artist's use of light as material; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Marnie Weber—A work that combines sculpture, video, and collage to tell the story of the "Unlovables," a group of female prisoners who are banished to a barren wasteland; through 11/21. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Sue Williams—New paintings in which the artist's characteristic lines have become increasingly calligraphic and autonomous; through 11/21. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Murray—Murray, 980 Madison Ave. (585-2380). "Orientalism: European and American Paintings from the 19th Century," with works by Bridgman, Gérôme, Ernst, Schreyer, others; through 11/28.

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Rumanian Avant-Garde, 1916–1947," an exhibition of works by Bogza, Brancusi, Fondane, Janco, Teodorescu, Tzara, Voronca and others; through 12/5.

57th Street Area

Painewebber—1285 Avenue of the Americas (713-2885). "In the Spirit of Compassion," featuring art and artifacts illustrating the inherent connection in Tibetan culture between art and faith; through 12/4.

Whalen—24 West 57th St. (397-9700). Paintings by Carleton, Guy C., and Guy A. Wiggins spanning three generations of American art, from Impressionism to New Realism; through 12/31.

Chelsea

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Ceramic figures by Kukuli Velarde; recent furniture by Michael Hurwitz and Randy Shull; through 12/12.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). "Beauty and the Beast," large-scale sculptures by Booker, Cemin, Green, and McDonald; through 11/28.

Photograph courtesy of the Private Collection, © 1998 Willem de Kooning Revocable Trust/Artist Rights Society, New York.

Other

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Journey," with works by Asbury, Cartwright, Greene, Hines, Wolson; paintings by Shoshanna Dentz and Christina Mazzalupo; through 11/22.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Classic landscape photographs, including famous images of Yosemite's Half Dome and the Sierra Nevada; through 12/5. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Sante D'Orazio—Portraits, nudes, fashion photographs, and "private snapshots" of celebrities like Julian Schnabel, Kate Moss, and John Travolta; through 12/5. Sorokko, 430 W. Broadway (941-8888).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). Former publisher Barney Rosset's never-before-released photographs of his wife, the Abstract Expressionist Joan Mitchell, from the forties and fifties; documentary images by 44 *Life* staff photographers, including Harry Benson and Alfred Eisenstadt; vintage portraits and fashion photographs by Martin Munkasci, former *Harper's Bazaar* photographer and favorite of Avedon and Cartier-Bresson; through 11/28.

John Dugdale—Contemporary cyanotypes of New York and England, including several landscapes and portraits that recreate classic nineteenth century images through antique processes; 11/6–1/3/99. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Lee Friedlander—Prints from sixties negatives of music greats such as Miles Davis, Aretha Franklin, and John Coltrane, many of which were used as album covers while the photographer was employed by Atlantic Records; through 12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Héctor Garcia—Photographs of everyday Mexican life from the forties through the nineties by a preeminent Mexican photojournalist; through 12/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Nan Goldin—New photographs; through 11/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*. Through 11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, street scenes, portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; through 11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Vik Muniz: Seeing Is Believing." A survey of work by a photographer who creates his seemingly straightforward images of figures, landscapes, and objects from such unexpected materials as granulated sugar, chocolate, and wire and thread; through 11/8. . . . "New Photography From France: The CCF Award Recipients"; through 11/15. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of A.I.D.S. by Steve Hart"; through 11/15. . . . "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, portraits of artists like Dali and Joyce, and his famed Rayographs; 11/18–1/24/99.

Bill Jacobson—New landscape photographs of water and close-up, low-lit portraits of the body and face; through 11/28. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle—An installation of 48 human-scale panels of color photographs of DNA samples; through 11/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Roberto Marossi—Large-scale photographs that depict figures isolated or in pairs against milky, flat backgrounds; through 11/18. Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (929-7902).

Abelardo Morell—New photographs illustrating *Alice in Wonderland*, camera obscura images, and pictures of paintings and sculptures; through 12/5. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Grace Robertson—Often-candid photographs of Britons in the fifties by one of the period's most successful and prolific female photographers; through 12/5. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

John Schabel—Six new black-and-white photographs of western-American cities at night; through 12/5. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752).

Aaron Siskind—Abstract black-and-white photographs from the fifties through the eighties; through 12/5. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Wolfgang Tillmans—Recent photographs of the Concorde jet—taking off, in flight, and landing—and works from the new book, *Wolfgang Tillmans: Burg* (Taschen; $29.95); through 11/28. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Ben Vautier—"Photo Rejects," conceptual assemblages, paintings, and sculptures incorporating and exploring photography; through 12/5. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. . . . "June Schwarcz: Forty Years/Forty Pieces." A 40-year retrospective of the artist's enamelware vessels; though 11/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou." The first exhibition to explore the arts of the African-Caribbean religion of vodou, featuring more than 500 objects on loan from public and private collections in the United States, Haiti, and Europe; through 1/3/99. . . . "Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28/99. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from

Photography

Now You See It

Just when you thought you knew everything about New York, along comes Stanley Greenberg with his haunting images of claustrophobic maintenance tunnels, a wine cellar in the Brooklyn bridge, and the concealed stairway of Central Park's Reservoir gatehouse (below). Catch these and other portraits of the city's secret sites in simultaneous exhibitions at the Municipal Art Society (457 Madison Avenue; through November 27) and Yancey Richardson Gallery (560 Prince Street; through November 14) and in a new book, 'Invisible New York: The Hidden Infrastructure of the City' (Johns Hopkins University Press; $29.95).

Photograph by Stanley Greenberg.

the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24/99. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Chinese Snuff Bottles From the Pamela R. Lessing Friedman Collection." 130 bottles from the Qing Dynasty (1644–1911); through 12/6. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10/99. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"French Oil Sketches and the Academic Tradition." Oil sketches by nineteenth-century masters of the academic tradition, among them Baron Françoise-Pascal-Simon Gérard, Jean-Louis Meissonier, and Jean-Louis Gérôme; through 1/2/99. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13/99. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13/99. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13/99. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Willem de Kooning: Drawing Seeing/Seeing Drawing." Four groups of drawings created by the artist between 1958 and the late seventies; through 12/19. . . . "Trisha Brown: Free Measures: Drawings." The first museum exhibition of the choreographer's drawings; through 12/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17/99. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24/99. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10/99. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, of works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; 11/8–3/7/99. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31/99. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Edgar Degas, Photographer." The first exhibition to gather all of the surviving major photographs by the French artist (1834–1917), including figure studies, portraits of the artist's friends, and self-portraits; through 1/3/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926), who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24/99. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17/99. . . . "Sacred Visions." Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2/99. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2/99. . . . "The New York School." Drawings ranging in date from the late forties through the early fifties by artists affiliated with the New York School, from the museum's collection; through 1/12/99. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12/99. . . . "Ufa Film Posters, 1918–1943." Fifty posters for films produced or distributed by Ufa, Germany's legendary movie studio; through 1/5/99. . . . "Projects 64: Diana Thater." A new multi-site video installation work titled *The best animals are the flat animals*; through 11/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Begins: A Rare Drawing of New Amsterdam, c. 1650." A watercolor drawing of New Amsterdam that is considered the oldest surviving visual representation of New York City, on loan from the Austrian National Gallery in Vienna; through 11/29. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31/99. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; through 1/9/99. . . . "C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies; through 1/2/99. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; through 1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Quilt paintings from the series that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman in Paris, working as an artist and model during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; through 1/3/99. . . . "Marcel Odenbach." A selection of video installations by the German artist; through 1/3/99. . . . "Ana Prada." Site-specific sculptures created from ordinary materials; through 1/3/99. . . . "Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20/99. . . . "Eight Million Stories: Twentieth-Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs From the New York Public Library." Works by Berenice Abbott, Lewis Hine, Edward Hopper, Martin Lewis, Weegee, and others; through 1/9/99. . . . "Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker*'s first staff cartoonists; through 1/9/99. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21/99. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10/99. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10/99. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 2/21/99. . . . "Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Looking at the 90s: Four Views of Current Mexican Photography." Works by 18 contemporary Mexican photographers selected by four Mexican critics and curators; through 1/3/99. . . . "Collecting for Queens: Selections From the Permanent Collection." Paintings, drawings, and photographs collected by the museum in the nineties, by Dawoud Bey, Chakaia Booker, John Coplans, Grace Hartigan, Theodore Roszak; through 1/3/99. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Mark Rothko." A major traveling exhibition of 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the thirties to 1970; through 11/29. . . . "Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through 1/3/99. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: *Swoon*." The first major video installation by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15/99. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). Next auction on 11/11.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/10 at 1: "20th Century Paintings." On view from 11/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/9 at 10:00: "Books, Autographs and Photographs" with "Old Master Modern and Contemporary Prints" following. On view from 11/8. 11/10 at 10:00: Couture and Textiles." On view from 11/8.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/9 at 10:15 and 11/10 at 10:15 and 2: "19th Century Paintings." On view from 11/5.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 11/5 at 10:30: "Science and Medicine," "Rocketry and Space Flight," and "Dentistry." On view from 10/31.

Horowitz *continued from page 33*

to be Duane's chief of staff, is running for the City Council seat he's giving up.

"My husband's family has been in the Village for 80 years," Dorato continues. "They own a restaurant that welcomed gays in the fifties. My husband was the only dentist to treat AIDS patients in the early days when even gay dentists wouldn't treat them. So I don't like these attempts to divide us," she says with audible emotion.

"I have gay friends who have scars from attacks in the fifties, and I don't like to see these issues used this way. It creates a division that isn't even real. There just isn't the anti-gay feeling down here people are talking about. It's a problem of general violence. The core of the problem is the overall prevailing attitude. We're all residents down here. I don't want somebody to get banged on the head if they're gay *or* straight."

Quinn is outraged when told of the charges. "I think it's grossly unfair. Whoever said that should come to this office and meet my staff, who've had to serve people who've been slashed, who've got broken bones, who are afraid now to go out in the Village," she says. "To purport that Tom or I would use people's suffering to further a political agenda is repugnant."

For some, however, it is a question of seeming to make one crime more important than another. "Any violent crime and any bias crime is a terrible thing," says Democratic district leader Aubrey Lees, who's also running for Duane's vacated Council seat. "The thing I don't like is that the current leadership seems to have adopted a divide-and-conquer strategy and they're using the bias issue as a political vehicle. They've promoted themselves relentlessly with it."

Given the killing of Matthew Shepard in Laramie, Wyoming, two weeks ago, and the heightened sensitivity in the gay community, the political infighting in the Village is, for many, both infuriating and deeply disturbing. "I'm haunted by the picture of that desolate rural fence," says Joan Garry of the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD), referring to the spot where Shepard was tied after being beaten. "And it would really upset me if political squabbling somehow obscured the real problem."

Which, as is apparent from the march down Fifth Avenue two weeks ago and the response to it in the gay community, is believed to be quite significant. "In most of this city," says Matt Foreman of the Empire State Pride Agenda, "gays cannot walk down the street holding hands. The simple act of holding hands means you're going to be taunted at a minimum and you're risking violence. People who say there isn't a problem in New York City haven't walked in a lesbian or gay man's shoes in vast parts of this city. You have to understand, Eighth Avenue from Greenwich to 23rd Street, Christopher Street, and Seventh Avenue in Park Slope are not the whole city."

THOUGH DUANE AND QUINN HAVE CALLED for more cops in the Village, it remains clear they have ambivalent feelings about the police. "The lesbian-and-gay community does not have a history of the best interaction with the police," says Quinn. "There've been times when they haven't taken our community seriously and times when they've even been abusive."

Some progress has been made between the gay community and the cops, but there's still a gap on many issues. Duane and Quinn have said, for example, that since one and possibly two of the recent murder victims were prostitutes, police ought to be trying to protect them rather than trying to arrest them.

This position has, of course, infuriated the residents battling prostitution. They argue that Duane and Quinn have lobbied the Sixth Precinct to stop hassling and arresting prostitutes—and that the police have to one degree or another capitulated. "I know there's a tale being spread in the Village by Larry Prince and others," says Quinn, "that the gay activists have asked the Sixth Precinct not to crack down on prostitution and that the Sixth has agreed.

"Well," says Quinn, "I wish it were that I had such power to get the police to do whatever I want. To my knowledge, no gay activist has ever made such a request. The rumor is divisive, and it's an attempt to pit members of the community against one another."

Officer Singer, however, says that at community meetings, Quinn has made her position clear: "She's never asked us not to make arrests, but she considers them sex workers and doesn't believe they should be a high priority for the Police Department."

Though some additional cops have been assigned to the Village to handle the spike in crime, everyone would like to hear from either the police commissioner or the mayor regarding a long-term strategy. At a town meeting on crime called by Duane in early October, the commissioner was a no-show.

"The attitude of this administration and everyone else seems to be," says Marilyn Dorato, "that people in the Village will put up with more. Well, I think there's been a basic misunderstanding of who we are. People don't get exercised about what somebody's doing unless it's interfering with their life. And clearly the line of acceptable behavior down here has been crossed." ■

restaurants

Root Seller...Meal on Wheels...Ideya

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering metatraditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

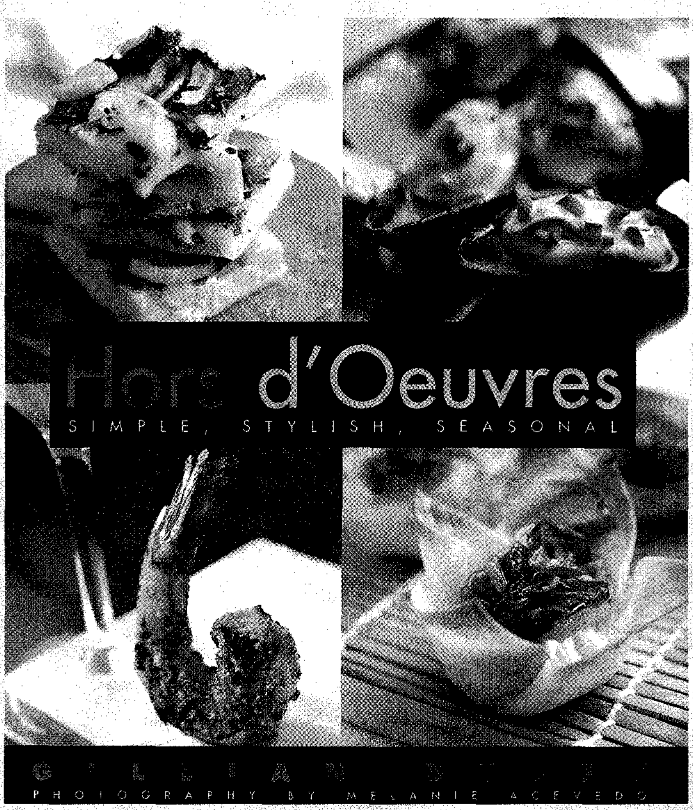
The Screening Room—You don't need to be a cineast to love this cool, comfortable restaurant, with its velvet curtains and high ceilings, but it helps. The adjacent movie theater runs a terrific program of independent and foreign films. The restaurant repertoire, however, is creative American: Pan-fried artichokes, cedar-planked salmon, and lemon-caramel icebox cake are a few of the standouts. *54 Varick St. (334-2100). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



In Print **According to *New York* Magazine's longtime culinary editor, Gillian Duffy, party food at its best should be "little succulent bites, bursting with flavor." In *Hors d'Oeuvres* (Morrow; $23), she liberates well-meaning hosts from a lifetime of banal Gouda-and-grapes spreads with party-food recipes from New York's best chefs and caterers. Gray Kunz's cheese fritters, Bobby Flay's salmon-and-dill quesadillas with salmon caviar, Matthew Kenney's baba ghannouj, and Wayne Nish's stuffed baby tomatoes are much easier to make than you'd expect. In deference to her own English heritage, the author also includes Scotch eggs, sausage rolls, and smoked-mackerel pâté.**

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierrot—Another newcomer to the East Village's United Nations of flavors, this creatively decorated bistro offers a Med-Caribbean menu in a space meant to evoke a North African carnival. Plantain-crusted calamari, duck-confit quesadilla, and yellowfin tuna au poivre with tomatillo dressing exemplify the fusion fare. Dinner served until 2 A.M. *28 Ave. B (673-1999). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

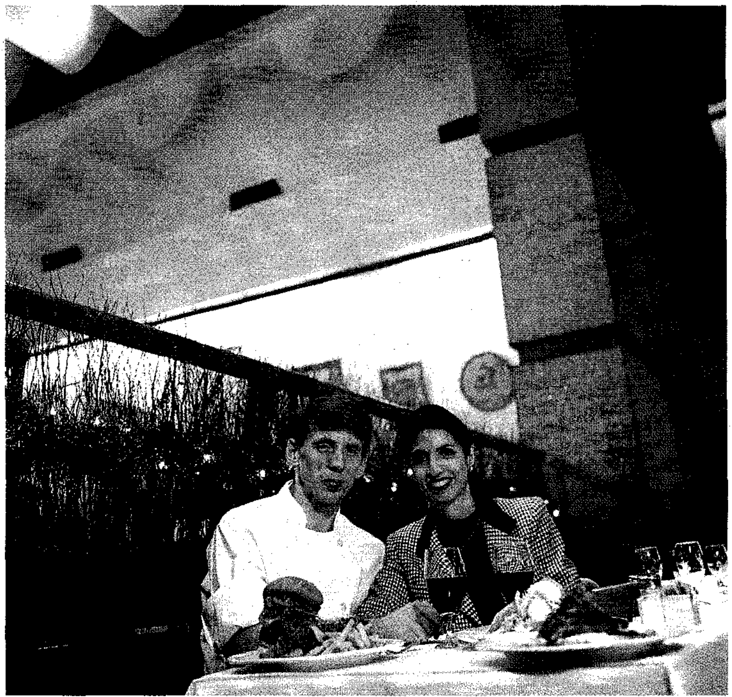
An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with

First Taste
Galleria Opening

I always take notice when Philippe Feret turns up in a new place. The peripatetic Normandy-born chef is one of the only chefs I know who apprenticed in three of Michelin's top-rated restaurants (Ledoyen, Maison Prunier, and Taillevent). Now, having given up toiling over the corporate cauldrons of Restaurant Associates, turning out good food at high volume, first at Café Centro and then at Windows on the World, Feret has just opened his own Café Adriana, an intimate lunch-only boutique in the arcade of the Galleria (115 East 57th Street; 829-8180). There you will find his rigorous Parisian technique applied to new and even off-the-wall ingredients, to marvelous effect. From his traditional bistro side, a frisée au lardons with poached eggs and shavings of Comté cheese is light lunch fare with a brawny taste. A Moroccan-influenced chicken b'steeya that combines aromatic spices, flaky pastry, and a dusting of powdered sugar reflects Feret's long-standing love affair with North African dishes. (Look for his trademark Moroccan couscous with harissa to make its entry on the menu soon.) For the last few years, Feret and his partner (and wife), Cecilia, have been looking for alternative meats that are high in flavor and low in fat. That quest has yielded an ostrich burger (2 percent fat) cooked over hickory chips and served with frizzled onions, mozzarella, and beefsteak tomatoes on a black-pepper brioche. This is the undisputed burger of the year, which may be bad news for ostriches. Likewise, a sandwich of braised buffalo short ribs with a thick tomato-carrot-onion confit is meaty but not fatty, and full of flavor. The horseradish-slathered bun is a nice reinterpretation of the onion roll beloved of brisket fressers everywhere. The prices here are cheap for this level of cuisine, and you can easily have a quick, delicious lunch for under $20. Monday through Friday, noon to 2:30.

PETER KAMINSKY



Photograph by Robert Wright.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular.

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209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Object of Desire
Crusted Root

Sullivan Street Bakery's new celery-root pizza combines oven-crisped slivers of the slightly salty tuber with onions and nutmeg for a savory autumnal take on standard street food. (73 Sullivan Street; 334-9435.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This second-story nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caroline's Comedy Nation and Comedy Club—Comedy is the theme at the American restaurant above Caroline's Comedy Club. The American fare is heavy on comfort food like five-cheese macaroni, maple-glazed pork chops, country meatloaf and barbecued chicken, which makes it a natural choice for parents looking to feed and entertain their restless, hungry kids. *1626 Broadway at 49th St. (757-4100). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, homestyle Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Supper Club—Dine, dance, and dress up at this Art Deco recreation of a forties-era supper club, complete with a seventeen-piece big band and a menu of culinary classics like baked oysters Rockefeller, lobster thermidor, and Dover sole á la meunière. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

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Opening
Bright Ideya

At the new, whitewashed Ideya, chef Christopher Ríos gussies up traditional Latin-American home recipes like Cuban meatballs and "drunken" cachaca-braised snapper with top-notch ingredients and sophisticated presentations (entrées $15–$21). Beach-chair-webbed banquettes, potent mojitos and caipirinhas (and, soon, afternoon dominoes–and–café con leche sessions) conspire to lend this sunny SoHo spot a sexy South Florida feel. (349 West Broadway; 625-1441.)

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—The feng shui design contributes to the feeling of serenity at this midtown Indian restaurant, where subtle spicing and pungent flavors show up in dishes like chicken breast stuffed with tikka-and-pomegranate confit, and lamb with sunflower seeds, saffron, and cloves. Vegetables like mustard greens slow-cooked over charcoal make it easy to forgo meat. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and rib-eye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mush-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

room, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar & Grill—Bill Peet, André Soltner's former sous chef at Lutèce, has taken over the kitchen at this wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center. Peet has crafted a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crabcakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $29.50 pre-theater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, is a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Yvonne Y
JAMAIC
MOBIL
RESTAU

ASK GAEL

I'm in a lunchtime rut.

Beat your feet to the corner of York at 71st and join the queue of impassioned devotees at the green-and-gold truck known as Yvonne's Jamaican Mobile Restaurant. A woman ahead of us is berating herself because the oxtails are sold out at 1:45. She settles for sliced kingfish. We're knocked out by Yvonne's fine homemade beef patty (something like a knish or an empanada) and torrid jerk chicken with a side of sweet plantains and rice-and-beans. Just $6.50 for the "Big Strong Healthy Man's" portion vs. $8.66 for the "Charming Girl" size, with a choice of two sides. Tuesday's special is jerk pork; Friday's is Jamaican-style bacalao. And weekdays from 11:30 A.M. till 3:30 P.M., Yvonne greets her darlings and dishes up goat curry, stewed chicken, red-snapper escabèche, and oxtail (if you're so lucky).

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

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Concerts

CMJ New Music Marathon—Now in its eighteenth year, the *College Music Journal*'s annual four-day rockathon features performances by big names (Medeski Martin & Wood; the Cardigans; ? and the Mysterians), bands on the verge (Apples in Stereo; Modest Mouse) and everybody in between. (See "Clubland.") All Marathon events are marked with an asterisk (*). 11/4–11/7. *Various venues; conference headquarters at the Millennium Broadway Hotel, 145 W. 44th St. (516-498-3150). $370 for a festival-wide pass; admission to individual shows varies.*

Henry Butler—Master jazz and blues (and more) pianist Henry Butler amazes hometown fans in New Orleans with his sophisticated virtuosity, passionate voice, and intimate knowledge of music history. Now he's in New York for seven very different gigs. 11/4–11/8 at 9:30 P.M.: Butler kicks it off with a solo show, a jazz night, two funk gigs, and a blues evening—and as life continues to imitate *Pecker*, the blind pianist's photographs will be exhibited through all five shows. *Mondo Cane, 205 Thompson St. (254-5166).* 11/13 at 8 P.M.: Butler joins Alvin Youngblood Hart and Corey Harris at St. Ann's church to conjure blues and spirituals in memory of the magnificent Paul Robeson's centenary. On guitars, contemporary bluesmen Harris and Hart channel diverse influences, from Robert Johnson to Captain Beefheart. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $20–$25.* 11/15 at 7 P.M.: Butler pounds out more than your average three-bar with fellow blues pianists Pinetop Perkins and Detroit Junior. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400).*

Cherry Poppin' Daddies—So with the zoot-suited B-movie wiseguy duds and swing-revivalist sound comes a license to be loathsomely un-p.c.? Judging by the name of this nostalgia-happy Los Angeles outfit, the answer is a resounding yes. With chunky-but-funky third-wave ska-sters Pietasters and Mexicali funk hybridists Ozomatli. 11/5 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20–$23.*

Barbara Cook—*Warmth* is the word with this Broadway and cabaret legend. Her impassioned readings of standards and show tunes should play as well in this big hall as they do in her usual New York home, the Cafe Carlyle. 11/9 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $17–$65.*

Ghazal Ensemble: Kayhan Halhor, Shujaat Husain Khan & Swapan Chaudhuri—The *ghazal* (pronounced "guzzle") is the winding, spellbinding, improvisatory song form at the heart of Indo-Pakistani Sufi devotional music; *ghazal* is also a Persian word for poetry. With members from both regions, this trio draws on both senses of the word to create its cross-cultural repertoire. 11/8 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College. E. 68th St. at Park Ave. (772-4448). $25.*

PJ Harvey*—On her new, fourth album, *Is This Desire?*, Polly Jean Harvey deftly interweaves the bluesy feel of 1995's *To Bring You My Love* with more complex music that recalls her earlier work, plus some texturally satisfying electronica and (in an everything-including-the-kitchen-sink spirit) piano and strings. The big question now is, for her new tour (which kicks off with this date), will Harvey re-create the slinky-sexpot stage persona she used to promote *To Bring You My Love*, revert to the hunch-shouldered reticence of her early live appearances, or find some more authentic-feeling amalgam of the two? Show up and be the first on your block to find out. 11/4 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $27.50.*

"Jazz Insights—The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—Traps legend Max Roach, who played on some of Bird's most memorable sessions—including most of his Dial and Savoy dates, plus innumerable live gigs—discusses the altoist's indelible mark with host Arnold Jay Smith. (Roach plays a gig this week, too; see listing, below.) 11/10 at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $20.*

Carmen Linares—The great voice of Spanish flamenco makes a rare New York appearance. Singing trad-Andalusian songs immortalized by Garcia Lorca in the early part of this century, Linares is backed by a crack sextet. Just don't get up and start whirling in the aisles. 11/7 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $30–$60.*

Lyle Lovett—The lanky Texan troubadour recently paid homage to his home state with *Step Inside This House*—and a series of gigs at the Bottom Line with fellow Lone Star types like Guy Clark. These less *intime* dates feature fewer guest stars—but more audience members. 11/9 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000). $30–$50.* 11/11 at 7:30 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center Street, Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $25–$45.50.*

Medeski Martin & Wood; Morphine*—To record their fifth album (and Blue Note debut), *Combustication*, the hard-grooving organ-bass-drums trio Medeski Martin & Wood stayed home in New York—replacing with raw urban intensity the mellow vibe that pervaded 1996's Hawaii-recorded *Shack Man*. The band still has a split personality, and you can bet that for this big-room gig, they'll favor their in-the-pocket soul-jazz side (that's the one that earned them their hordes of Phish-fan followers) over their outer-fringe-experimentation one. Morphine, who play after MMW, use the sparest of elements—baritone sax, a two-stringed bass, and drums—to create raw, gritty swing that would make Tom Waits, Kurt Weill, or any figure in between proud. With D.J. Logic. 11/5 at 7:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4882). $18.*

Moe*—The homegrown roots-funk outfit made good. 11/6 at 8:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4882). $18.50.*

Max Roach—The flowing, swinging, endlessly fascinating drummer has just gotten better and better during his five-decades-plus career. Having helped found bop drumming (along with Kenny Clarke), Roach now works a sound as fluid as it is precise: Melodic in a way few drummers are, Roach can conjure symphonies from a trap set. 11/6 at 8 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (718-463-7700). $15–$20.*

Rusted Root*—The jam-happy Pittsburgh collective spritzes the city's nostrils with patchouli and gooses its ears with pseudo-multi-culti cacophony. 11/7 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $20.*

Solas—Technically speaking, some members of this trad-Celtic quintet may be from the U.S. But the group's Seamus Egan has won All-Ireland Championships on enough instruments (four) to dispel any doubts raised by its Stateside

Talent

Harvey's Bristol Dream

PJ Harvey—she of the Bristol-burred alto, corrosive rock chops, and newfound electronica jones—hits Hammerstein Ballroom, November 4, for a taste of her powerful new disc, 'Is This Desire?'

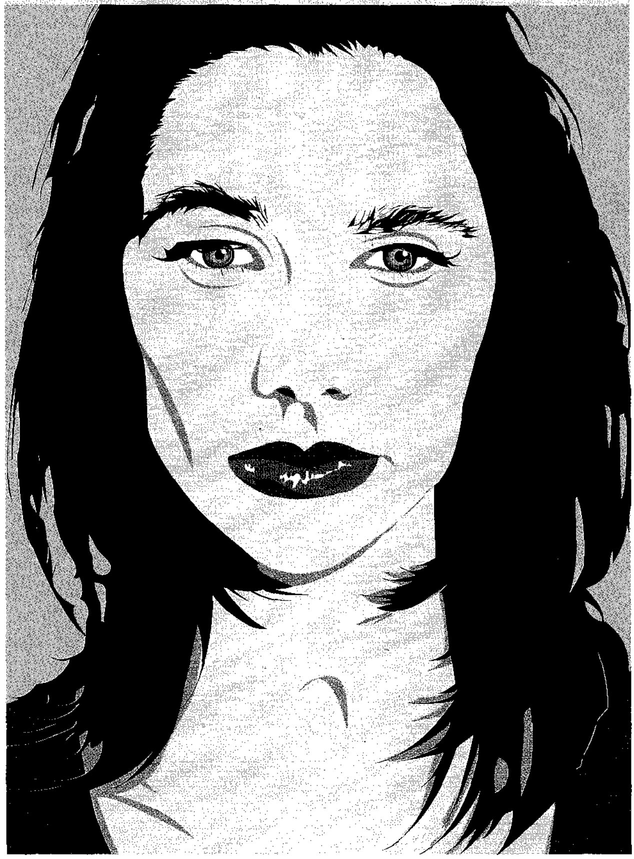


Illustration by Peter Stemmler.

Opening

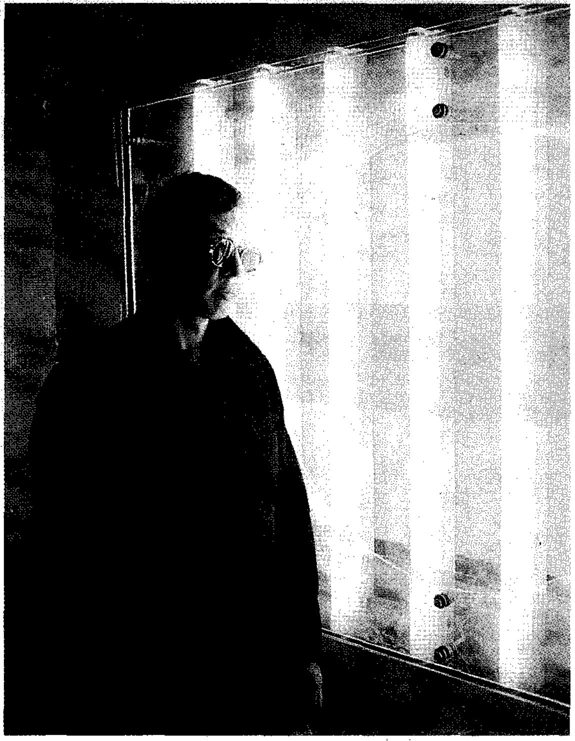
Back in the Limelight

For the Limelight's reopening this month, expect as many surprises from Peter Gatien as his trial delivered in federal court. Embracing the altered landscape of Manhattan nightlife, the embattled impresario has created a slightly Disneyfied version of his church turned club. Gone are graffiti in the hallways and pornographic wallpaper in the upstairs bathrooms. Gatien (pictured) has cleverly included corporate sponsorship into the upgrade of his neo-Gothic flagship, inserting advertising at the fringes of the redesigned dance floor and a cosmetics counter (to be sponsored by an as-yet unnamed makeup company) outside the powder rooms. This unholy Epcot Center will also boast new gallery spaces along the concourses, and the displays of everything from photography to massive "video component walls" of digital art should provide many icebreaking opportunities.

Gatien has even extended an invitation to the grade-school set: Included in the redesign is a courtyard (with fountain) that will be open during the day to neighborhood tykes. "We're doing this as an olive branch to the community board," concedes the club's director, Irv Johnson. (Nice gesture; parental supervision is still advised.)

At least a couple of old priorities remain intact, though: From the steel gangways above the main room, you can still watch the crowds writhing below, and the daytime "fine arts" gallery will double at night as a second dance floor, with a D.J. literally behind the pulpit. And for the well connected, there's an otherworldly looking VIP room, complete with its own disco (planned, in fact, by *Alien* designer H.R. Giger). And now, there's even an ultrasecure VVIP area tucked away on the third floor. Explains Johnson, "It's for stars who want to be left alone." Starting in mid-November, join 1,600 fellow revellers in leaving the A-list celebs alone.

HUNTER KENNEDY



origins. 11/6 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $26.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—11/6: With the high-quality twanging that goes on in Manhattan (or at least in Hoboken and Williamsburg), you'd think some nights you were in Austin, Texas. For this date, perennial six-string underdog Dave Schramm leads the wonderful Schramms and Brooklyn's winning Amy Rigby plays highlights from her two stellar solo albums. Also on the bill, sometime Mekon Sally Timms shows how they yodel in Chicago, and South Carolina's Danielle Howle gives up the disturbing folk goods.* 11/7: Massachusetts country-rockers the Pernice Brothers. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Baby Jupiter—11/4: Chicago duo the Handsome Family blends Leonard Cohen–pithy lyrics with a hauntingly stripped-down alt-country sound. With Prague-rockers Uz Jsme Doma; Skulpey; Gogol Bordello.* 11/5: White Hassle; Elegant Two; Heroina; Ecstasy of St. Theresa; Liquid Harmony.* *170 Orchard St., at Stanton St. (780-0287). $.*

Bottom Line—11/6: Bo Diddley, the man so bad they named a beat after him, continues to whip up a two-fisted rock-and-roll frenzy even as he approaches his 70th birthday. 11/5: John Gorka; Susan Werner. 11/7: Annie Halsam. 11/9: James McMurtry. 11/10: X frontman, punk troubadour, and *Roadhouse* co-star John Doe strips down for a low-key gig. With Pete Droge; Glen Phillips; Steve Poltz. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—11/6: One of the great *unsung* guitar heroes of the nineties, Built to Spill's Doug Martsch combines the incandescence of Jimi Hendrix with shiver-inducing post-punk songwriting smarts. Martsch & Co. are winding up a three-date series around New York; this is your last chance. With Poster Children; Jack Drag; Mercury Rev; Brian Jonestown Massacre.* 11/5: Sparklehorse, Snowpony.* 11/7: Richard Buckner; Mekons. 11/9: Keigo Oyamada, a.k.a. Cornelius, is perhaps the finest of a new breed of producer-stars that includes Josh "D.J. Shadow" Davis, the Beastie Boys, Beck, and L.A. production wizards the Dust Brothers. The Tokyo-born and -bred Oyamada's virtuosic sonic manipulations weave experimental pop, raging noise rock, Dylan-gritty folk, and bubbling lounge-tronica. The mop-topped rocker has a way to go in getting his live show 100 percent together, but the evolutionary process is as fascinating as his mirror-polished recordings. 11/10: Duncan Sheik used to play guitar for Lisa Loeb. A backing musician no longer, the local sensitive-rocker poster boy now has a hit even more unavoidable than his old boss's equally cloying "Stay." With Hooverphonic. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—11/4: Pennsylvanian turned Texan turned New Yorker Don Piper is one of the finest power-pop songwriters in town. His best songs (played with his crack quartet, A Don Piper Situation) achieve a perfect balance of harmony, texture, dynamic variation—and rock, rock, rock. Though he's been signed to a deal with Capitol for a year, the label has sat, criminally, on his debut album for almost that long. Jamie Block, also on the bill with Piper, has had no trouble getting the word (and his album) out. With chunky-but-funky, Beck-esque loops and an ear for a wry pop hook, Block packs a wallop.* 11/5: Robbie Fulks; Clem Snide.* 11/6: Burning Airlines; Archer Prewitt.* 11/7: Babe the Blue Ox.* 11/9: Thee Headcoats. *161 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—11/4: At the heart of Berlin's thriving electro-anarchy scene, punker-with-a-sampler Alec Empire uses his fist-in-the-gut beats to encourage listeners to riot, seize the means of production, etc., etc. Apathetic American college kids won't do anything of the kind, of course. But they might jump around a little bit. With Bomb 20; EC8OR; Christophe De Babalon; Merzbow.* 11/5: BMI Showcase.* 11/6: Local hardcore legends the Dictators; the Swingin' Neckbreakers; Electric Frankenstein.* 11/7: Misfits, Nashville Pussy.* *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 11/4: Filthy Rich. 11/5: Sam Taylor. 11/6–11/7: Roomful of Blues. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—11/5: California's Donnas talk the high-school bad-girl talk well enough—but they walk the realer-than-real garage-punk walk even better.* 11/6: Orange 9mm.* 11/7: Unsane. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Irving Plaza—11/4: Man . . . Or Astro Man recently sent two bands out on the road as the "Man . . . Or Astro Man Clone Project." Disguised as the real band, these rock body snatchers did a pretty convincing job of imitating the spacy surf-rock instrumentalists. For their big New York gig, though, the Alabaman quintet didn't have the guts to pull the prank—the real thing will be in the house.* With Trans Am; Six Finger Satellite.* 11/5: Esthero; Faithless.* 11/6: Sunny Day Real Estate; Spinanes.* 11/7 (early): The Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label is no mere vanity project, as this multi-faceted showcase attests. On the bill are teenage neo-folkie Ben Lee, currently entering his Dylan phase; Beasties keyboardist Money Mark, whose funky sonics and eighties-pop crooning make for one of the strangest and most arresting hybrids you can find; and Japanese noise-pop outfit Buffalo Daughter.* 11/7 (late): Meat Beat Manifesto; Josh Wink.* *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—11/6: Austin's Daniel Johnston has been recording his genuinely naïve, Beatles-inspired one-man pop for years—but he's ventured out of his hometown only rarely (in fact, his most notable New York "appearance" was conducted by telephone—as Yo La Tengo played the music to his "Speeding Motorcycle" live on WFMU, Johnston sang along from home). This ultrarare New York

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Anna Williams.

appearance is not to be missed. (Unfortunately, hundreds of badge-wearing college kids will doubtless feel the same way.) With local avant-Brazilian balladeer Arto Lindsay and Sacramento turntable virtuoso Mixmaster Mike. 11/5: Britain's Add N to X do what so many have tried (and mostly failed) to do before: Blend hard-charging punk-rock attitude with Sprockets-worthy synth smarts. Their shows are as terrifying as they are fascinating. Also on the bill is Hovercraft—not to be confused with the band in which Eddie Vedder briefly played drums in semi-anonymity.* 11/7: Hometown homegirls Cakelike combine a punkish D.I.Y. ethic with winningly sugary pop hooks. With former Skinny Puppy principal Chris Connelly's new outfit the Bells. 11/8: "CMJ Word Association Night." 11/8 (separate bill): Steve Lacy's been working a Thelonious Monk jones for years—decades, even. And it's no wonder why: The soprano saxophonist's breezy melodicism is perfectly suited to Monk's angular compositions. At this date, Lacy skips his usual trio setting and goes it alone. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Maxwell's—11/6: Beth Orton has collaborated with the Chemical Brothers, but it's her folkie credentials that keep the fans coming back (she even *looks* a little like Nick Drake). The electronica flourishes she evidently picked up from her sometime collaborators don't hurt. With Ron Sexsmith. 11/6: Modest Mouse. 11/7: Arto Lindsay; Mono Puff. 11/8: The Mekons; The Handsome Family (see Baby Jupiter listing, above). 11/10: The Donnas (see Coney Island High listing, above). *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 11/4: Apples in Stereo.* 11/5: Jon Langford.* 11/6: Komeda; Kahimi Karie; Momus; Papas Fritas.* *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Roxy—11/4: CMJ Opening Night Party. Mixmaster Mike; Coldcut; Talvin Singh; D.J. Krush; Wagon Christ; D.J. Spooky; Ryuchi Sakamoto; Prince Paul & the Automator; Rob Swift & Dujeous; Tipsy; Neotropic; Badawi; We.* *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 11/4: Belizbeha.* 11/5: Basement Bhangra.* 11/6: Prince Paul; Qaballah Steppers; Black Star.* 11/8: Talib Kweli; Shabaam Sahdeeq; Sir Menelik.* *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 11/4: The Promise Ring.* 11/5: D.J. Juan Atkins; the Automator; Prince Paul.* 11/6: Dub Narcotic Sound System.* 11/7: Modest Mouse; 764-HERO.* 11/9: Gang Starr. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Vinyl—11/5: Drum-and-bass dance meltdown "Planet V." With Krust; Ryan Gee; Jumping Jack Frost; Dynamite MC; Morgan; Squarepusher; Raymond Roker.* *6 Hubert St. (307-7171).*

Westbeth Theatre—11/6: Britain's fiery Asian Dub Foundation mixes punk-rock urgency, dub-reggae depth, and Subcontinental liberation politics; Imperial Teen.* 11/7: Beth Orton (see Maxwell's listing, above); Ron Sexsmith; Rebecca Gates.* *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—11/4: Can irony alone make a comeback bid work out? For Vanilla Ice's sake, let's hope so.* 11/5: Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise.* 11/6 Bio Ritmo. 11/7: Jungle Brothers; Black Eyed Peas; Lewis Parker.* *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

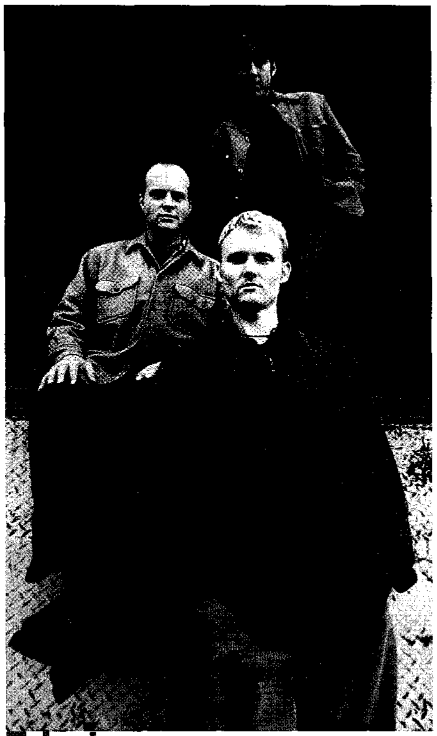
Jazz

Birdland—11/5–11/7: Normally, when a jazz musician takes on pop tunes under the rubric of "new standards," the result is either irksomely patronizing (*See? this is serious music—after all, I deign to play it*) or a nauseatingly transparent attempt to make a quick buck (*Please notice me, giant rock audience!*). Neither of these unsavory scenarios, mercifully, is the case with Jimmy Scott's new *Holding Back the Years*. The counter-tenor's tragic readings of Lennon's "Jealous Guy" and other pop tunes are every bit as worthy and moving as any Gershwin number. Live, Scott cuts a heart-stoppingly melancholy figure, gazing mournfully into the middle distance as he dissects human folly with every phrase. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $10 minimum. 11/3: Gil Evans Orchestra. 11/4: Bob Mintzer Quartet. 11/10: Gil Evans Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 11/3–11/8: Rachelle Ferrell. 11/9: Kendra Shank. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/3–11/8: Abbey Lincoln. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 11/3–11/8: Al Foster Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*



Talent

Internal Combustication

It's not every week that you find a funky, avant-minded organ trio rocking a big house like the Hammerstein Ballroom. But propelled by their slow-burning new 'Combustication,' New York's own Medeski Martin & Wood do just that, November 5, on a bill that includes Boston's grittiest groovemeisters, Morphine. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Jimmy Katz.

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. 11/4: Dave Douglas Quartet. 11/5: Leroy Jenkins. 11/6: Elliott Sharp. 11/7: Oliver Lake Steel Quartet. 11/8: Holy Modal Rounders. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 11/3–11/8: Heath Brothers. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—11/4: Jim Morris. 11/5: Margaret Cho. 11/6–11/7: Margaret Cho. 11/8: Margaret Cho; Judy Gold Show. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50; two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—Through 11/8: Wanda Sykes-Hill; Al Lubel; Kevin Brennan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.– Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—11/9–11/15: Nancy Redman; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Flea Theatre—11/4–11/6 at 10 P.M.: Premium Bob, a comic duo who, with charming hyperbole, have designated themselves "America's most celebrated and acclaimed theatrical duo." *41 White St. (226-0051). $12.*

Gotham—11/11: Susie Essman; Ellen Lloyd. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—11/6–11/7: Paul Michael Mercurio; J. R. Havlan; Eric Kornfield; Gregg Rogell; Ric Crom. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Beginning 11/3: Tom Postilio. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—If the cabaret is a dimly lit confessional booth—in which its best performers establish simultaneous intimacy and decorum—Bobby Short is its high priest. He's in, through December, for his annual run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Eighty-Eight's—Wednesdays, disco diva Vicki Sue Robinson gives up the funk. $15 cover, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $25 cover Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat.; $15 cover Mon.; $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—11/3–11/14: Ann Hampton Callaway. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M.; $40 cover. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

in concert

The Kirov Orchestra Plays Carnegie

Classical Music

Tuesday, November 3

New York Philharmonic—Performs Haydn's Symphony No. 99, Copland's *Capricorn* Concerto, and Elgar's Violin Concerto, with violinist Kennedy. Leonard Slatkin conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

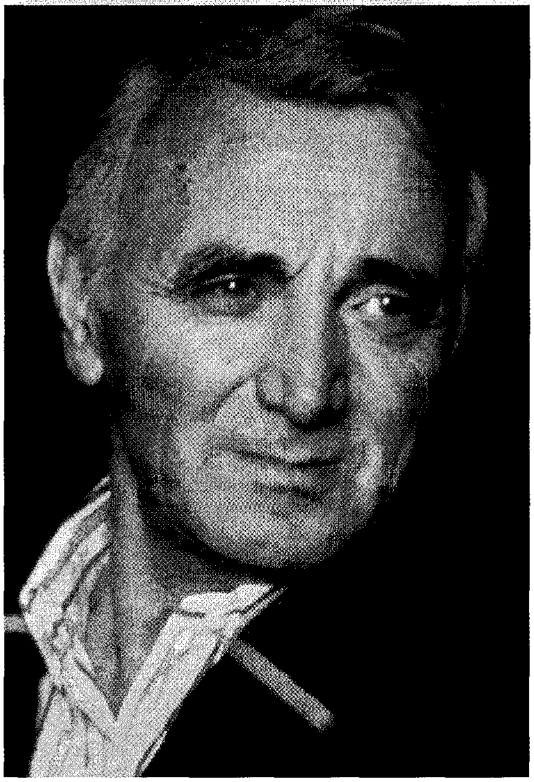
Wednesday, November 4

Jan Vogler, Cello, and Andrea Lucchesini, Piano—Perform all five Beethoven sonatas for cello and piano. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5776), at 8; $15–$35.*

Back to Back Bach—Violinist Gregory Fulkerson performs the composer's solo sonatinas and partitas. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $20.*

Previews
Still "Bleu"

Charles Aznavour was a young pup—and the protégé of Edith Piaf—when he first sang in New York 50 years ago. Now he's a one-name celebrity (it's just "Aznavour," thank you), performing an extended run at the Marquis Theater. The suave French crooner will be singing favorites like "Yesterday, When I Was Young" as well as newer tunes, through November 15 (see "Song").



Photograph courtesy of Lévon Sayan.

Thursday, November 5

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bernstein, MacDowell, Lees, and Schickele, with pianist André Watts and others. Leonard Slatkin conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

New York Philomusica—Performs Bach's Sonata in C, Concerto for Violin in D Minor, Sonata in G Minor, and Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D. With harpsichordist Robert Wolinsky, violinists Catherine Cho and Todd Philips, and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $20.*

Friday, November 6

Kirov Orchestra—Performs Tchaikovsky's *Voyevoda*, Piano Concerto No. 3 in E-flat Major with pianist Alexander Toradze, and Symphony No. 6 in B Minor. Valery Gergiev conducts. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

Kirov Opera Chorus—Performs Rachmaninoff Vespers as part of the Lincoln Center Great Performers series. *Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. (721-6500), at 8; free.*

Hugo Wolf Quartet—Performs Haydn's Quartet in B-flat Major, Ligeti's Quartet No. 2, and Brahms's Quartet in C Minor. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/5, at 11 A.M.

Saturday, November 7

New York Philharmonic—Performs a "Young People's Concert" featuring Schickele's *A Zoo Called Earth* and Symphony No. 1. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $6–$21.*

Kirov Orchestra—Performs Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker* in its entirety. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$100.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/5.

Sunday, November 8

Trio di Parma—Makes its New York debut performing Beethoven's Trio in D and Brahms's Trio in C. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11 A.M.; $15.*

Chamber Music Society Two—Performs a concert of works by Mozart, Arensky, and Mendelssohn, highlighting the ensemble's newest members: violinist Nick Eanet, pianists Melvin Chen and Adrienne Kim, and cellists Hai-Ye Ni and Sophie Shao. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5776), at 5; $25–$35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Kirov Orchestra—Performs Tchaikovsky's *Iolanta*, with the Kirov Orchestra Chorus. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20–$100.*

Monday, November 9

Handelworks—Performs the chamber opera *Acis and Galatea*, with harpsichordist Andrew Appel, the Four Nations Ensemble, and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 7:30; $22.*

Barbara Cook, Vocalist—Performs a solo concert as part of the "Carnegie Goes Pops" series. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Making Music 1999: Milton Babbitt—A discussion and concert of music by Babbitt, Brahms, and Powell, with vocalist Judith Bettina, pianists James Goldsworthy and Robert Taub, violinist Curtis Macomber, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 11/3 and 11/7 at 8; Puccini's *Tosca*, 11/4 at 8 and 11/7 at 1:30; Bizet's *Carmen*, 11/5 at 8; and Verdi's *Aida*, 11/6 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen*, 11/5 at 7:30 and 11/7 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 11/6 at 8 and 11/8 at 1:30; and Floyd's *Of Mice and Men*, 11/7 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs a double bill of Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, 11/7 at 7:30 and 11/8 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Dance

American Ballet Theater—Performs the world premiere of a new ballet by Twyla Tharp, John Neumeier's *Spring and Fall*, and other works, 11/3–11/6 at 8, 11/7 at 2 and 8, and 11/8 at 2 and 7:30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $32–$58.*

Murray Louis and Nikolais Dance Company—Performs three programs, one of works by Louis, one of works by Nikolais, and one of works by both, 11/3–11/6 at 8, 11/7 at 2 and 8, and 11/8 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Song

Charles Aznavour—The French singer and contemporary of Sinatra and Piaf performs a program of signature songs, 11/3–11/7 at 8, and 11/8 at 3. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (382-0100); $65–$75.*

the mix

Elie Wiesel...Paul Theroux...William Wegman

John Leonard's TV Notes

Riddler's Moon (11/5; 8 to 10 P.M.; UPN), in which Kate Mulgrew and Corbin Bernsen learn to trust the psychic visions of teenage and wheelchair-bound Daniel Newman in order to save Indiana from a killing drought and Kate's farm from a bank foreclosure, has all the right moves, including the clever deploying of Amerindian legends, until its concluding fifteen minutes, when it goes *X-Files* woozy-woo. Kate and Corbin are, in fact, wonderful together, as adults seeking the sort of accommodation that, at their age, will have to substitute for romance.

Red Meat (11/6; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Sundance) allows John Slattery, Stephen Mailer, and James Frain to be male-chauvinist-sadistic-piggy to Jennifer Grey, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Traci Lind to such a wretched beyond–*Carnal Knowledge* extent that you may find yourself longing for something as comparatively gentle on the subject of the gender wars as Leonard Michaels's *The Men's Club.* Writer-director Allison Burnett has an ear that's unforgiving and a close-up camera that's downright savage. I will never be able to look at Slattery again without cringing.

Dalziel and Pascoe: Child's Play (11/6 and 11/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; A&E) sends the Yorkshire police detectives off in one direction to find out who killed the only beneficiary of a will that otherwise sends 3 million pounds directly to some blue-haired English fascists, and off in another to protect a closeted gay colleague who is being blackmailed. Both directions will circle around to a secret known only to the marvelous Margaret Tyzack. As usual, Warren Clarke and Colin Buchanan do Reginald Hill's mystery novels proud.

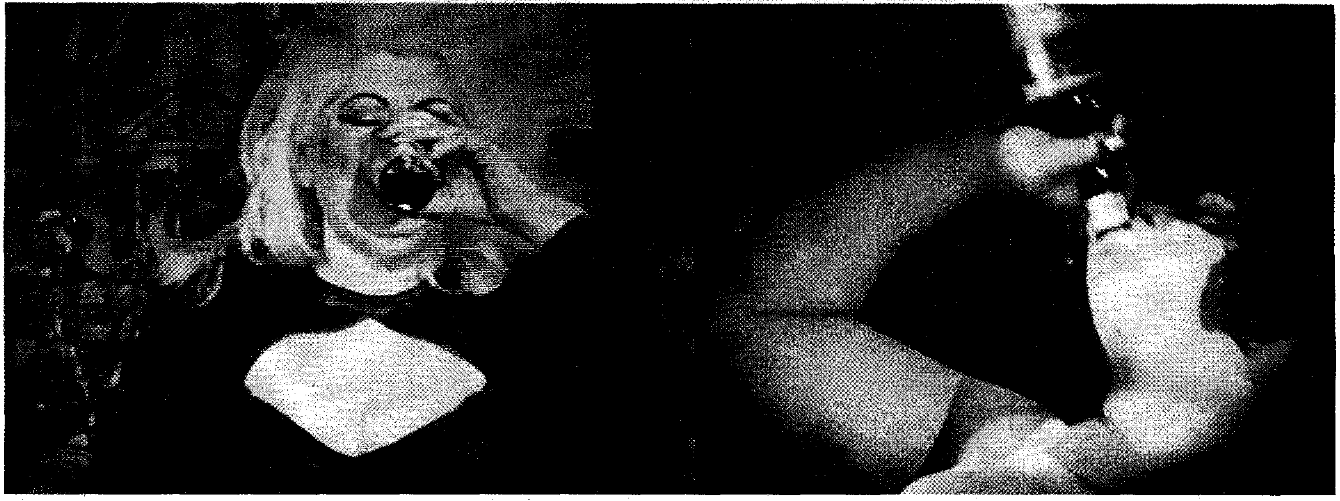
A Knight in Camelot (11/8; 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC) employs Whoopi Goldberg instead of Bing Crosby to travel back in time to King Arthur's Dark Ages, where she will have to put up with Michael York as his Royal High Horse, Amanda Donohoe as Guinevere, and Ian Richardson as Merlin, in this Disney production for young nonreaders. Whoopi's career choices have long since gone beyond peculiar to self-sabotage, but whatever possessed Richardson?

River of Souls (11/8; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) is more backing and filling via TV movie as the *Babylon 5* series reaches the projected end of its five-year run. Garibaldi, who has been missing recently on Wednesday nights, returns with not only Ian McShane, an archeologist who's stolen an ancient relic that may or may not be the key to immortality, but also Martin Sheen, a soul hunter who wants the relic back before all the undead in the universe wake up to bother Tracy Scoggins and the rest of the usual riffraff. Good fun, mostly because everybody connected with this series seems shamelessly committed to space opera without blushing.

Exiled (11/8; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) reunites the late and much-lamented Chris Noth with his former friends and fellow cops in the *Law & Order* series, for a TV movie dreamed up by Noth himself. It's all Law and no Order, which is to say it never gets to trial. Noth as Mike Logan wants to end his ostracism in Staten Island. (You would, too, if you had to work for Dabney Coleman.) He tries to use the murder of a prostitute and the dumping of her body in the harbor as his ticket back to Jerry Orbach and S. Epatha Merkerson. Unfortunately, this murder involves not only organized if crazy criminals like Costas Mandylor but also corrupt cops in the very station house to which he longs to return. Neither lean enough nor hungry, though Dana Eskelson is a tough-broad wow as Logan's partner.

Happening
Fit to Print

The eighth annual Print Fair at the Park Avenue Armory brings together a wildly eclectic mix—100,000 images from old masters through contemporary, right up to camp king John Waters, whose *Drunk* is pictured below. See "Events."



Photograph courtesy of Graphicstudio/U.S.F.

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 11/8: Ethan Canin, author of *For Kings and Planets.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Stephen J. Dubner—11/4 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *Turbulent Souls.* Barnes & Noble 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Malcolm Browne, Philip Caputo, and Sydney Schanberg—11/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Readings by war correspondents featured in the anthology *Reporting Vietnam.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Paul Theroux—11/2 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Sir Vidia's Shadow.* The Oak Room at the Algonquin, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); $25.

Pete Hamill—11/4 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Why Sinatra Matters,* Barnes & Noble 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

Donna Allegra and Mariana Romo-Carmona—11/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Lesbian Travels.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Harry Mathews and Albert Mobilio—11/2 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Janet Wallach—11/3 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Chanel: Her Style and Her Life.* National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (604-4823); free.

Bobby Miller—11/6 at 7 P.M.: Reading and showing slides from *Fabulous: A Photographic Diary of Studio 54.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

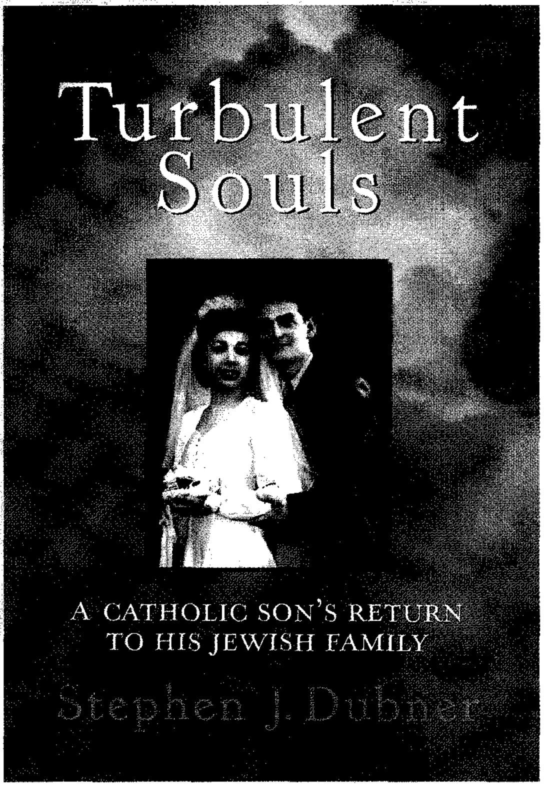
Barbara Kingsolver and Rose Tremain—11/2 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Animal Dreams* and *The Way I Found Her,* respectively, and discussing their work. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

In Print

My Goyisheh Mama

Stephen J. Dubner is not the first nice Jewish boy to need the help of a third party to resolve a dispute with his Brooklyn-born mother. But in his case, the mediator was John Cardinal O'Connor, archbishop of New York, and the dispute was over Dubner's decision to return to Judaism some 50 years after his mother, Veronica Dubner, née Florence Greenglass, had converted to Catholicism and left her Brooklyn relatives behind—including her first cousins Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. "It's like a comedy of archetypes," says Dubner over a bowl of French fries at a wildly crowded Upper East Side diner. "You've got the head of the church, the apostate son, the fervent Christian convert, and lurking in the back is the public enemy No. 2 of the Cold War." Dubner's new book, *Turbulent Souls,* traces the paths of both of his parents away from Judaism and his own eventual return to it. He first wrote about his family in an article for *The New York Times Magazine,* and the response he got was overwhelming. "People still get very passionate when it comes to faith," he says. "But I don't consider this a religious book: It's a reported family memoir where instead of alcoholism or gambling the dysfunction is religious zeal." Veronica Dubner had her own concerns about both her son's spiritual choice and his project, but Cardinal O'Connor helped convince her that Stephen's becoming a Jew was the right thing for him. She ended up a wholehearted if cautious collaborator. "My mother was very savvy about the process," Dubner says. "She learned the phrase *off the record* right away, and ultimately she said, 'If you want to interview me, then I want to vet the manuscript.' Normally, I wouldn't make such an arrangement with a subject, but this was my mom." He will be reading from his work on November 4; see "The Written Word" for details.

ARIEL LEVY



Frederick Feirstein and Wade Newman—11/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. The Village Temple, 33 E. 12th St. (674-2340); free.

Lectures and Panels

William Wegman—11/5 at 6:30. The photographer and fine artist lectures and shows samples of his famous Weimaraner works. School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2010); free.

Elie Wiesel—11/5 at 8 P.M.: On "The Fascination With Jewish Tales in the Bible." 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $32.

Cynthia Ozick and Eli N. Evans—11/5 and 11/12 at 6:30 P.M.: An exploration of who and what is "authentically Jewish." Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, 10 E. 66th St. (744-1400); free.

David Sylvester on Richard Serra—11/5 at 6:30 P.M.: The author of *Henry Moore, Interviews With Francis Bacon, René Magritte, and Others* discusses Serra's sculpture "Torqued Ellipses." Dia Center for the Arts, 545 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $2.50–$5.

"Wings That Don't Fly: The Problem of Museum Expansion"—11/9 at 6:30 P.M.: Maxwell Anderson, Philip Johnson, Victoria Newhouse, Frank Stella, Bernard Tschumi, and Suzanne Stephens have a roundtable discussion. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3595); $5.

Tours

The Jewish Lower East Side—11/8 at 1 P.M.: A tour of 150 years of Jewish settlement in the area. Stops include the Eldridge Street Synagogue and Katz's Delicatessen. Meet at the corner of Essex and Delancey Streets (439-1090); $10.

"Big As Paris and Just As Beautiful: The Bronx"—11/8 at 10 A.M.: Bronx historian Lloyd Ultan leads this tour through the home of the famous zoo, Art Deco apartments, Edgar Allen Poe's cottage, and New England–esque City Island, where the group stops for lunch. Call 996-1100 for reservations; $55 includes transportation.

Foods of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 11:30 A.M.: A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for additional information; $20.

Events

"The Mambophonic Juice Jam"—11/7: Part of the Brooklyn Museum of Art's "First Saturdays," in which the museum stays open until 11 P.M., a night of live dance, the Bindlestiff Family Cirkus, Latin-jazz ensemble Quinbombó, and other performances, all completely free, with free parking. 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000); free.

Museum of Television & Radio's Fourth Annual Radio Festival—Through 11/7: A series of seminars with producers, on-air personalities, and music-industry professionals along with interactive tapings and demonstrations. Topics include Top 40, public radio, Hispanic radio, and country. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6709); $5–$25.

"Prized Impressions: Surveying the Centuries, Perusing Prints"—11/4–11/8: Ninety-two dealers offer their most prized impressions—100,000 images encompassing an encyclopedia of iconography. The Park Avenue Armory, 643 Park Ave. (777-5218); $25 for Wed. preview, $12 daily thereafter.

Triple Pier Expo—11/7–11/8: Some 600 exhibitors fill three passenger-ship terminals with antiques, furniture, paintings, prints, Italian glass, perfume bottles, costume and Bakelite jewelry, and vintage fashions at this bargain hunter's paradise. Piers 88, 90, and 92, bet. 48th and 55th Sts. at the Hudson River (800-788-0024); $10.

Benefits

Sunbursts Projects' First Thursday—11/5 at 6 P.M.: The AIDS charity for children will host this auction with dancing, drinks, and a light buffet. 289 Spring St. (768-8817); $25.

Planned Parenthood's Seventh Annual Cocktail Reception—11/6 at 6 P.M.: Art and drinks with music by the Brawner Brothers. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (274-7254); $75.

Richard Tucker Foundation Opera Gala—11/8 at 6 P.M.: A concert and dinner at which Luciano Pavarotti is master of ceremonies and soprano Patricia Racette receives the 1998 Tucker award. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, 65th St. and Columbus Ave. (757-2218); $100–$600.

23rd Annual All Sports Hall of Fame Dinner—11/4 at 6:30 P.M.: The only time during the year that the newest "class" of Hall of Fame inductees is fêted in one place. Benefits the Boys' Club of New York. Waldorf Astoria, 301 Park Ave. (997-0100); $600–$1,000.

Exhibitions

"Threepennies and a Touch of Venus: The World of Kurt Weill"—Through 12/3: A screening series celebrating the life of the acclaimed composer. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9/99: The 76 portraits on view record New Yorkers of all ages and social strata going through city life. The New York Public Library, 42nd St. at Fifth Ave. (221-7676); free.

"Bob Dylan's *Eat the Document*"—Through 11/20: The first screening in more than twenty years of a documentary that captures the madness that ensued during Dylan and the Hawks' 1966 tour of Europe, in which Dylan transformed himself from an acoustic folk singer to a plugged-in rock man. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"The Triumph of Grand Central"—Through 11/11: Still photography by James Rudnick and text documenting the station's renovation, historic clippings, and a video installation featuring views from the ce-

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

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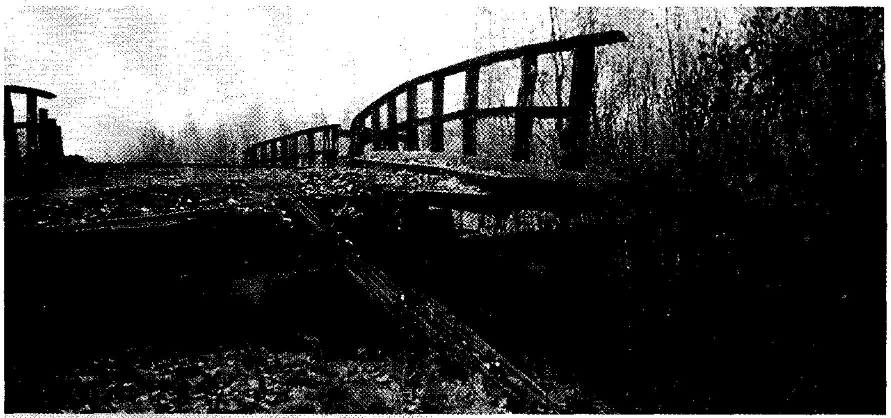
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Amy R. Churgin
Publisher



On Air

Tom Roberts's documentary *The Death Train* tells the appalling story of the construction, by slave labor, of the Great Stalin Railway—east from the Urals and parallel to the Arctic Circle—using eyewitness testimony of survivors and dramatic readings from published memoirs, including Vasily Grossman's. Originally designed for no other purpose than to link all the far-flung Soviet gulags, this satanic exercise in "socialist engineering" was doomed from the start by uncooperative permafrost, Siberian temperatures down to 60 degrees below zero, and the workers' starvation diet. By the time the project was abandoned, shortly after Stalin's death in 1953, between 60,000 and 100,000 prisoners had died in the process. Airs November 8 at 7:45 P.M. on HBO.

lestial ceiling. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden"—Through 4/3/99: The first installment of a semi-annual collaboration between artists and community residents: sculptural interpretations of a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsignor Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St. at Hunts Point Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayette Aves. (831-2189); free.

"New York Photographs: Margaret Morton, Christine Osinski, Robert Rindler"—Through 12/5: Images of the city—dwellings built by the homeless, graffiti, building façades, and the tiny islands that surround Manhattan. Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, 7 E. 7th St. (353-4200); free.

Sports

Ice Rink at South Street Seaport—11/4 through mid-March: Downtown's outdoor skating venue begins its second year. Rink is open seven days a week, Mon.–Fri. 10 A.M.–9 P.M., Sun. 10 A.M.–6 P.M. Fees are $8 for adults, $6 for kids; skate rentals are $5.

Doubles Tennis Tournament—11/8 at 4 P.M.: The Friends of Israel Disabled Veterans will be holding a tennis benefit at the Fila Sports Center in Long Island City. Registration fee is $250 per player (includes cocktails and dinner). There will also be a celebrity singles match between Israel's No. 1 wheelchair player, Eyal Sartov (No. 7 in the world), and No. 1 U.S. wheelchair tennis star Steve Welch (No. 2 in the world). Call 689-3220 for more information.

4th Annual Celebrity Basketball Game—11/8 at 2 P.M.: Check out stars like Laurence Fishburne, Stephen Baldwin, Keith Hernandez, and Frederique van der Wal throwing elbows and egos around as they suit up to benefit REACH, a charity that benefits critically ill and underprivileged children. Game is at the Hunter College Gymnasium (Lexington at 68th St.) and will be followed by a dinner and party at the Supper Club. Tickets are $150. Call 243-3042 for more information.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: Everything green for the cyber vegetarian; the online source for sports stats, stories, and celebs; a search engine that helps you scour the Net for multimedia experience; a site that keeps you entertained while you sit through those never-ending downloads; and a performing-arts site crusading for culture. But before you click away from us at www.nymag.com, check out all our other features, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and daily New York trivia.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							DAL FOX 1PM
JETS							BUF CBS 4PM
RANGERS		NJ FSNY 7:30PM	MON MSG 7:30PM			TOR FSNY 7PM	
ISLANDERS	FLA FSNY 7:30PM			CAR FSNY 7:30PM		MON FSNY 7PM	
DEVILS		NYR FSNY 7:30PM				FLA FSNY 1:30PM	TB FSNY 4PM
	11/2	11/3	11/4	11/5	11/6	11/7	11/8

Photograph courtesy of HBO.

kids

Shoot the Puck...Toy Theaters

Children's Events

Itsy Bitsy Drama—"The Fourth Annual Toy Theater Festival" revives a tiny art form all but extinguished by television. Each of the children's matinee programs at **LOS KABAYITOS PUPPET THEATER** presents two out of the following three productions: "Yankee Circus in Outer Space," a tabletop adaptation of a vast musical extravaganza; "The Big Orange Splot," in which one woman—the brave Grian MacGregor—operates 75 handmade puppets; and "Our Kitchen," which reveals from whence a child's pancake breakfast came. Performances are 11/7, 11/8, 11/14, and 11/15 at 3. Soro Velez Cultural Center, 107 Suffolk St. (260-4080, ext. 14). A temporary museum of toy theaters is in the Gallery Space at Clemente Soto Velez, across from the theater. Tickets are $12 for adults, $8 for children under 12.

Saturday Night Live—The **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART** hosts free dancing, movies, and assorted cultural events for people of all ages—on the first Saturday evening of every month. The Bindlestiff Family Cirkus brings family-friendly sword swallowing and slapstick to the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Auditorium. 11/7 at 9 (the museum closes at 11 P.M.).●●

Laughable—"The Evolution of Laurel and Hardy," part of the **SILENT CLOWNS FILM SERIES**, is accompanied by live piano accompaniment. 11/8 at noon and 3. 78th Street Theater Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (969-0968); $10 for adults, $5 for children. Reservations recommended.●

Thunder and Lightning—The sounds of traditional Japanese instruments—taiko barrel-shaped drums, the thirteen-stringed koto, and bamboo flutes—open the first in the "Just Kidding" series of collaborative events between **SYMPHONY SPACE** and the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**. Starting at the former, "Taiko to Tumbling" presents excerpts from Chinese opera performed with fantastic costumes, makeup, martial arts, and tumbling. 11/7 at 11. 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400), www.symphonyspace.org. Admission is $6. Afterward, twelve blocks south, at CMOM (212 W. 83rd St.), in a related workshop: Kids can fashion instruments from things that grow— nuts, gourds, and bamboo. 11/7 at 1:30 and 3. With a ticket stub from Symphony Space, there is a $2 saving on admission to CMOM—bringing it to $3.●

Troubadour— Bill Gordh incorporates folk tales, Mississippi blues, jazz, and African rhythms into his "Watermelon Patch" show. **WEST END CHILDREN'S THEATRE**. 11/7 at 1:30. 2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th Sts. Reservations required (877-6115); $10.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Inflatable—At **CAROLINE'S KIDS KLUB**, Silly Billy, a legend on the children's party circuit, gets kids, clad in costumes made of twisted balloons, to perform "Fractured Fairy Tales." 11/7 and 11/8 at 2. 1626 Broadway, at 49th St. (757-4100); $12 per person. Reservations required.

Comic Relief— Solo slapstick artist Tom Murphy, better known as Murph, promises to bring "the glory and chaos of vaudeville back to 42nd Street" in *Meta-Murphosis Minor.* 11/6 through 11/16. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10 to $25.●

New Construction—**THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** will serve tea and cookies at a dollhousewarming party for the newest addition to the Doll House Gallery. Artist Alice Hudson will discuss her creation, which she calls *The Cultural Center With a Mysterious Locked Room!* 11/8 at 3. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672). Admission by suggested contribution: $5, $4 for seniors, students, and children, $10 for families.

Big Little Top—In **BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s show *Happy On!*, legendary British ringmaster Norman Barrett brings with him a delightfully absurd budgerigar act and ushers in China's Liaoning Acrobatic Troupe, who are masters of aerial bungee stunts. Everyone sits within 50 feet of the sawdust—and those in the first couple of rows risk getting pulled into the ring. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100) through 1/10. Tickets are $12 to $58.

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
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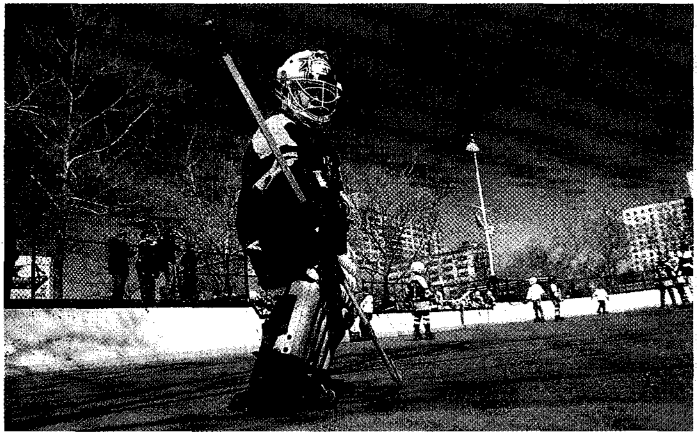
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Activity

Wheels Within Wheels

With Rollerblades and bags of protective gear slung over their shoulders, some kids get dropped off in cars, or walk over with parents, from doorman buildings. Other kids weave through traffic on skates, or take a bus to get there, from public housing. The 175 athletes, ages 4 to 18, who play non-contact roller hockey with the Stanley M. Isaacs Park Association Roller Hockey Youth League (in a park just off 96th Street near First Avenue) are from every borough and walk of life. The rink—which has fallen into serious disrepair—is Manhattan's only city-owned facility with an active roller-hockey league. "We have an organization that doesn't say no to anybody," according to Harvey Kahn, a commodities trader, who brings his son Jeffrey to play in the league and has coached for four years. Skates and equipment can usually be rustled up if needed, and SIPA now serves up a breakfast of bagels, bananas, and oranges, donated by the nearby Vinegar Factory, because so many kids were coming to games hungry. "Hockey isn't really the point," according to 32-year-old Geoffrey Croft, who founded the Park Association; "it's just a great way to get kids' attention." Croft, a commercial photographer by profession who had been a hockey coach in the neighborhood for several years, felt a privately funded nonprofit group could do even more to channel kids' enthusiasm for the sport. Through business sponsorships and an annual sports auction, enough money has been raised to refurbish the rink—which should be completed by the end of the year. Plans are also under way to make more sweeping improvements to the park, and kids in the league maintain a Website—at www.stanleyisaacs.org—that gives updates on game stats, schedule changes, and the progress of the rink renovation. In *The Stanley M. Isaacs Park Association Newsletter*—written by kids in the league and immediately devoured despite its dry-sounding name—players' sly signature moves are chronicled, along with the names of their siblings and off-rink ambitions. Fifteen-year-old Marcus Fajardo, the recipient of the league's first-ever Paul L. McDermott Sportsmanship Award—named for a beloved coach who succumbed to cancer—writes in the spring issue about the temptation for kids to play rough and dirty, the way they see the pros do on TV. Fajardo counsels his peers rather to try *"choosing the right path instead of a bad one, and to avoid being influenced by negative behavior."* The league is looking for new players—including girls—with or without experience, and volunteers are always needed. For information, call 539-8861. **BARBARA ENSOR**



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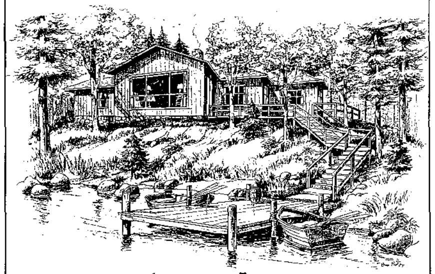

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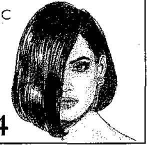

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Urbane, Spirited, Good-Looking—Businesswoman. Loves art, theater, swimming, skiing. Loves to laugh, wants to grow. Ambitious, compassionate, kind. Seeks intelligent, accomplished man, 40-55, well-mannered, fit, with similar attributes and a high degree of integrity. 5899 ☒☎

Wants To Be Someone's Sweetie—29, blond, blue-eyed, very pretty and petite, with a great smile. If you are a caring, intelligent, very successful professional who's also cute and Jewish, with a good sense of humor, 29-39 - get in touch. Note/photo/phone, please. 5884 ☒

Beautiful Surprise—Blue-eyed blond, tall, thin, 36, sweet, bright, athletic. Looking to astonish an outstanding Jewish man, 35-45. Gift and wrapping come with lifetime guarantee. Note/photo helps. Email: ny-girl@iname.com or 5925☒☎

Come Smell The Roses!—With a dynamic, warm Ivy MD/PhD, handsome, old-fashioned romantic, 5'10" on a trim frame ...43, funny, passion for the arts, staying in shape, travel. Dreams of a kind, bright, empathic woman under 37, for true love. Phone/photo, please, for reply. 5955☒☎

Classically Elegant—Vibrant, intelligent, warm, fun-loving, upscale, tall, slender, athletic, professional single white female, 31 (model looks), seeks extremely accomplished, confident, educated, diverse, personable, tall, fit, single white male (30-40). Honesty, character, drive and sense of humor (with great smile!) are important. Hope to enjoy the fall...holiday season and beyond. Note/photo. 5897☒

Casting Gentleman For Final Chapter—With blond professional, 44. 5885 ☒☎

Beautiful, Classy, Unattainable—Is how I'm described - but true beauty lies in the heart. I'm a slender, 5'6" Asian with captivating eyes, long legs, and curves in all the right places - romantic, passionate, loyal and very selective in my personal life. Enjoy entertaining for 100 in a fitted gown, pearls and high heels - or relaxing by a blazing fire in a sweater. Dreaming of one 40-plus gentleman of substance and integrity - sophisticated, secure, warm and expressive. Hmmm... So, if you send a brief note/photo - I could be that special holiday present you unwrap... *if you capture my attention!* 5921 ☒

Loves Sailing—Male, 40, Jewish, quiet but smart. I'm not particularly tall, thin, religious or financially secure. I seek a nice, kind woman as a full partner in life's adventures. Detailed, thoughtful note ensures response. 5936☒

Caring, Kind, Attractive—Sensuous, slightly wicked white female, 36, 5'10", Rubenesque. Enjoys sports, books, museums, music, togetherness. Seeks single white male, 40 plus, nonsmoker. 5943☒☎

Manhattan Jewish Male—Considerate, unpretentious, youthful 50-plus, seeks trim, pretty female, 30s-40s. Share conservative politics, Gershwin, 1930s-40s music, beach, much more. Photo. 5937☒

The Man I Dream Of—Has a strong mind and kind heart. He's a good friend and generous soul. He's passionate about work and play, and not afraid to commit long-term. He's romantic, genuine and intuitive...rugged and confident but modest and warm. He's 35-42ish, tall, fit, uncommonly attractive, with a unique sense of style. He dreams about a woman who is beautiful inside and out. She's tall, very slim but shapely, with an easygoing manner and style. She smiles easily and loves enormously. She's holding out for the real thing. Serious suitors, please apply with note and photo. 5866 ☒

Sophisticated Gent—Seeks cultured lady who is available for love, laughter and adventure into unknown reaches, candlelight dinners, romantic weekends, etc. She is 40ish and athletic, is a homemaker with traditional values, and wants to love again. He is a person of substance and integrity, is world-traveled, multilingual, inventive, fun-loving and kind, and seeks a long-term relationship. Photo. 5924 ☒

Wanted:—One subtle, erudite, accomplished, enormously attractive woman who might want to have a child. By: Funny, vigorous, well-employed, unpredictable, monogamy-minded writer, 54. Photo, please. 5886 ☒☎

Beautiful, Charismatic And Refined—Female attorney, 30, 5'7", slim and curvaceous, green eyes, auburn hair, with interests from the arts to scuba diving, seeks attractive male professional, 28-38, who is fun-loving, kind and insightful. Note and photo, please. 5873 ☒

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Exotic Artist/Professor—40s (looks 35), dark-haired beauty, intellectually curious, cultured, romantic, seeks single male, race/religion unimportant, 43-53, successful, attractive, well-educated, cultured, caring, for meaningful relationship. Recent photo/note/phone. 5962 ☒

Attractive, Athletic MD—34, 6'3", 210 lbs, Italian-American, seeks younger, pretty, intelligent woman for romance, fun and friendship. Note/photo. 5946 ☒

Warm, Witty, Accomplished—Financially secure gentleman, handsomely 52, seeks romantic, cultured lady of English, Irish, French or Scandinavian lineage, 35-45. 5947 ☒☎

Gay White Man—48, 6'3", 185, handsome, seeks wonderful friend, good conversation, a relationship. Arts. 5575 ☒

Your Dreams Come True—With this undeniably successful, attractive man, chairman of public corporation, who is 54 years young, 6'3", fit, caring, gracious, fun-loving, a giver, who would gladly relinquish single life for a lovely woman, 30-42, to share 1st-class travel, my 8,500-square-foot penthouse on the ocean in Miami as well as executive apartment in Manhattan. Some meaningful words and a recent photo shall be reciprocated. 5887 ☒

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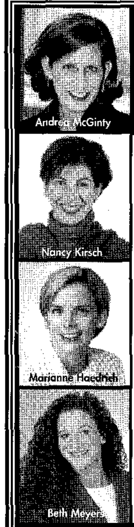

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Seeking Conscious Male—Late 30s-40s, tall and fit, who is kind, spiritually and emotionally evolved, financially secure, for a magical partnership with this truly fine, great-looking, sensuous woman. Sense of humor a plus. Note/photo. 5868 ✉☎

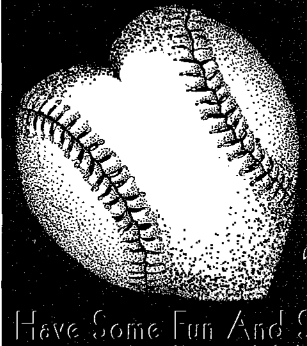
Bright, Attractive Female—44, seeks warm, loving, attractive, stable professional male partner. Note/photo. 5913 ✉

I Want Kids (Several)—Seek woman with same desire, who can help me fall in love. Must be child-free, educated (30-35). I'm a businessman, 6', 175, no kids, adventurous. Photo a must. 5941✉

Soft-Hearted NJ Lady—Fair and slim, 50, warm smile, three parts silk-and-satin, one part vinegar, often sensible, owns white horse (truly)... Yearns for bold, fearless knight for fun, possibly marriage. Riding and jousting not necessary, but please be tall, professional, cultured, with well-developed sense of humor, appreciate opera, theater, a good book or just lolling in the Caribbean. Note and photo appreciated. 5901 ✉

Single Dad Seeks Lifetime Love—6', athletic Ivy professional, blue eyes and warm smile, looking for partner under 40 to share intimacy, warmth and everything else. No smokers. Photo a must. 5920 ✉

Jewish Male DDS—49, seeks Jewish female MD/DDS, 35-40, petite brunette, to form HMO. 5911 ✉



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Warm, Wonderful, Winsome—Jewish widow seeks sincere, secure, sagacious swain, 60 plus, for all seasons. 5902 ✉

War Hero—Seeks all-American girl. Photo. Reply to: POB 864, Fort Lee, NJ 07024-6442

Handsome Executive—29, 5'11", 169, caring, adventurous, seeks wife. 5957 ✉

Help Me Find You!—I've searched everywhere. Me: natural beauty, athletic, slender, affectionate, giving, PhD. You: Jewish, 35-45ish, sense of humor, self-aware, communicative, loving - to start relationship/family. 5918 ✉ ☎

Striking PhD—Slender, classy, stylish, seeks well-groomed and -dressed MD, JD or DDS for fun and love, 28-38. 5927✉☎

How'd This Happen—That an attractive, fit, fun-loving, outgoing, 41-year-old redheaded woman who is a sports enthusiast and loves movies, dining and travel, is still seeking her soul mate with a great sense of humor, to share life's adventures? 5964 ✉

Handsome, Successful, Confident—42, 5'11", 185 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, fun-loving, with a passion for the great outdoors, fine restaurants, NYC nightlife, seeks very attractive, bright, easygoing, slender woman, 25-35, to share the good life. Note/photo. 5952✉

Blue-Eyed Nurse—Beautiful, compassionate, 28, seeks intelligent professional gent (28-45). Phone/photo, please. 5871 ✉☎

'Twas Two Months Before Christmas—And all through these pages, people are seeking a match - isn't it outrageous?! I'm 5'3", brunette, outgoing and smart, early 40s, accomplished with a generous heart. I sail and I ski and I'm a conservatory-trained musician - have I piqued your interests? Summon a magician! Now hoping you're clever enough to reply (please be brainy and daring and eager to try). Since friendship and chemistry, with laughter and fun, make romance that's bound to be equal to none, send me your photo and a note that's handwritten, in hopes that I'll be a little bit smitten! 5930✉

Gay White Female—32, pretty, romantic, educated, seeks loving MD, PhD or JD, for sharing life. 5928 ✉☎

It's Not Enough—To be bright, creative, recognized in the media as a very gifted designer and sculptor. This healthy, fit, appealing, 5'10", youthful late-50s male listens perceptively, responds openly, supportively, often with an ironic touch of humor. I'd like to share life with a clear-thinking, intuitive, 38-52 female who is fit, shapely and driven to realize her own dreams. 5933 ✉

Tall, Slender, Attractive Blond—50, PhD, health sciences, enjoys swimming, sailing, foreign travel, gourmet cooking and the arts. Seeks athletic, nonsmoking, bright, caring professional man, 45-60, equally comfortable in LL Bean or tuxedo - for fun, companionship and adventure. Note/photo appreciated. 5893 ✉

Cute, Warm Ivy JD—Slim blond, 38. Likes include theater, jazz, Clapton, the Knicks, camping, and especially kids. Seeks kind, funny guy, 40s-50s. Irish-American a plus. 5890 ✉

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Handsome, Fit, Secure—35, white male professional seeks smart, pretty, feminine "soul mate". She is sensible, compassionate, spiritual and honest. She may enjoy sports - has a down-to-earth appreciation for the finer things. Open on race/religion/age. Note/photo. 5917✉☎

Good Guy, Good Heart—Slender, white Jewish male, 44 - loves sports, movies, theater, fine dining; tired of dating rat race! Seeking like-minded woman, 33-40, with twinkle in her eyes, for long-term relationship. Note/photo, please. 5881 ✉

Super Guy—Successful, honest, tall, slim, warm, genuine, handsome, fun, sincere, English, international lawyer - seeks bright, feminine, warm, fun, Asian/dark-haired beauty, 33-43, for best friends, love and forever. I love New York, travel, books, anything new. Photo appreciated. 5900 ✉

Corporate President—Late 40s, tall, very athletic, very successful, romantic, passionate, generous, sensitive and health-conscious. Passions include fine dining, travel and theater. Seeks very beautiful, slim, affectionate woman, 30-40, for exclusive relationship. Recent photo, please. 5878 ✉ ☎

Insatiable Lust For—Living, loving, learning and laughing. Pretty widow seeking soul mate, 55 plus. 5963 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Eligible Bachelor—36, athletic, successful investment professional seeks soul mate. I'm down-to-earth, with a warm heart, sense of humor and varied interests. I enjoy romantic dinners, blading in the park, playing the piano and traveling. You are an attractive, fit and fun woman, 25-36. Note/photo. 5926 ✉

Single, Jewish Professional Female—35, adventurous, compassionate, funny, relatively sane. Seeks single Jewish male, 35-40, gainfully employed. I have a beautiful body; short, curly brown hair; blue eyes; an infectious laugh. I like spectator sports, film, theater and arts. You must be a mensch, and love dogs, beach, travel, kids, golf and my mother. Recovering -- (fill in the blank) need not apply; typical Jewish neuroses okay, if limited. 5867 ✉

Incredible Husband—Charming, humorous, intelligent, handsome, trim/fit (5'8"), extremely wealthy (self-made) but unpretentious, Jewish, divorced (no kids yet). Desiring an incredible woman to share life, family and success. For starters, has to be extremely intelligent, dynamic, accomplished, attractive, petite, very thin, Jewish, witty, no kids yet, and really under 38. Photo helps. 5906 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive Jewish Female—35, well-educated and career-minded professional seeks Jewish male. 5950 ✉ ☎

NYMessage

Exclusive Upper E. Side Cocktail Party Beautiful, successful, intelligent Jewish women (no time for singles scene) want to meet similar men, 45 plus. Brief bio a must. 5849 ✉

Zelda And F. Scott—Are looking for an eclectic and nice group of single men and women, ages 48-59, to form a non-bookish book club. We'll read a little, talk a little and laugh a little. 5909 ✉

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Theresa, Mateo and my boys,
Michael, Matthew and Vincent.

Thank you all!

Handsome, Charming, Cultured—Gentleman, 44, seeks beautiful Latina for friendship, romance and maybe more. Photo/note. 5891 ✉

Beautiful MD Seeking One Great Guy—37, Jewish, thin, down-to-earth, seeks ruggedly handsome, successful, honest, communicative man, 34-43, who makes me laugh, for meaningful relationship. Nonsmokers/commitment-minded only. 5931✉

Seeking Mr. Wonderful—A sweet, darling man. I can't wait to fulfill your dreams of laughter, hugs, love, best friend 'til the end. I'm 50, 5'3", slim, widow, Ivy grad, professional. Photo, please. 5875 ✉

Nice-Looking Male Journalist—45, easygoing, down-to-earth. Likes Manhattan, dining out, movies, music, occasional drives to NJ, Upstate, CT, Boston... Likes to laugh. Seeks 30-something woman who considers herself attractive, healthy, smart. Let's meet over coffee or lunch - at worst we'll spend a half hour and part as friends. At best our dates will last forever. Note/photo optional. 5903✉☎

Handsome, Successful—Honest, sincere, down-to-earth man - likes dining out, theater, traveling. Looking for female, 28-35. Note/photo. 5951 ✉

Down-To-Earth—Warm, slender, curvy, successful artist/photographer/professor, attractive, funny, Jewish, 50s - looks 40s. Seeks smart man with easy sense of humor, good talker with big heart, who loves his work. Manhattan a plus. 5892✉☎

You Wont Be Disappointed—Very attractive blond, hazel eyes, 37, 5'5" and slender. Believe it or not, also intelligent, successful and fun to be with. Seeking handsome, fit, intelligent, cultured but down-to-earth man, 35-45, who can make me laugh and is ready for the long term. Note/photo. 5888 ✉

Pretty And Slim—Ivy-educated, Jewish, 37, witty, charming, with many interests. Seeks quick-witted, very smart, fit man, 35-43, *for love and marriage.* 5894 ✉

Mission:—Find special male, 30-34, Jewish, assigned to seductive female, 30. New Jersey. 5915 ✉

Second Time Around Should Be Fun—47, 5'2", blond Jewish widow seeks single white male, 40-55, for caring and sharing relationship. Phone/note/photo. 5860 ✉

1950s Romance—5'3", just turned 50, attractive, slim woman looking to take care of a very successful and confident man. I'll follow if you'll lead. Life's short - let's spend it at the Ritz in Paris. Photo. 5876 ✉

Nice European Professional—Mid 30s, 6'0", athletic. Likes NYC, outdoors, playing sports and antiques. Seeks a nice, attractive female. Note/photo. 5948 ✉

Attractive, LI Jewish Widow—Intelligent, caring, kind, home owner, business owner, tennis player, loves dancing, museums, theater and movies. Seeks gent, 5'9" plus, sophisticated, worldly, successful, 50 plus. 5965 ✉

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond MD—5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite with many fine qualities - seeks a special man, 39 or over, for love and marriage. 5904 ✉☎

Wanted: Successful Professional Male—Fun-loving, 37-46, interested in developing a warm, caring relationship with this successful, fit, blond-haired, blue-eyed beauty. Note/phone/photo. 5942 ✉

34-Year-Old Asian Female MD—Slim, pretty, highly energetic and funny. You (35-45) are driven, ambitious and successful. Consequently, you have been functionally "married" to your career, but now you are ready to share your life *with me. So, what are you waiting for?* Note/photo. 5939 ✉

Mile-High—Pretty, single white female, 26, enjoys flying airplanes, boating, theater, music, more. Seeks *adventurous, intelligent, successful,* single white male, 30-45, to share activities and special times. E-mail: aviatrixxx@aol.com or 5856 ✉ ☎

Shy, Kind, Successful—43, MD, single *Jewish male, never married, handsome,* vibrant, enjoys sports and fitness - seeks kind, charming, medium to tall female for happily ever after. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 5880 ✉

Handsome, Fit Gentleman—35, very successful, 5'10", athletic - enjoys travel, films, the beach and fine dining in NYC. Seeks attractive, slim, intelligent female with same interests. Photo. 5958✉

Single White Female—NJ, bright, attractive 50-year-old gal seeks dating relationship with a nice guy, 48-65, for movies, dining, laughter. 5865 ✉☎

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 5922 ✉

Find Me—Caring, compassionate, giving and loving, single Jewish female, 35, slim, attractive, 5'4", brunette, professional, financially secure and enjoys various activities. Seeks warm, kind, sincere and nice-looking, professional, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 33-43, to share the rest of time. Note/photo, please. 5961 ✉

Outdoorsman—50 plus, 6'2", physically fit, with a sense of humor - seeking partner with same. Photo/note. 5879 ✉☎

Multimillionaire—Who lives on the West Coast, looking for someone to share romantic weekends and occasional week-long trips. I'm funny, smart, warm and generous. I'm looking for someone who wants to be pampered and spoiled and likes shopping, laughter and fun - someone classy, elegant, pretty, who is looking for joy, happiness and freedom. If you choose to send a photo, I'll send you one of mine. 5889 ✉ ☎

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Divorced Mother Of Three—Attractive, 40; works with words; enjoys movies, walks, plants and pets. Interested in meeting a nice man, of course! 5912 ✉

Wealthy Gentleman—Offering long-term relationship to pretty woman, to take advantage of the finer things in life I can give to you. Full recent photo and note. 5940 ✉

Glamorous Manhattanite—TV/print journalist, social, spirited, stylish, Jewish. Seeks tall professional gent, 38-58, for romance and, let's hope, more. Note/photo, please. 5932 ✉

Elegant, Petite Brunette—Former free-lance writer - with literary sensibility undiminished by marketing career, seeks extremely bright (partial to well-read lawyerly types), successful, kind 50ish man. 5907 ✉

User-Friendly—Single Jewish male, 5'10", 39 years old, computer professional, warm, witty, down-to-earth, seeks female, late 20s-mid 30s, no children. Manhattan only. 5874 ✉ ☎

Music Exec—40, attractive, fit woman seeks tall, warm, handsome man, 38-50, to share nature, music and the splendor of NYC. Must be compassionate and eager to connect. Note/photo. 5949 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking NY Businessman—Early 50s, 5'6", central NJ resident. Looking for slim, attractive professional woman, 38-48, searching for that special partner. Love great restaurants in NYC, theater, walking on the beach. Love to travel. Personable, attractive, quality guy looking for that special someone. Friends first. Send photo and note. 5934 ✉ ☎

For A Limited Time—Transplanted New Yorker, now living upstate, 37, Jewish female, attractive, slim, athletic, MD - aspiring ski bum, musician, tennis player. Desire long-term relationship with youthful, fit, professional, single Jewish male who can laugh at life and himself. 5944 ✉ ☎

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NEW YORK

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Pinehurst, NC Male—53, with business in Northeast, wants a loving, caring, sexy partner, 35-55, who loves golf, to share a great life style, walking hand-in-hand down the fairways of life. Photo. 5883 ✉☎

Mr Excitement—Asian male, handsome, 38. I've bored women on 3 continents. Please hurry. You may be saving some other poor woman's life. Note/photo, please. 5960 ✉

Sexy, 10-Plus Lady—With style and panache, seeks 5'9" plus, fit, dynamic, accomplished and loving Jewish man, 48-60, who knows it's not where you go but who you're with that counts. Nonsmoker. 5938 ✉☎

Romantic, Sexy Male PhD—Seeks well-built, youthful Victoria's Secret type who wants mature, attractive, secure man for marriage. Meet in Brooklyn to check chemistry. Photo and note. 5841 ✉

Kinder, Gentler Lawyer—41, 5'2", fair, golden-haired, cute, fit/outdoorsy Jewess, seeks warm, witty MD/JD/CEO. 5916 ✉

Alluring, Loving, Family-Oriented—Jewish female, 30, seeks Jewish man, 28-35, who's an accomplished professional, for a lifetime commitment. Note/phone/photo, please. miliz@mailcity.com 5910 ✉

Lady Scorpio—Is looking for gentleman Pisces, 60-65. Note/photo. 5895 ✉

Perspicacious—Passionate man, 41, seeks erudite lady with short hair. 5954 ✉

Fabulous Feline—30, smooth purr, curious nature and upbeat outlook. Loves life, laughing, exploring and much more... Seeks funny, smart, nice guy under 40 for great adventures. 5854 ✉

Pretty Face, Great Figure, Big Heart—56. Seek accomplished man, 65-70. 5905 ✉

Dare To Be Bold?—Then join with this unique and accomplished professional man, 45 - a solid soul with a warm heart and an inquiring mind. Searching for that truly special partner to share a lifetime of caring and romance, fun and laughter. Requires a woman of substance and style, with a passion for life, a keen mind and an easy nature, who also believes that we should "live life grand or stay in bed". Please be under 40, petite, very attractive, upbeat and Christian. Respond with revealing note and photo to begin the adventure. 5870 ✉

Successful NY Businessman—40, seeking tall, long-legged model type, 20-30, for fun/travel. Phone. 5945 ✉

Warm Honest—Jewish businessman, divorced, mid-50s, seeks slim, attractive professional, 40 plus, to share tennis, skiing, Manhattan and travel. For permanent relationship. Note/Photo. 5967 ✉

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"Maybe She's Dead."
"Doctor? . . . Doctor? She's not responding."

Above, Good News/Bad News, and Bad News/Good News. Competitors are invited to provide *one* original sample, either order.

Results of Competition 922, in which you were asked for a sullied but familiar name briefly described.

Report: À la recherche du noms perdu: Konrad Addanhour. Noam Chompsky. Camille Pagliacci. Donna Shalalala. Sixpak Chopra. Mia Pharoah. Epcot Fitzgerald. Boris Goodenough. Catherine of Tarragon, Anne of Cloves. Thor Hiyadoll. Boris Passkey. And newer but duplicated: Sammy Sousa, Sammy Soso, Catalysta Flockhart, Benjamin Internetanyahu. We had a fine time reading these. Love your beverage. Don't forget about thirsty.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

FRITES LANG—first director to win the Pommes d'Or at Cannes.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

RICK VAN WINKLE—upstate sleep therapist.
Ronald Amos, Tavares, Fla.

VENUS & MARS WILLIAMS—first person to play both men's and women's tennis at Wimbledon.
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MORT SOCCERMAN—sports editor, *U.S. News and World Cup Report.*
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

TOMMY HELLFIGURE—girdlemaker to the stars.
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

MARY, QUEEN OF SQUATS—Elizabeth I's personal trainer.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

And Honorable Mention to:

LADY ZANE GREY—West End theater queen whose *Writers of the Purple Stage* closed after nine days.
Laura Neal, Reigate, Surrey, England

NICOLO PAGANINININI—violinist and composer of the *Twilight Zone* theme.
Kevin McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

GRANDMA MOOSES—painter of Maine wildlife.
Mary Clare Brackley, Petaluma, Calif.
sp. ment.: Wm. Marriott, Athens, Ga.

BOSSIE SMITH—songstress famous for her rendition of "I've Got A Right to Sing the Blues, So Shut Up and Listen."
Jim-Bob Williams, N.Y.C.

HENRI MATTRES—dial 1-800-PAINTER and you'll have your artwork and the old one removed the same day.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

BENJAMIN NETMANYAHU—first Israeli winner at Wimbledon.
Cynthia Merman, N.Y.C.

ROOKIE BALBOA—explorer who discovered the Pacific Ocean on his very first voyage.
Richard Fried, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ELIZABETH CADY STAND-IN—nineteenth-century editor, suffragist, and body double.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

ST. LOUIS XIV—skeptical Missouri monarch: "L'état, show moi."
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

CHRISTOPHER MERLOT—creator of vin blanc verse and suspected author of *The Merry Wines of Windsor.*
Ellen Butler, San Francisco, Calif.

INGMAR BIRDMAN—Audubon filmmaker: *Cries and Whistlers, Smiles of a Summer Nightingale.*
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

DUTCH MASTERS AND JOHNSON—sexologists who taught that a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

POPE JEAN-PAUL SARTRE—pontiff who pondered the Supreme Being and Nothingness.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

HAROLD DICKES—White House valet.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

RUPERT MOORDOC—physician to the Brontës.
Robert A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

O. HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW—leading man of American letters.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

JAMES FENIMORE GOOBER—creator of Nutty Bumppo and author, *The Peafinder.*
Nita Lambourghini, Newburyport, Mass.

KEEBLER KHAN—elf emperor.
Terry Zheutlin-Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

WILLIAM THE CORNHUSKER—Norman duke who invaded Nebraska.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

UMBERTO DECO—arbiter of style, author of *Erté's Pendulum.*
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

EDNA ST. VINCENT PRICE—poet who intoned, "My candle burns at both ends / And lights my House of Wax."
Michael Flitter, Elkins Park, Penn.

J. S. BOCK—Leipzig brewer: *The Goldbeer Variations.*
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

WAYLONG JENNINGS—verbose singer and news anchor.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

ALEXANDRE DUMASS—author, *The Count of Monte Crisco.*
John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

ANTON VAN LEEUWENHOEKY—amateur Dutch scientist who never attended school.
Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

VINOCENZO BLINI—Italian opera composer fond of the good life, Russian-style.
Gil Mendonsa, San Francisco, Calif.

W. SOMERSAULT MAUGHAM—author, *My Life as a Gymnast.*
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

MOHONDAS GANDHI—New Delhi car sales leader; advocate of passive-restraint system.
Thomas D. Warren, Los Angeles, Calif.

J. CRU—fashion designer noted for his spring wine.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

POOH YI—beloved panda of Chinese children's books.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

MARY PICKFOUR—Early screen star and lottery winner.
Raymond E. Benenson, Schenectady, N.Y.

BILLY BOB THORNTON WILDER—writer, actor, director.
Denise Ast, N.Y.C.

LINDA VON TRIPP—member of the Von Tripp Family Singers who turned the rest over to the Nazis.
David Genser, Arlington, Va.

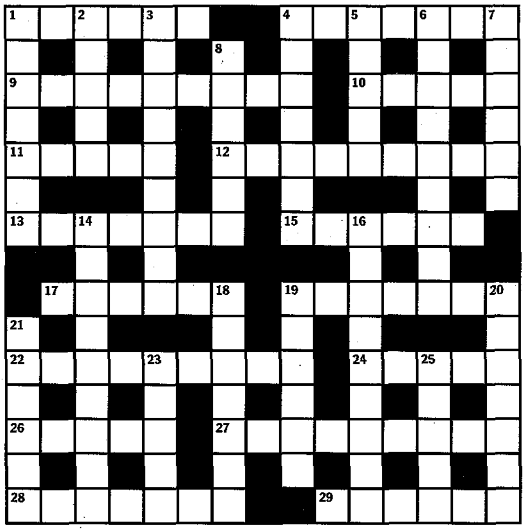
OTTO BON BISMARCK—founder of bird sanctuary in North Dakota.
Mildred Alpern, N.Y.C.

AKITA KUROSAWA—director, *Ran Tin Tin.*
Elena Bucciano and Marty Edelstein, Brooklyn

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 925, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by November 13. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the December 14 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Top people, in short. (6)
4 Live the least evil. (7)
9 Two singles will go on indefinitely. (3,3,3)
10 Rein back hard. (5)
11 I find endless depression in the White House. (5)
12 Tarting up, the modern tendency in a social worker. (9)
13 The law in Turkey broken by—ah!—Bizet. (7)
15 King takes first part, the last to be a spectator. (6)
17 Capital. (6)
19 Fight—nothing's lost. (7)
22 Shower affects the eleven with brio. (9)
24 It follows that unEnglish beer isn't drunk. (5)
26 Conclusion of the golden voice. (5)
27 Weapon to stop a tedious fellow talking? (9)
28 New way of seeing's a start. (7)
29 Head off 27's effect, still alive? (6)

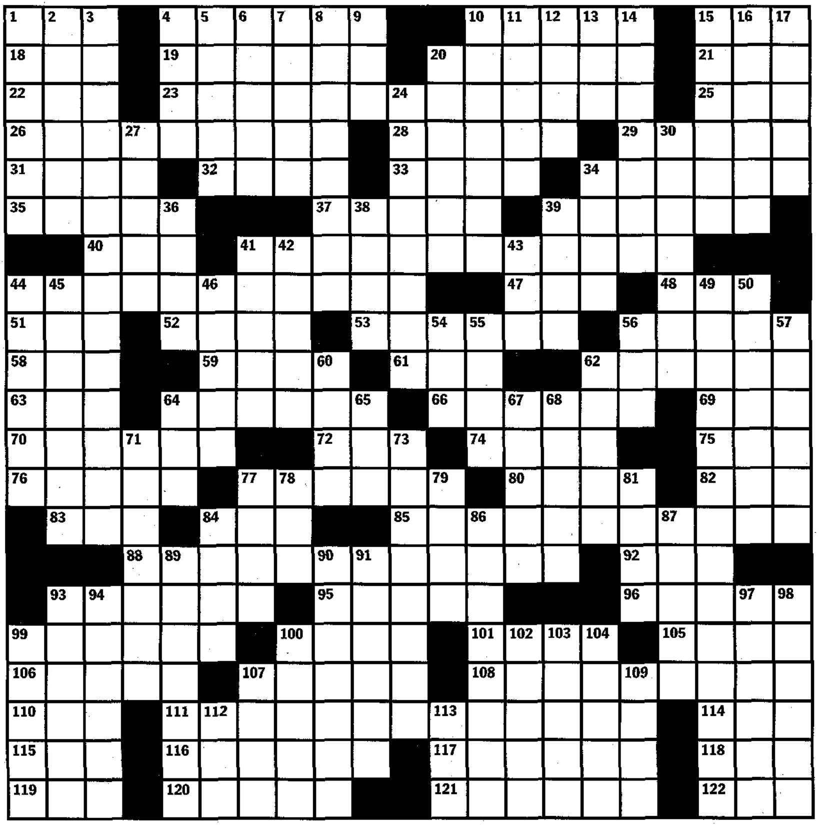


DOWN
1 17's reduced weight. (7)
2 Get rid of most of the ring. (5)
3 Teaching fellows get duck in test. (9)
4 Let clock only tick? (7)
5 One pound article for saint. (5)
6 Left turn into district with Hughes as he is. (9)
7 Composer of SS part I takes plate from Peanuts man. (6)
8 Psychotherapist Susie, or the daddy of them all. (6)
14 Venerable yet a busybody. (9)
16 Swiss stone? (9)
18 Sees what to eat on a cold day? (7)
19 Title with authority. (6)
20 Direction of a new sort. (3'4)
21 Jean's birds raised by 5 half seas over. (6)
23 Heaven. (5)
25 Born on water. (5)

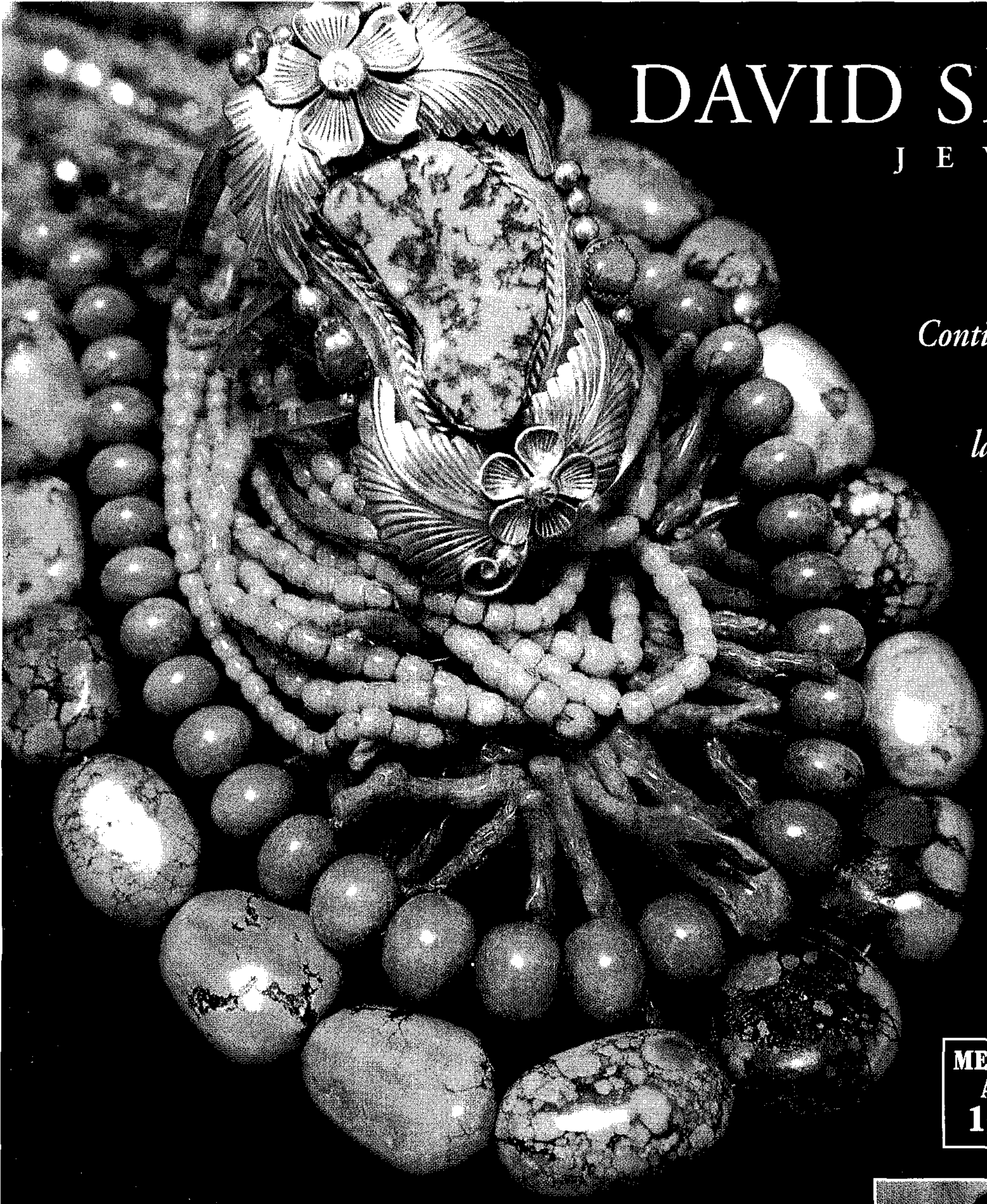
'Classical Composers Anagrams': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 J.F.K.'s successor
4 Forestalls
10 Vader of "Star Wars"
15 It's fit for pigs
18 U.N. labor agcy.
19 Accommodations at the Plaza
20 Change from residential to commercial, e.g.
21 Maiden-named
22 Doctor's "Say——"
23 LUCY SUE DEBS, D.A.
25 Belfast rebel gp.
26 Parisian snack bar
28 City east of Lisbon
29 Makes sport of
31 Mardi Gras follower
32 Speak hoarsely
33 Successful stud
34 Least polite
35 Ferber namesakes
37 Bulwer-Lytton heroine
39 Novelist Welty
40 Morn's opposite
41 GOLDA H. GREENE
44 HOPE J. SHANDY
47 Sauce for sushi
48 One-chevron G.I.
51 Sphere
52 New Mexico resort
53 "—— Fables"
56 Practice pitching
58 Colonial-descendants' org.
59 Exploitative person
61 Pick pockets
62 Cádiz coin
63 Once —— lifetime
64 False
66 Muss up, as hair
69 Cub Scout unit
70 More than amazed
72 Those elected
74 River of Ireland
75 "—— tu," Verdi aria
76 Macho types
77 Oscar film of 1982
80 Boyfriend
82 Before two Tins
83 Russ. entity, once
84 Fiddle stick
85 DR. DAVE E. RIGG
88 NORA DOLAN, C.P.A.
92 Site: abbr.
93 Stacks the deck
95 Alcohol base
96 Luxury ship
99 Carson competitor of the '70s
100 Art Deco illustrator
101 Danish author Dinesen
105 Cobbler's product
106 Valerie Harper sitcom
107 Take the wheel
108 Hitchcock colleagues
110 Adult acorn
111 ARCHER G. DARWIN
114 Butter square
115 "You —— My Sunshine"
116 Courtroom doings
117 Parthenon deity
118 Polar abundance
119 Lincoln son
120 Schoolboys' jackets
121 Lipton rival
122 Composer Rorem

DOWN
1 Responsible for damages
2 Sounded loudly
3 HERMAN JOHN BASS
4 U.S. medals
5 18th C. Swiss mathematician
6 Crownlike headdress
7 Toiletries kits
8 Place in a new strategic position
9 Compass letters
10 Yul's "King and I" co-star
11 Sky-blue
12 Sub —— (secretly)
13 Volunteer State postal abbrs.
14 Beatles hit
15 Hidden sharpshooter
16 Nobel-winning nun
17 Leavening agent
20 Defame
24 Costume artist
27 Barrel part
30 Zukor and Ochs
34 Giuliani, to friends
36 Virgo-Libra mo.
38 Brünnhilde's mother
39 Biblical oldster
41 Specter
42 Tension-relieving device
43 Pharaoh's snake
44 Ceramist Wedgwood
45 Ade fruits
46 What 41-Down might do
49 ERIC PEDRO FINCH
50 Clique
54 A.A. candidate
55 Double-reed woodwind
56 Golf-bag item
57 Decreasing in intensity
60 Pompeii, today
62 State the guilt
64 Admiral's branch: abbr.
65 Windup
67 Not rural
68 Edgar Bergen's Mortimer
71 Created fizziness
73 Little Boy Blue's job
77 One of Gelett Burgess's sillies
78 Grain bristle
79 In a lackadaisical way
81 Far from comely
84 Very dry, as wine
86 Prove to be correct
87 Friars Club event
89 Phoenician Aphrodite
90 Some bran foods
91 River mammals
93 Arid Africa
94 Brought to mind
97 A Mann
98 Subjected to examination
99 Former Yugoslav
100 Frome of fiction
102 Visual sense
103 Kin of orlon
104 New Hampshire city
107 I know: Lat.
109 "Smoking Gun" blues singer
112 N.Y.C. subway initials
113 Angkor ——, Cambodia



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 102.



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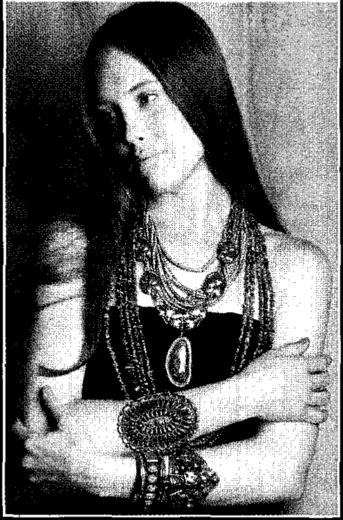

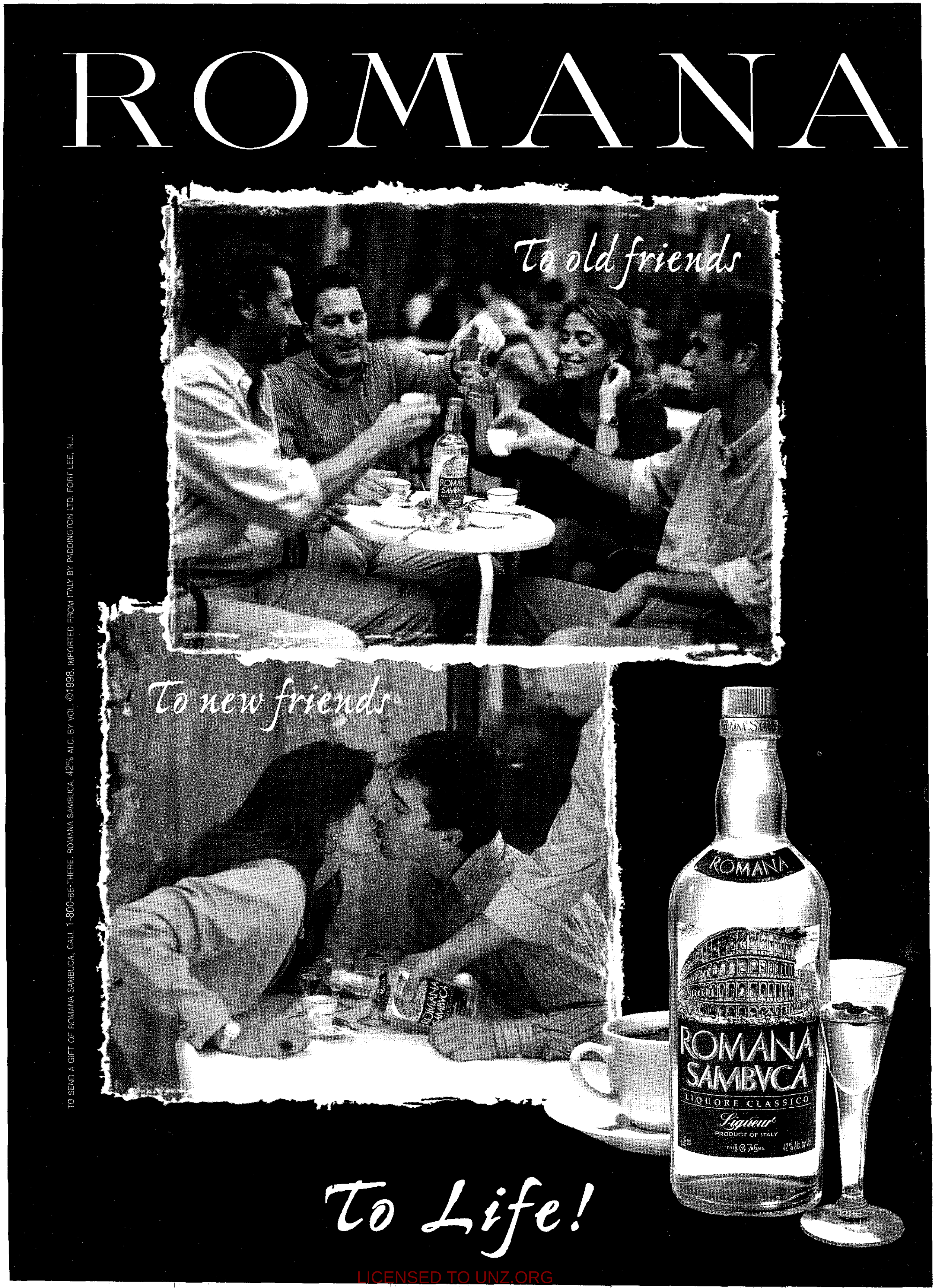
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